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Kavanagh
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OF SAN FRANCISCO

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The Holy Family

JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH

UNDER WHOSE PATRONAGE AND PROTECTION
THE HOLY FAMILY SISTERS LABOR

The Holy Family Sisters

of San Francisco

A Sketch of Their First Fifty Years
1872—1922

BY
REV. D. J. KAVANAGH, S. J.

WITH FOREWORD
BY HIS GRACE, THE MOST REVEREND
EDWARD J. HANNA, D. D.
Archbishop of San Francisco

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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FOREWORD

THE Sisters of the Holy Family have passed their golden years of Jubilee and to-day send forth to their friends and admirers this volume which tells so eloquently the story of the toils, of the labors, of the sacrifices of the days that are gone.

Father Kavanagh in gathering together the thousand details of the half century has done for us a work of great merit, and in touching the narrative with his own fire, his own zeal, his own love has given us a book worthy of himself and worthy of his subject. We feel always that the work of the Sisters has been so known to all, in and about San Francisco, that no words can add to their praise, nor heighten the esteem in which they are held. But we want our children to know something of the great deeds of the great women who laid the foundations of this mighty work and who carried it on until it has become the pride of our City and of our State. We know full well that only a small part of the deeds of our Sisters are recorded here; that many a great conquest is left unwritten, many a mighty victory is seen by God alone. Their life is verily "hidden with Christ," and His eye only knows their prayers, their vigils, their mortifications; His eye only sees their early risings, their great fidelity to a rigid rule, their patience in trial; His eye only has knowledge of their victory over self, of their sacrifice of all human consolation, that they may give pure hearts to Him to whom they have consecrated their love. But blind though we may

be, we have seen the little ones of the flock made truly Christ-like, we have witnessed thousands kneeling at the Holy Table with a love and with a reverence that betoken perfect training of mind and of heart. We have watched these thousands growing into the fulness of manhood and of womanhood, and showing forth in their everyday Christian lives the results of the teaching of our Sisters.

We commend most heartily this volume to our children around the City of St. Francis, yea to all who would know the wondrous story of what a few noble women can do when inspired by God and moved by the need of the children whom Christ loved, and for whom He shed the last drop of His precious blood.

✠ EDWARD J. HANNA,
Archbishop of San Francisco

Feast of the Immaculate Conception,
December 8, 1922.



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INTRODUCTION

San Francisco has a history, a not inglorious history; but—apart from some of the more prominent features of the Mission period which, by their romantic character, compel attention—the story of our City's past is, in great part, unwritten and unknown. We may know something of the lawlessness that provoked the Vigilante activities during the 'Fifties, and something of the Vigilante lawlessness that was provoked; but we may not know that, about the same time (1855), the cholera which raged throughout the City was the occasion of heroic self-sacrifice on the part of a small community of Sisters of Mercy that equalled, if it did not surpass, anything recorded in Mission annals. We may know something of the scandals connected with the building of the City Hall that crumbled like a toy structure under the first shock of the earthquake of 1906; but of the many edifying manifestations of goodness even during those lawless days—the charity of the rich towards the poor and the spiritual forces which counteracted fanatic agitation and held back the flood of socialistic violence—we are too often unmindful if not entirely unaware.

Even some very important historical associations have been and are still ignored by many otherwise loyal San Franciscans. Some time ago there was question of renaming certain streets in the City. Naturally enough the names of the Mission period suggested themselves. When accordingly it was proposed to begin with "St. Francis Street" some one objected saying: "I shall never

consent to have any street in our fair City named after the biggest pirate that ever sailed the seas!"

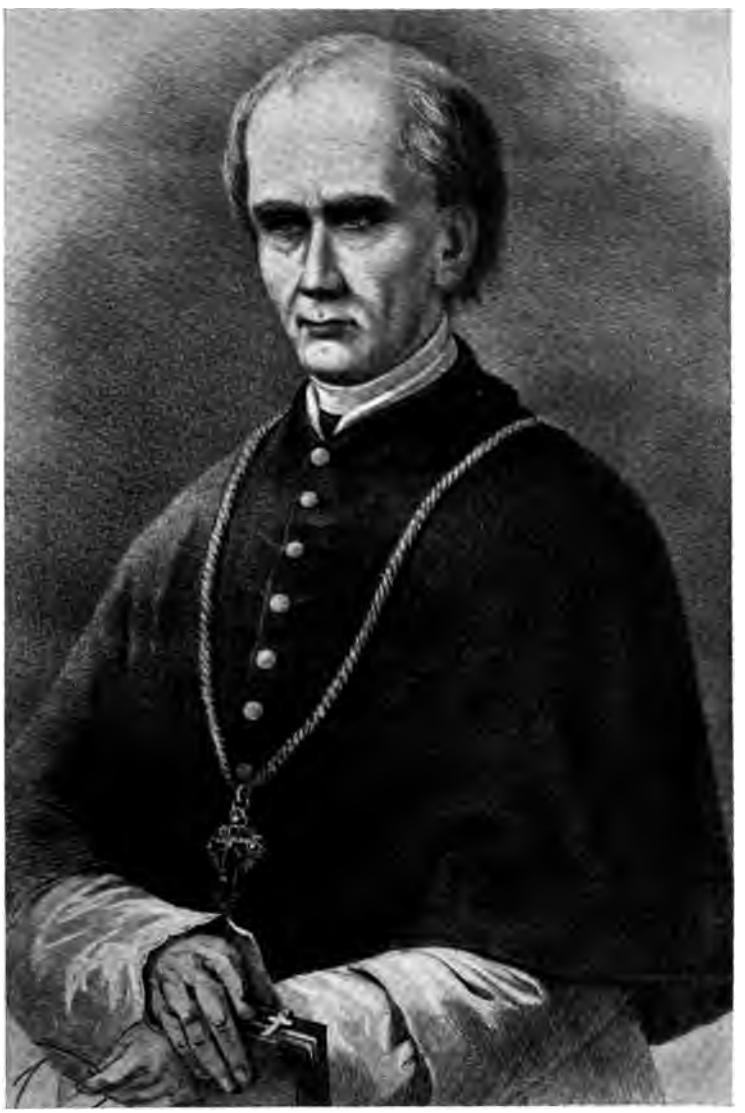
"But St. Francis was not a pirate!" it was urged.

"If I have read history aright," was the rejoinder, "St. Francis Drake was a pirate and a very unscrupulous one at that."

Needless to say, he had not read history aright if, indeed, he had read it at all.

Many sketches of our City's origin and growth have been written, some ponderous volumes have issued from the press, stories woven from fanciful details and projected against a historical or semi-historical background, have added color to the realities of life in San Francisco; but a complete picture of the past, with its lights as well as its shadows, a full narrative of the good that, in spite of the undeniable evil, was ever predominant in the City of St. Francis, has not, as yet, been given to the public in all its attractive significance and universal appeal.

Gathering driftwood from the turbulent surface of history is an interesting, though, for the most part, profitless pastime; exhibiting the short-comings and evil-doings of the politicians and the political bosses of San Francisco's past, censuring the crookedness of the bankers and bond-brokers of the gold-age, condemning the greed of the land-grabbers, the ostentatious luxury of the Nob Hill residents and the provoked ravings of the under-fed sand-lot agitators—all this is simple enough and the facts are open to any one who will consult the dust-covered newspaper files that are still preserved; but our City's history does not consist of these things alone. Not even in our legitimate boasts of literary, artistic, dramatic activities for which San Francisco, from its infancy, was justly famed, is her whole history to be found. Literature and Art and Drama were encouraged and flourished in



MOST REVEREND JOSEPH S. ALEMANY, O. P.
First Archbishop of San Francisco

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the early days, as they are encouraged and flourish at present; but then, as now, they were the effects rather than the causes of the City's spirit.

To discover this spirit, we must go below the surface. Duelling and hanging in grim reality as well as in effigy, gambling, fraudulent stock manipulation, financial depression and riots, socialistic agitation, graft and political crookedness—these were mere surface disturbances. Beneath it all there was an undercurrent of moral goodness, a generous spirit of hospitality and of charity, a real fellowship that linked the successful railroad magnates and mine owners to the laboring classes, if not directly each to each, at least through the medium of those who, like the chief figure in this narrative, Miss Elizabeth Armer, Foundress of the Holy Family Sisterhood, stretched out their hands in both directions—to the wealthy, to receive; to the poor, to give.

There is a story told of one of the leaders in San Francisco's social life. While devoting a considerable amount of her time to the activities of society, she was not altogether unmindful of works of mercy. In her last sickness the Sisters of the Holy Family called and the dear old lady asked for her check-book, saying: "Whenever these good Sisters call I know that they want to help the poor." It is, in fact, quite true; their calls are always prompted by charity. But, in the judgment of the Sisters, there are different kinds of poor and sometimes the poor rich need help of a more urgent nature than that which they are called upon to dole out to those who are hungry today or in fear of hunger tomorrow. And so, on the occasion referred to, one of the Sisters smiled as she told the sick lady's daughter that this time they had come not to beg but to give an alms, in the form of prayer, to their faithful benefactress.

These generous helpers of the spiritually poor as well as of the materially poor, unostentatiously and, it might be said, unconsciously, bridge over the gulf that exists between the favored worldlings and the struggling masses.

This is not always an agreeable task. Sometimes the rich are haughty and disdainful of the poor and of the Sisters who plead for them; but its effect upon the social order must be taken into account by the historian who wishes to record the whole truth about the past. If there is such a thing as salutary neglect of historical details, it is neither wise nor salutary to neglect what is undoubtedly good and give a harmful prominence to surface evils that in San Francisco, no less than in other seaboard towns, have marred the records of the past.

It is not within the province of this book to set before the reader all the neglected phases of San Francisco's history. Such a task would be colossal. We are to deal with but one of these phases. We shall bring out, in as bold relief as possible, one great force which operated in the moral and social order for the purification and betterment of the citizens of San Francisco. To study that force in all its manifold operations is equally beyond the reach of this volume; we shall have to content ourselves with one class of San Francisco's women-workers, or, rather, with one particular group within that class.

The women of San Francisco! Consult any of the contemporary records of society doings, and you will find that Mrs. X is giving a luncheon at the Hotel St. Francis to Mrs. Y and her friends who have just returned from Paris, or that Burlingame society has been shocked by the reported scandal that caused Mr. So and So to begin divorce proceedings. Go down through the shopping district and you will see many a piteously painted woman

flitting to and fro in a vain endeavor to attract attention or in a fruitless effort to while away the burdensome hours of idleness. "Poor creatures," you are tempted to say of the former, "if they only knew the happiness there is in working for others"; while for the latter you feel something strangely mixed of pity and contempt. Had they any intelligence at all, they would know that, if God intended their faces to be painted, He would have covered them with canvas instead of delicate tissues of living flesh.

In neither case have you a true picture of San Francisco's women. You will come nearer the reality if you study their activities during the stress of the late war when they realized their duties to serve, or, during the influenza epidemic, when they volunteered for hospital service or for service in the homes of the poor, or in the countless charitable works which some of them do unheralded even while they are vainly endeavoring to beguile the time with card parties and afternoon teas. Woman becomes heroic when the occasion demands heroism, but for constant, uninterrupted, self-sacrificing, and unobtrusive service, you will have to look elsewhere; you will have to look even into the cloister.

All glory to the secular lady-workers of recent years, especially to those of the Red Cross, "the greatest mother of them all," but the spasmodic effulgence of noble womanhood ought not to outshine the continued brightness of the lives of those who are consecrated to social activity in all its difficult phases and who are as active in the never ending war against poverty, sickness, and moral misery as their secular sisters are in times of public disaster.

Dr. J. D. Bloom—a prominent physician of New Orleans, still living and still as active as he was when, during the last visitation of the yellow fever, he distin-

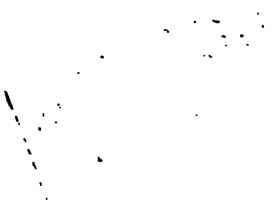
guished himself for heroic devotedness to duty—has for many years been Superintendent of the Charity Hospital in the Crescent City. This hospital, though a public institution, is cared for by the Sisters of Charity, and, naturally enough, there arises from time to time a certain amount of prejudice against the Sisters. The presence of Catholic Nuns seems to make the hospital sectarian, and sectarianism, even in appearance, and even when it is unjustly so regarded, is unacceptable to some Americans. On a recent occasion, when an effort was made to replace the Sisters of Charity, Doctor Bloom, though a non-Catholic, delivered a most eloquent address in favor of their retention. He concluded with some such words as these: "You can no more hope to conduct the Charity Hospital without the Sisters of Charity than you could hope to conduct Heaven without Almighty God."

It cannot be doubted that the doctor indulged in a more than mild exaggeration. Certain it is that Sisters are not essential to charity hospitals; but, be this as it may, it is an undeniable fact that you can no more write the history of San Francisco without recording the activity of the Sisterhoods than you can write the history of California without glorifying the Franciscan Padres. All that is romantic in the distant past revolves around the Sons of St. Francis; much of what is socially elevating in the history of San Francisco has had its origin in the work of Catholic Sisterhoods and is continued by them in times of peace and quiet no less than in times of war and stress. Into the cloister therefore the reader of this book is to be introduced.

The world knows little and, for the most part, cares less about the cloister and about Sisters and Sisterhoods. Interested in its growing industries and its globe encircling commerce, intent on marrying and giving in marriage,



MOST REVEREND P. W. RIORDAN, D. D.
Whose First Public Appearance in San Francisco Was For the Benefit of the Holy Family Sisters







bent, with fruitless endeavor, on avoiding pain and everything that is calculated to cause pain, or, with equally fruitless endeavor, on extracting some sweetness out of externally attractive Dead Sea apples, the world—a scriptural expression for human nature struggling through life without thought of God—has no time to think about the self-sacrificing service and unquestionable heroism of those that consecrate themselves—all that they have and all that they are—to promote the glory of God and the temporal as well as the eternal salvation of souls.

Indeed there is an element in the world, fortunately of neither deep nor lasting influence, that delights in reviling the unoffending and devoted Sisters. Sensual and sordid of mind and heart, these revilers seem unable to rise to the thought that purity and goodness are within the reach of mortals. They imagine that the consecrated religious women are, under the guise of piety, bent upon worldly pleasures no less persistently than their admittedly worldly sisters.

Of either attitude, that of cold indifference or that of unwarranted hostility, the Sisters take no thought. They care not for the opinion of the world, because they are not in the service of the world. Their lives 'hidden with Christ in God' are marked by one only ambition, to become humble instruments in God's hand for the uplift of humanity; they work and pray and trust that God, Who in His goodness called them to His service, will keep them faithful in it to the end of their lives.

If they were of the world, the world would know its own, and, in its own little way, would try to honor them; would put their pictures in the newspapers, write long accounts of their devotedness to good works and tell, in glowing terms, the story of their families, their wealth, their talents, their difficulties, their successes. Because

they are not of the world, the world either hates them or loves them not, except, as has been said, in times of stress when their ministrations are in demand. Then they become "Angels of the Battlefield," or "Heroines of the Pestilence," or "Benefactresses of Humanity," but as such they are not long remembered.

In San Francisco it should be otherwise. Catholic Sisterhoods form part of our history. When the City was emerging from a wild, lawless mining camp of '49 into the disorderly confusion of the 'Fifties, the cholera of great virulence threatened to wipe out the entire population. The dread plague spread through the City at a time when sanitary precautions were impossible and when little care was taken to avoid contagion. The public authorities were helpless until five Sisters of Mercy, recently arrived from Ireland, offered to take upon themselves the difficult task of nursing the stricken and of preventing the further spread of the frightful scourge. The County Hospital was, accordingly, handed over to the Sisters of Mercy and there they served day and night until, in great measure, through their devotedness to the sick and their precautionary efforts to protect others from infection, the plague was conquered. Their services were publicly recognized and publicly proclaimed.

Again, in 1868, San Francisco was visited by a fearful epidemic of smallpox. Thousands of victims succumbed, hundreds were hurried to the Pest House, which they dreaded more than death itself. The City was in a state of consternation and of gloom until, for a second time, the Sisters of Mercy begged leave to take charge of the plague-stricken. Under their services, which were gladly accepted by the Health authorities, the Pest House became less formidable and thousands attributed their recovery to the skill and care of the Sisters.

These are but instances of heroic goodness that receive little or no mention in published annals of the City's past. It is not however, our intention to place on record all that the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity did in the early days of San Francisco. Our narrative will take us back over a period of but fifty years and will have to do with another Sisterhood,—the Sisters of the Holy Family. Our purpose, in presenting these special cases, is to plead for recognition, in San Francisco's history, of heroic social service, and, incidentally to supply an incentive to the reader to go through our entire story. While contemporary records, and the records of the past revel, almost exclusively, in crime and criminals, in the doings and undoings of society, in scandals and divorce suits, in political corruption and financial crookedness, there have been and are "miracles of noble womanhood" in our midst. If most of our space is devoted to one group, it is not to be implied that we are unmindful of the generous work of others, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, women of the world as well as women of the cloister.

The unheralded courage of faithful women in every walk of life is often of such sublimity that nothing in the life of a man can serve even the purposes of comparative study. We cannot compare it with the bravery of great generals on the battlefield, because a dutiful woman will, in a single year, go through trouble enough to drive a score of men to despair. We cannot compare it with the fame of renowned statesmen, because the domestic problems of the faithful woman outclass the problems of state and oftentimes must be faced alone. How these forgotten heroines of the home bear up amid the privations of poverty, the anxieties of sickness, and the coldness of neglect on the part of those that ought to love them, how they keep smiling, when untold misery clutches at

their delicate hearts, and go on with the drama of the fireside often grim with horror, no one knows but God and no one seems to care but the blessed Lord. The heroines of the cloister have not the same daily struggle, but their devotedness to others, their generosity and love, bring to the surface the nobility of the womanly character which oftentimes flowers in heroic deeds that, for the glory of the race, should be recorded in the pages of history. History records, with enthusiastic admiration, the heroism of Father Damien. Hundreds of Catholic Nuns are engaged in far more difficult work and nothing is said of them. Here is a single instance—one of many. It may serve the double purpose of showing that what we have said of our own City's history is true of history in general, and of arousing in the heart of the reader a desire to learn some details of heroic social work in his Parishes.

A Bishop in China was asked, some years ago, by Government officials to secure, if possible, twelve nurses for a Chinese Leper Hospital. He wrote to a brother Bishop in Montreal, Canada, and asked him to secure the nurses. The Canadian Bishop went to a convent where about forty Nuns lived in community, attached to a hospital. They were all graduate nurses, vowed to serve the sick through a spirit of love with absolutely no recompense beyond their livelihood. They were all of good families, some young and vigorous, others advanced in years while not a few, on the decline of life, were awaiting the great summons of death.

The Bishop, in his prudence, sought for volunteers, and, as he desired rational volunteers, he explained the circumstances of his case in all their unattractiveness. He made out a case of what, to the average woman, would be harrowing and repellent. "It will mean," he

said, in substance, "a life-long sacrifice. You will have to leave home and your native land forever; you will have to spend the rest of your lives among Chinamen and, what makes this even more difficult, these Chinamen are lepers in varying degrees of living dissolution. There will be no human recompense, no vacations, no occasional trips home, no visits with friends to chat over the experiences of the service, no guarantee of immunity from the disease."

It was a clear presentation of the case. When the Bishop had finished, he asked those, that wished to volunteer for the work, to stand up. Without a moment's hesitation all forty stood and offered themselves for the difficult mission. Twelve were chosen, twelve went to China and are still working for the lepers. Very little was ever said of it. Their names were not published in the paper; their heroism was not heralded from end to end of the earth. Few even know of their work and, unfortunately, few care about it.

Similar incidents could be multiplied indefinitely. Catholic Sisters are in the most difficult foreign missions, devoting their energies to most difficult and sometimes repulsive work. China, Borneo, Darkest Africa know their toils. They have penetrated into the frozen North, and they labor beneath the torrid sun. Leprosy and cholera, poverty and physical sordidness make no difference with them. All men, pagans as well as Christians, non-Catholics as well as Catholics, receive the blessings of their ministrations and profit by the holiness and purity of their lives.

It is not of such extraordinary events exclusively, that the Sister's life is made up. Ordinary work under circumstances little calculated to arouse the attention or the admiration of men—routine careers in school-room or in

hospital-ward, in day-nurseries or homes for the aged, daily toils and daily exercises of devotion—make up the average Sister's existence. She may be ready for heroic service if the opportunity presents itself, but, for the most part, she must be content with performing ordinary duties in an extraordinary way.

Our narrative, however, has to do with work that even in itself is extraordinary. Nor is it for this alone that the Sisters of the Holy Family have a just claim to a place in San Francisco's history; there is, as an additional title to special tribute, the fact that it is the only Community that has been founded in this City. In other Religious Orders there are many native daughters of San Francisco, but the Orders themselves did not originate here. The Holy Family Community enjoys this unique privilege. Their history during the past fifty years is intimately interwoven with the City's history. Their good works form no little part of the City's glory. They can be neglected only by those who think that history ought to be what, unfortunately, it sometimes is, a record of human crimes or a picture of human misfortunes. "Happy the people," wrote Carlyle, "whose annals are blank in history books!"

If by history books we understand the records of crime, we must agree with him, but if history-books record virtues as well as crimes, we should incline more to the sentiment that thrice happy are the people whose history presents a picture of human goodness and of virtue. San Francisco's real history, when it is written in its entirety, will present such a picture. Our task is to supply a detail study of one phase that will eventually be interwoven in the attractive and beautiful whole.



PART FIRST

The Origin, Aims, and Principles of the Holy Family Sisters

"HE THAT HATH LOOKED INTO THE PERFECT LAW OF LIBERTY, AND HATH CONTINUED THEREIN, NOT BECOMING A FORGETFUL HEARER, BUT A DOER OF THE WORK; THIS MAN SHALL BE BLESSED IN HIS DEED. * * * RELIGION CLEAN AND UNDEFILED BEFORE GOD AND THE FATHER IS THIS: TO VISIT THE FATHERLESS AND WIDOWS IN THEIR TRIBULATION, AND TO KEEP ONE'S SELF UNSPOTTED FROM THIS WORLD."

JAMES I, 25, 27.

CHAPTER I

Works vs. Words



USTICE OF THE PHARISAICAL KIND, THAT is limited to words and noisy agitation, contributes as little to temporal salvation as it does to that which is eternal; and towards eternal salvation it contributes nothing: "Unless your justice abound more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees you shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Unfortunately we have too much hypocritical pretense, not always conscious perhaps, but none the less ruinous in nearly every line of human activity and particularly in our efforts to bring about social reform and social uplift.

Fifty years ago San Francisco was in need of reform. The City was passing through a succession of political, financial, and social improprieties, a brief mention of which may serve as a background for the study of the genuine uplift work which gave rise to the Holy Family Sisterhood.

There was, first of all, an epidemic of sordid politics. The building of the City Hall was characterized by extravagance, downright graft, and out-and-out dishonesty. From 1870 to 1873 there was such venality that the cost of operations staggered the Board of Supervisors and compelled them to come to the relief of the tax-payers by refusing to appropriate the funds necessary for the completion of the work. There had been boasts that the structure would be the most imposing in the United States,

but blunder after blunder and actual looting of the City Treasury made it a subject of ridicule to outsiders and aroused to fiery indignation the unemployed laborers who held their meetings in the sand lot adjoining the inchoate structure.

The word "graft" had not, at the time, acquired a conspicuous place in the vocabulary of the people, but the thing signified by that odious word was everywhere rampant. In 1874, $1,500,000.00 had been illegally deposited in a private bank by the Tax Collector. When, at a public gathering, some one demanded that this money be returned to the City Treasury, it developed that three hundred thousand dollars had vanished, never to return. While the people were forced to pay excessive taxes, nothing was done by way of improving the City. The plank streets and sidewalks of the City were detestable. In 1875 there were numerous excavations under the sidewalks of Kearny Street, bridged over by rotting timbers that endangered the lives of citizens.

A storm of criticism arose which turned into a veritable rage when eight banks failed in quick succession, with deposit liabilities ranging from $1,150,900.00 to $5,503,-100.00. During this period, some of the San Francisco banks remained true to their trust. A compilation made by Wright discloses that up to the end of 1878 one bank alone—The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society—had paid in dividends $11,890,806.00, and retained its Gibraltar-like security amid all but universal disasters.

Under such tragic conditions in the financial world it is not difficult to infer the state of affairs in the social order. Paupers were made in a day. The chief cause of social troubles was the stock market. It produced a class of idlers or those that made gambling an occupation, on the one hand, and, on the other, a class of heartless pro-

moters and speculators who deceived the people into worthless investments.

The other cause or, perhaps, effect of the money-delirium was the social unrest of the workers. The Chinese, who by their cheap labor displaced many willing whites, were very numerous. Threats were made to drive them out or, if necessary, to burn them out. There were, at the time, about three hundred Chinese laundries in the City. As these were wooden buildings scattered in different parts, the situation became serious. There was danger of the total destruction of the City if the agitated mob were to incline towards incendiarism. Towards incendiarism it did, indeed, incline. Its fury was directed against what was considered the cause of the trouble—the Pacific Mail and Steamship Company, that had imported the Chinese. In 1877 threats were made to burn the docks. An attempt to carry out these threats was averted by the quick action of the Pick-handle Brigade. William T. Coleman who, in 1855, had been President of the Vigilantes, called a meeting of citizens to form a Protective Association. Not wishing to use firearms, if it could be avoided, he had six thousand pick-handles distributed among his followers, and when the rioters had congregated at the docks, July 25, 1877, they were met by the Police and the Colemanites. A battle of two hours ensued, a few of the rioters were killed and many were severely bruised before quiet was restored.

The Pacific Mail docks were preserved, but discontent and agitation continued. It was at this time that Denis Kearney became a conspicuous figure in the life of San Francisco. He had been a member of the Pick-handle Brigade, but in September, 1877, he took his position in the sand lots as an agitator against capitalism and the Chinese. Kearney's associates were, for the most part,

English socialists who, during all that decade, had been preaching dissatisfaction in San Francisco.

He held daily meetings and used all kind of invective against the Chinese and capitalists. "The Chinese must go!" was his uncompromising slogan with regard to the former, while abusive epithets were hurled against the latter.

He urged the workingmen to take matters in their own hands and to use fire and hemp if necessary—fire for the Chinese and hemp (or rope) for the capitalists. Nor was he satisfied with words; he led 3000 men in demonstration against the millionaires on Nob Hill. He talked freely of lynching the magnates and destroying their property. When he heard that the State Legislature was likely to interfere, he said, in one of his tirades: "If the Legislature oversteps the bounds of decency, then I say Hemp! Hemp! Hemp!"

One of his followers, a sort of evangelist, fond of quoting the Bible, made the threat more definite: "What are we to do with these people that are starving our poor, and degrading our wives and daughters and sisters? 'And the Lord said unto Moses: Take all the heads of the people and hang them before the Lord.' "

Such was the threefold tragedy, political, financial, social, that characterized the 'Seventies. Reform was, undoubtedly, necessary. Social relief work was in demand and social relief work came not in words and agitation, but in work and in a spirit of love. Strange as it will seem to some, it came not from the sand lot, but from a home on Nob Hill.

We have just seen that during the financial difficulties of the period there was one unshakable "Gibraltar" in the banking activities of San Francisco. The Hibernia Savings & Loan Society saved the City from disaster. It

was in very truth the Hibernia Bank, founded and conducted by Hibernians and built up on the savings of Hibernians. Among its founders were Robert and Richard Tobin, brothers, natives of Ireland. Loyal to the principles of honesty that they had learned in their native land, they believed that they were custodians of the savings of the working people, and not reckless speculators with their deposits. By conservative banking they protected their clients and acquired for themselves a competency and a comfort that entitled them to a place among the City's capitalists.

In the home of Richard Tobin, on California Street, there was a young girl, Elizabeth Armer. Adopted by Mrs. Richard Tobin, she was looked upon as one of the family—as the eldest daughter by Mr. and Mrs. Tobin and as big sister "Lizzie" by the Tobin children. Elizabeth Armer—whose name should be on the lips and in the hearts of the thousands to whom she reached the hand of generous beneficence, and whose memory should be enshrined in the annals of San Francisco, for the social benefit of which she labored and suffered from 1872 till full of merits she was summoned to her reward in 1905—was destined by Almighty God to found the Holy Family Sisterhood. She was born in Sydney, Australia, April 30, 1850, and while still a child accompanied her parents to San Francisco. Soon after their arrival, her mother died and her father remarried. Of her parents we know little; but of her foster-parents, the Tobins, we know enough to say that Lizzie Armer was fortunate when they took her into their home and—it may be added—they were fortunate when this destined Foundress of a religious community accepted their hospitality.

It was a genuine Christian family, and Miss Armer had the additional advantage of being educated by the

Presentation Sisters. Her home training, enhanced by the example of a strong, practical, Irish faith and a sincere and earnest piety, was all that could be desired by a young girl of her religious temperament. Her social life brought her into touch with exclusive society and she listened with eagerness to the plans and purposes of her wealthy companions and elders. Her convent training brought out in striking contrast the need there was to labor for the betterment of others not so fortunate, in the estimation of men, as those with whom she associated at home. For one of her keenness of observation it was not difficult to distinguish the different forces that were at work in moulding the lives of San Franciscans. Nor was it difficult to recognize what influences promoted the betterment of the City. They were to be found chiefly in the educational and charitable works of the Catholic Church.

Statistics of the 'Sixties are not easily obtainable, but in 1875, when Miss Armer had already begun her own special work, the Catholic Institutions in San Francisco were many and in a flourishing condition.

St. Mary's College, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, counted over 250 students, while St. Ignatius College, on Market Street, had over 600. There were other schools that did much for the training of the young: the Sacred Heart College on Eddy and Larkin Streets with over 700 pupils, St. Joseph's School for boys with 400 pupils, St. Mary's Cathedral School for boys with 100 pupils, St. Francis School for boys on Vallejo Street with 150 pupils, and St. Patrick's School for boys with 300 pupils.

The education of young girls was even more sedulously cared for. The Sisters of the Presentation had two Convents, one on Taylor and Eddy Streets, the other on

Powell Street, with a total of 1600 girl pupils. The Sisters of Notre Dame on Dolores Street educated about 400; the Sisters of Mercy, St. Joseph's School, 350; the Sisters of St. Dominic, St. Rose's School on Fourth and Brannan Streets, 200; the Sisters of the Holy Names, on Tenth Street, 300; making a sum total of about 3000 girl pupils in the Convents of San Francisco.

Besides this educational work there was much done of a charitable nature. The Catholic Orphan Asylum near St. Patrick's Church, on the site of the present Palace Hotel, had the unique honor of being the finest building in San Francisco. There was a girls' Orphanage at South San Francisco in charge of the Sisters of Charity. They had in 1875 over 400 orphans and at St. Joseph's 215 more. The orphanage at San Rafael was chiefly for the homeless boys of San Francisco, and at the time of which we are writing, housed and educated about 300 orphans. The Sisters of Mercy conducted a large and commodious hospital on Bryant and First Streets and the Magdalen Asylum on the old San Bruno Road.

On the other hand there were the agitators and discontented laborers, there was the luxurious and riotous living of the successful devotees of Mammon, and, above all, the sordid politics and venal politicians that neglected the schools, and the streets and sidewalks of the City, and permitted the grafters and unscrupulous favorites to batten on the budget voted for the benefit of the sick poor.

Such was the double aspect of San Francisco—sordid selfishness, on the one hand, and helpfully constructive activities, on the other—during the girlhood days of Miss Elizabeth Armer. She had to choose, not between the evident good and evil, but between the good and greater good. She was not one of those that are content with mere words—words of commendation for the good that

is done, or words of condemnation for the evil. She would work, devote her whole life and all its energies to work, for those that were most in need of assistance. But the time was not yet ripe. When she completed her studies at the Presentation Convent, she conformed to the wishes of her foster-parents and in their company attended the theaters and social functions, adopting the style of dress that prevailed among the society ladies of those days. Still her heart beat to other transports than those of worldly pleasures. At home she assisted the boys of the family in their amateur theatricals, and to do so with greater effect she sought inspiration in the downtown theaters. It was a time when theatricals were in flower, when art and literature flourished. The Bohemian Club, eventually founded in 1872, was in the making. The California Theater was in its glory. Great artists were received with open arms and thundering applause.

Miss Armer's love for theatricals did not interfere with her love for children. She had formed a habit, in early life, of stopping on the street to speak to little tots, those especially who seemed to be neglected. Her conversation with them was not of the ordinary kindliness in which grown-up people sometimes indulge in their talks with children; she spoke of God and of the Catechism. Did they know and love God? Did they study their Catechism? Did they say their prayers? These were the thoughts uppermost in her mind. Whenever she found some who were in need of instruction she invited them to her home, where she formed a Catechism class. Her pupils grew to such proportions that, on one occasion, Mr. Tobin gently remonstrated with his wife for allowing "Lizzie" to turn their home into a kindergarten.

But Miss Armer's ambitions were higher. She wished to plunge herself into social work in every possible way.



THE MOST REVEREND E. J. HANNA, D. D.
Archbishop of San Francisco

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She discussed her plans with Mrs. Tobin. "How admirable a thing it would be," we can fancy her saying to her foster-mother, "to devote one's whole life to others, to live for them, to work for them, to die in their service!" Mrs. Tobin not only agreed with these lofty sentiments but actually assisted Miss Armer in her labors. They were both familiar with the needs of the day; they knew of the misery and the poverty that prevailed in the City, the wickedness and the crime that manifested itself in lowly as well as in exalted places, among bankers and politicians, the railroad magnates, the poor unfortunate gamblers in the stock market, and the improvident working classes. Their knowledge was born of observation and they determined to labor while others talked; to substitute action for diction—works for words.

Miss Armer began her great spiritual work by instructing the ignorant, the children of neglectful parents, but even while she was still at the home of her foster-parents she engaged in visits to the poor, and did not hesitate to ask her foster-parents for money to relieve their wants. Still she was not altogether certain of her vocation. At times she longed to enter a convent where she could devote all her time to prayer and penance and thus help the needy indirectly and perhaps more effectively.

While she and Mrs. Tobin made their plans and dreamed their dreams of social service, there was in another part of the City a zealously active priest who, in turn, was forming plans and praying Almighty God to send the means necessary for their accomplishment. It was Father John J. Prendergast.

We shall see in a subsequent chapter how Miss Armer became acquainted with Father Prendergast and how the zealous priest found in her a Divinely sent assistant in his own long-thought-out plans and purposes.

Father Prendergast prayed as ardently as he planned and enlisted the prayers of his friends and penitents. One of these latter, Mrs. Elizabeth Adair Brenham, is held in the memory of the Sisters of the Holy Family with more than ordinary reverence. She was typical of others who might be regarded as the forerunners of the Sisters. Unable to devote themselves to the work planned by Father Prendergast, they united their prayers with his that God would send suitable workers.

Shortly after Mrs. Brenham's death, Harriet A. Skidmore wrote for the "Ave Maria" of March, 1889, the following glowing tribute to her memory. It will give the reader an idea of the women whom Father Prendergast enlisted in the formation of his plans and whose prayers he sought for their successful issue.

"Not alone on the illumined altars of the Church, where with loving hand she hath proudly twined them, nor even amid the sacred calm of her Eden-like cloister gardens, are her saintly soul-flowers to be found. Ceaselessly, yet often unnoticed, they are blossoming on the 'world's broad field of battle,' or beside the beaten path of everyday life.

"One of these, though lately transplanted to heaven, still sheds the violet-like fragrance of its virtues upon the heavy, sin-poisoned atmosphere of a busy metropolis. 'San Francisco enjoys the blessed privilege of being the home of a Christian heroine.' Thus, not many years ago, spoke a learned and holy ecclesiastic of this chosen spirit-bloom, and well she deserved the title he thus bestowed upon her.

"Elizabeth Adair Brenham was brought twenty-three years ago, by divine grace, from the arid desert of Protestantism, to dwell in and adorn the paradise-garden of the Catholic Faith. At the time of her conversion she was

in the full enjoyment of every temporal blessing. Educated and refined, endowed with rare personal and mental attractions, the beloved wife of a prominent, wealthy and honorable citizen, and the 'joyful mother' of charming children, Mrs. Brenham seemed, in the eyes of worldlings, an exceptionally favored mortal.

"But the cold and dreary tenets of the sect to which she belonged could not satisfy the cravings of that earnest, tender and generous heart; and, therefore, she was unhappy and tormented with harassing doubts even while basking in the sunshine of earthly joys and prosperity. The words of the Divine Teacher, as she read them in her own Bible, 'This is my Body, this is my blood,' haunted her continually. Surely, she thought, this is not the language of mere metaphor. These emphatic words must have a literal signification.

"Fervently, unceasingly, she prayed for light; and at last (as it ever shall and must when perseveringly sought) the blissful, unfading light of Truth flooded her happy soul. Nay, *one* cloud yet dimmed even the brightness of those celestial beams,—her idolized husband still groped in the shadows of error. For his conversion she unhesitatingly offered to God all she possessed,—fortune, luxury, comfort, health and even her cherished children who had all been baptized with her.

"The heroic sacrifice was accepted. Her wealth vanished as by magic, her health gradually became impaired, and two of her beautiful and pure-souled daughters died in the lovely dawn of girlhood. Finally, he, for whom she gave so much, received the dearly purchased gift of Faith and a few years after calmly and blissfully expired, strengthened and consoled by the Sacraments of that Church within whose sacred portals his noble wife had led him.

"But her trials daily, hourly, multiplied. Utter poverty became her portion, and she lay for years a helpless invalid, racked in every nerve and muscle by agonizing and incessant pain. No amount or intensity of suffering, however, could disturb the serenity of her spirit. She practiced, as her saintly director testified, every virtue in seemingly heroic degree. Far, far above mere resignation she soared; for so completely was her will absorbed in the Divine Will that she yielded herself with almost rapturous joy to the trials whereby Our Lord moulded her heart into the more and more perfect image of His own. At last that mystic likeness was complete, and a few weeks since Elizabeth Brenham passed from earth, not merely in calm and peaceful hope, but triumphantly, exultingly, as the successful victor ascends his bravely-won throne. A religious, who assisted at the death scene, says: 'All Heaven seemed to enter the room and fill it with light.'

"Remembering, however, that the faintest shadow of a stain must be cleansed from the snowy petals of Love's transplanted flowers, the pious readers of the 'Ave Maria' (which Mrs. Brenham loved so well) are earnestly entreated to hold her in prayerful remembrance."

The prayers of Christian heroines, such as Mrs. Brenham, could not but bring God's blessing upon the projected work of Father Prendergast. This blessing took form in the home of Mrs. Tobin, when Miss Elizabeth Armer heard the call and heeded it, splendidly resolving to devote her whole life to works, while others engaged in words. What these works were we shall see in the course of this narrative.

CHAPTER II

The Humble Start



VEN AS THE MIGHTY OAK, THE SYMBOL of enduring strength, has its beginning in an insignificant dust-trodden acorn, so the Holy Family Community—spreading its influence over the entire City of San Francisco and its environs, reaching out into Oakland and San Jose and as far south as Los Angeles, doing good to rich and poor alike, caring for the children of working women, instructing many unto justice, edifying all by the example of its members—had a very humble beginning. For a period of two or three years, it was actually trampled under the scornful heel of ridicule.

On November 6, 1872, a small house on Pine Street, near Jones, was rented by Mrs. Richard Tobin and given over to Miss Elizabeth Armer and her first companion. Both of these young ladies had, to all appearances, a clear and definite notion of the life upon which they were entering; both seemed to understand the difficulties and the sacrifices that were to be demanded of them. They were to devote themselves unselfishly to the service of the poor and, eventually, to consecrate their services by the vows of religion—Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience—until death.

Father John J. Prendergast, a zealous and efficient priest, recognized the need there was of well organized social relief-work, but he had experienced great difficulty in obtaining willing and able workers, as he himself ex-

plained in an address, given to the Holy Family Community some years after its establishment. He told of the difficulties he had to solve, and how in solving them he had to bring into being a community of women devoted exclusively to the poor and to little children.

"A few words will explain the purpose of this Sisterhood," he said. "Its purpose may, indeed, be found in its name—'The Holy Family.' The charities of the Catholic Church are manifold. They are co-extensive with the needs of human society. But for lack of workers, some who are in need of sympathy and assistance are, for a while, at least, overlooked. I refer especially to poor families and neglected children. In large cities there is always much poverty and San Francisco has been no exception to the general rule. One of the most disastrous effects of this poverty and neglect is the fact that children, even in their tender years, when they are susceptible to good influences, are not taught to know and love God. Assistance must be brought to the homes—material assistance first, and then an opening will be made for spiritual assistance."

To visit the homes of the poor, to bring relief to the sick, to seek out the neglected children, these are ideals in social work that cannot be too much insisted upon. There is a danger in our modern methods—providing recreation grounds and community clubs and hiking expeditions—to neglect the home. Father Prendergast began with the home.

"But who could be prevailed upon to do the work?" asked the zealous priest. "Secular ladies, however pious and charitably disposed they may be, have their own domestic duties to attend to or they allow the allurements of pleasure to interfere with their possible desire to be of assistance."

"But could not one of the existing communities be of service in the contemplated work?" Father Prendergast's zeal would have led him to excessive remonstrances with the existing communities had it not been regulated by prudence and foresight. He knew that there was not one of the many individual members of these communities who would not gladly have abandoned class-room or sick-room to visit the poor, if bid to do so by obedience; but he also knew that in the Lord's vineyard there are so many things to do, so many dangers to guard against, that it is not for the individual to choose. Zeal for good works, like any other virtue, is apt to be intemperate. The vision of a man whose heart beats for the poor is apt to become limited and his enthusiasm excessive, but Father Prendergast was zealous without being immoderate, foreseeing without being blinded to the realities in which he lived.

The charity of the Catholic Church is, indeed, as he said, "as broad as the sufferings of humanity"; but it has become seasoned by centuries of experience and is slow to jump from one need to another, however crying that new need may be. At the time when the devoted Pastor looked for those that would be willing to work among the poor, the various Sisterhoods of San Francisco were already overburdened with other educational or charitable work that had been assigned to them by their superiors. The Sisters of Charity had their schools and their orphan asylums; the Sisters of Notre Dame and of the Presentation had their academies for young ladies of the middle class or of the wealthier class; the Sisters of Mercy were devoted to hospital work and to the care of fallen girls.

In emergencies, they would willingly drop their regular work, as the Sisters of Mercy did during the cholera and smallpox epidemics, but if there were poor in the City, there were also the sick, there were orphans who had no

homes, and there were girls that had abandoned their homes and others who needed the higher education afforded in the convent schools. Miss Armer herself was a product of the Presentation Convent, and until her dying day retained a deep affection for her early teachers.

The difficulty experienced by Father Prendergast was, therefore, of such a nature that nobody could be criticised. The 'Seventies gave birth to a new problem and a new need, and the rise of a new order was but a proof of the inexhaustible resources of Catholic charity. Father Prendergast's temporary disappointment in not finding laborers was rewarded by God's goodness that called into being a new religious community, and gave to San Francisco a select body of social relief workers.

As soon as the two young ladies had taken up their abode in the little rented house on Pine Street, they received definite rules of conduct and a definite plan of campaign in their charitable work. Social work at the present time is scientifically organized. There are committees for investigation, committees for registration, committees for distribution of money or provisions, sanitary committees, and preventive committees, all organized to make sure that no unworthy person shall ever benefit by the generosity of others. When we read of the activities of these committees—how by means of a card-system all cases are checked and classified for investigation and how after close and intimate scrutiny which, at times, is impertinent enough, some little relief is doled out—we can see how the salaried investigators discover and preclude the undeserving from the benefits of charity; but it is not always easy to see how the deserving are actually helped. Nor is it any easier to understand how the standards which are employed to distinguish between the deserving and the undeserving poor are formulated and applied.

Scrutiny, when it is not too personal, as, unfortunately, it often is, investigation that does not go too deeply into moral shortcomings with which social-workers have nothing to do, are, on occasions, both necessary and helpful and, therefore, desirable; but in some cases the positive charity does not keep pace with the expense of the investigation.

Father Prendergast was not, in this sense, scientific; but he was practical. He may have violated all the rules of scientific sociology, as it is now understood, when he wrote to Miss Armer that it is "far better to be deceived ten times than to refuse need once when the recipient is worthy"; but if this is unscientific, it is not un-Christian.

Moreover it is sometimes presumptuous to distinguish the worthy from the unworthy poor. There is not, nor can there be a universally applicable standard. In a family of five, the father may be unworthy; he may drink or he may squander his earnings in some other way; but the mother and the little children may be worthy and surely they cannot, in justice, be penalized for the sins of the husband and father.

In Father Prendergast's time, as in our own, there were many poor through foolish speculation, through lack of foresight and providence, through excessive greed and anxiety to reach a state in life where there would be no more worry and no more work. The causes of poverty and need are manifold. True Christian workers may speculate about the causes in a desire to remove them, but Christian charity rushes into the breach whenever and wherever it is found and brings the oil and the wine. Lazarus, for all we know, may have been poor through his own fault, and perhaps the man that fell among robbers had no business in that infested part of the country. We are not told to inquire into the causes which led to misery: we are exhorted to help and to help at once.

Father Prendergast's idea of assistance covered the whole field of need. If the thought of unworthiness were in his mind, it took form somewhat like this: "The unworthy we shall, by spiritual help, endeavor to make worthy." Helping others to help themselves was the principle of his life.

The following letter will give a better idea of his method and principles:

Thursday, May 1, 1873.

DEAR SISTER MARY:

As far as I am able to judge, Mrs. X is a worthy object of your kind interest. In cases like this, I think it would be well for you to proceed in the following way:

If they seem to be in need, to give them some help on their first application. Then to take the first favorable opportunity to visit the family and ascertain three points:

1st: If the house is clean and warm, and the bedding sufficient. This you can learn partly with your eyes and partly by inquiry.

2nd: If the family have food and clothing.

3rd: If all, who should, go to Mass and to the Holy Sacraments.

Now, if you find that the accommodations are not good for the friends of our Lord, it would be proper to provide better, if at all possible. If they need bedding or cooking utensils, etc., or clothing, they should have them. If they need food, they should have it in sufficient quantity. If they do not attend Mass, etc., they should be encouraged to do so.'

In order to fulfill your charitable mission, it would be necessary to give the poor as much as they actually need—whatever their needs may be. To give them only a portion of what they want would leave them in misery still. There-



fore, be not afraid. Give enough to take them out of suffering, even though you may have to give them all, for the end of your mission, as regards the poor, is to give them decent homes, sufficient food and clothing, and the grace of the Sacraments.

Please, therefore, inquire minutely into all particulars and give rather too much than too little.

It would be also necessary to visit the poor from time to time—the sick poor, often.

I offer these suggestions in the hope that they may be of some service to you, now that you are beginning, as it were, anew.

I am anxious that you would have the prayers and benedictions of all the poor. Do not be afraid of your treasury. God will provide.

I always make a memento in Mass for the Holy Family. May our Blessed Lord be good to you and prosper your work and give you a bright crown hereafter!

Yours in the Sacred Heart,

J. J. PRENDERGAST

The sick poor were plentiful in San Francisco when Miss Elizabeth Armer and her companion began their career of social service. Such a career is never attractive; in San Francisco in the early 'Seventies it was most unattractive and even, in many instances, repulsive. The two young women visited the poor as directed by the parish priests. These latter found pitiable cases of human misery on their daily rounds, and in the evening gave a list of homes where the blessing of charitable womanly hands was needed. On the following day the two Sisters made their visits. Passing from one home to another, they were frequently called upon to visit cases that were not on their list.

There is some human comfort in caring for the sick when the results become visible in the form of cleanliness and a grateful appreciation, but these ardent workers rarely enjoyed the consoling fruits of toil. Their work was invariably of the repulsive kind. It was to real misery that they were called, and not infrequently their patients proved ingrates.

Cancer cases, the last stages of consumption, lingering fevers, diseases that baffle medical skill were daily brought to their notice, and day by day they attended the victims. Sometimes they found themselves in morally sordid surroundings. Drink had wrought havoc in many a family, impurity was frequently to blame for disease; but as the two workers aided physically so as to be able to assist spiritually, they faced the moral cases with even more heroism and certainly with more ardor than they did those of a physical nature.

Thus for several months Miss Armer and her companion toiled. Forgetful of self, they devoted their energies through the day and often into the night to the unfortunate victims of disease and of sin. At home, during the little time they had, they made bed-clothes for the poor and shrouds for the dead.

The inevitable happened. Take two young earnest women and let them work for the poor and they will overwork. Heroism grows by what it feeds on. To the generous worker, time is all too short; sleep is neglected, proper nourishment is spurned and sometimes there comes a breakdown. Miss Armer's first companion suffered such a misfortune. She became a nervous wreck and a victim of hysteria. Long-distance diagnosis is not a secure process but, considering the solitude of their lives, the difficulty of their toils, the constant drudgery entailed, the loathsome sights of disease, it does not seem too



much to say that it was nothing more than a case of nervous hysteria.

The Sisters of the Holy Family do not like to have the matter referred to, but there is no discredit to them or to their Foundress in the story of Miss Collins' "hallucination." On the contrary, from whatever angle it is viewed it redounds to their credit. Was it a diabolical interference with the work of Miss Armer? If so, the work must have been of God. The spirit of wickedness cannot tolerate good works, and he endeavors directly or indirectly to kill them in the bud. Or was it due to sinful vanity? If such were the case we can see in it an admirable example of Miss Armer's unsuspecting simplicity. She had no doubts about her companion's sincerity and goodness. Finally, if it were, as it seems to have been, a case of hysteria brought on by overwork, it ought to be a warning to those whose zeal is intemperate and who destroy, by excessive ardor, the very good they are striving to accomplish.

No matter how interpreted, this is what happened: One morning Miss Collins did not report for work at the usual hour. When Miss Armer visited her room to ascertain the cause of the delay, she found her companion confined to her bed. Her hands and feet bore wounds, self-inflicted as was afterwards learned, resembling the wounds of the Savior. When, after some weeks, the truth was discovered, the young woman was sent to her home, but the scandal caused by the occurrence endured for a long time. For months afterwards Miss Armer was looked upon with suspicion and had to bear with opprobrious remarks from otherwise well-meaning people. It is difficult to determine which was for her the greater trial, the unfortunate occurrence itself or the attitude of the people. The spirit with which she bore

up under it all, clearly indicates two things: her indomitable courage in remaining faithful to her purpose and her loyalty to one who, apparently, tried to deceive her. While condemning the fraud or folly, she could not see in it any conscious guilt. "She knew not what she did," was her way of expressing leniency.

Still her heart went out in love and in prayer. "O, Sacred Heart," she prayed (and the prayer is still preserved) "let me suffer and die for one who was dearer than a thousand lives. O, save her! I am willing to bear all, only save her dear, dear soul, that I may meet her at Thy Sacred Feet never more to be separated. Give her every blessing, while on earth, and Heaven at her departure. I will suffer all with a cheerful heart if you only grant my prayers, for 'she knew not what she did.' " This beautiful prayer was signed "Lizzie."

Another young lady joined Miss Armer in her work, but she did not remain long. It was too difficult, too wearisome, too lonely a life for any one but a brave and valiant woman influenced by the highest of supernatural motives.

Disappointed in one, abandoned by another, Miss Armer retained the same evenness of temper, the same zeal for works of charity, the same devotedness to the poor and to the children of the Sunday Schools. She did not for a moment relax. Her visits to the sick poor continued as before, and when she needed a companion she always knew where to find one. Mrs. Richard Tobin was at the service of her foster-daughter and often accompanied her on her errands of charity. Indeed, it may be said that Mrs. Tobin deserves to be named as the co-foundress of the Holy Family Sisterhood, as she was until her death its most devoted friend and benefactress.

CHAPTER III

"The Girls Upstairs"



OME CRITICS CLAIM THAT THE WRITING of history, particularly the history of religious people, has undergone a change in modern times and that we should no longer indulge in mere laudatory comments on the work and the workers, but study and endeavor to "portray a process." If this be properly understood there is something more than usually fascinating in our present narrative. It is an undeniable process or growth with which we are confronted, not, however, a growth in ideas and aspirations—these were mature from the very start—but a development of the work to be performed. New and greater avenues of successful activity opened themselves before the ardent Miss Armer and her companions and accompanying the increasing demand for work there was a slow but wholesome increase in the number of workers and in the ardor of spirit which characterized their efforts.

The so-called psychology of the saints has no place in the history of the Holy Family Community. Sister Dolores at fifty-five was the same, single-minded, laborious and fervent character as she was, when as a girl of twenty, she began her life's work. Filled with enthusiasm she was capable of rising superior to all difficulties and obstacles that came between her and her definite purpose in life. The other Sisters, notably Sister Teresa, are distinguished for a like evenness of temperament rather than

for anything that strikes the mind with wonder. It is a case where nothing is more extraordinary than the ordinary, where our minds can find choice food for thought, not so much in the exotics of mystic conservatories as in the attractive naturalness of the wayside wild flowers.

The first two years were years of difficulties and discouragement. Miss Armer's purpose could not be shaken by the defection of her first two companions. She had a work to do which demanded heroism, and she felt confident that, in God's own time, she would be joined by those who would stay with her until death. She knew that nothing worth while can be done quickly. A moment was enough to give her a glimpse of the ideal towards the realization of which she intended to work; but years of patient waiting were necessary before even the promise of success cheered her expectant soul.

In 1874, after nearly two years of struggle, fruitful of good, it is true, but barren as far as a religious community was concerned, Miss Armer found herself alone. Her secular friends were, for reasons already explained, suspicious of her. Some went so far as to chide her for her folly and to point out the hopelessness of her efforts. Mrs. Tobin remained loyal and Father Prendergast still maintained his confidence. "The charity of the Catholic Church is as broad as the needs of humanity," was his guiding principle, and never, for a single moment, did he falter or, having put his hands to the plow, look back.

Miss Elizabeth Armer continued to walk bravely and generously in the path of humiliation and of service. Her virtue called down the blessing of God on her labors. It was not long before He rewarded her fidelity by sending a life-long companion in the person of Miss Ellen O'Connor. She was a native of Boston and came to California when she was but three years of age. Her parents settled

in El Dorado County, where her father had some mining interests. Reared amid the rude wildness of a mining-camp, she received the benefits of religious instruction from a devout and prudent mother and a sturdy Catholic father. Many a time she accompanied them down the mountain roads to the nearest Church to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. When in the 'Fifties, they moved to San Francisco, she attended the parochial school attached to St. Patrick's Church, and, after receiving her first Holy Communion, she became a Child of Mary. In 1860 she was transferred to St. Rose's Academy which had just been opened on Brannan Street by the Dominican Sisters. Later she moved to St. Joseph's Parish and had the good fortune of becoming a penitent of Father Andrew Cullen.

Such is a brief suggestion of the early life of Miss Ellen O'Connor who afterwards, as Sister Teresa of Jesus, was to become one of the chief glories of the Holy Family Convent. She told her confessor that she wished to become a religious, that this desire had been in her heart constantly and, with ever-increasing ardor, for many years. She had studied with the Sisters of Charity and with the Dominican Sisters. She knew and admired their life and the opportunities they had to serve God in working for others. She was familiar, too, with the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Notre Dame but, in the final choice, she wished to be guided by her confessor.

"Well," said Father Cullen, "if I were you I should try this new work which Father Prendergast is starting." Miss O'Connor had been observing the work of Miss Armer. She accompanied her mother to the "convent" when the sickness of Miss Armer's companion was attracting the notice of the people of San Francisco. She knew of the many difficulties that were being encountered and

was fully aware of the discouraging situation in which Miss Armer was at the time placed. Still she determined to investigate. She called at the rented house in Pine Street but found no one at home. She called again and was again disappointed. On April 30, 1874, she paid her third visit and this time was more fortunate.

"I have heard of you," said Miss Armer, earnestly; "have you come to stay?"

"I hope so!" was the confident answer of the young Ellen O'Connor,—and she meant it.

Taking her hand, Miss Armer exclaimed: "You are my birthday gift! At Holy Mass I asked the Blessed Mother for a birthday present. You have been sent to aid me to labor for souls. Come, let us praise God for His goodness in having granted me a companion."

On the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1874, Miss Ellen O'Connor took up her abode with Miss Armer, and from that day forward, united intimately in piety, will, and fervent purpose, these two noble young women, whom God chose to inaugurate a new work, had but one thought and one heart in God. It was a happy day for the Religious of the Holy Family and a glorious event in their history—this coming of Ellen O'Connor.

But still there were difficulties,—difficulties of the most discouraging kind. Miss Armer and Miss O'Connor started joyously enough and with great religious fervor; but the former became seriously ill and was urged by the Archbishop to accept the invitation to rest, for a while, at the Fruitvale residence of one of her loyal friends, Mrs. Hugh Dimond.

The Archbishop sent for her companion, Miss O'Connor, and smilingly asked her: "Are you afraid of ghosts?" "No, Archbishop," she answered bravely. "Then," he said, "Miss Armer will go away for a few weeks and you



will remain alone." During this time Miss O'Connor mentioned to no one, not even her mother, that she was alone. It was a very serious trial and nothing but a genuinely true vocation could have enabled her to bear with it so heroically. Later in life she often told how lonesome she was during the long hours of the day and how desolate she felt when night approached. From her window she used to look across the bay and try to distinguish the dim lights of Fruitvale, wondering just where her companion might be. Thence she would turn her eyes towards God's lights, the stars, and pray that Miss Armer would soon be restored to health and to her.

Her prayers were heard. Miss Armer returned, much improved by her rest and anxious to take up her work again. Until January 14, 1875, the two worked alone. On that day they were joined by Mrs. Ellen Javet who came with the following letter from the Archbishop.

January 14, 1875.

DEAR MISS MARY ARMER:

The bearer, Mrs. Ellen Javet, is the good widow lady who will join you in the way I proposed to you and to Father Prendergast. For the present she will be one of your congregation to all intents and purposes now, with the exception of the care she has yet to retain to herself for her two boys, which would require her to go home at 6 o'clock P. M. or a little after; and remain from you till about 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning. I feel hopeful that you will find in her a good, charitable, pious and useful member of the Holy Family. Then as soon as the Church can declare her free from the care of her two children, she may make her novitiate and profession.

Yours truly in Christ,

✠ J. S. ALEMANY

On March 8, Miss Catharine Kelly joined the Community, which was now beginning to take definite shape after the trials and disappointments of three years. In 1874 a new home was secured, a two-story flat on the corner of Pine and Stockton Streets. Mr. Richard Tobin paid the rent for the entire house. As Miss Armer and her companions needed but one floor, they sub-rented the lower story to a Methodist family. These good tenants would not allow themselves to be outdone in religious fervor by the "girls upstairs."

When, in the evening, the Sisters sang their hymns according to season, they noted a response from the floor below. The music of airs from the Methodist hymn books mingled with the Sisters' hymns and floated harmoniously heavenward. The best of feelings ever existed between this family and, as they called the Sisters, the "girls upstairs." Many years later when two of the Sisters were in a large downtown store, they were startled by an exclamation and a warm embrace: "Why, I haven't seen you girls for a long time!" Turning, they recognized the good Methodist lady who had been their tenant on Pine Street.

On August 7, 1876, Miss Mary Anne McKeon joined the Community. She was afterwards known as Sister Augustine. In November, 1876, the Sisters moved to the north side of Pine Street, between Stockton and Powell. On May 13, 1877, Miss Catharine Block became a member of the little Community.

As yet no religious habit was adopted. The dress worn by the Sisters was the ordinary dress of the day, only simplified as much as possible. The hats which the Sisters now wear were the shape then in vogue, differing only in color from those worn by other young ladies, who combined the gayer shades in straw and



CONVENT ON CORNER OF STOCKTON AND PINE STREETS
From 1874 to 1876 the Sisters Lived in Upper Flat of House Marked by Cross

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trimmings, whilst those of the Sisters were of unadorned black.

As there was no chapel in this home, the Sisters wore no head covering. One Sunday afternoon one of the Sisters playfully picked up a piece of red ribbon and tied it around her head with a large bow at the back. Time for vespers came, and, forgetting all about her adornment, she put on her hat and went out with the rest. No one noticed it until all were in their pews at the Cathedral, and the future Sisters of the Holy Family, who know what it means to keep children quiet in church, were themselves scarcely able to preserve gravity that evening. The only one who prayed without distraction was the unconscious wearer of the red bow.

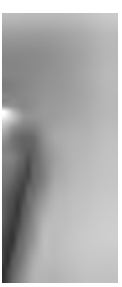
At this time the Sisters always assisted at the six o'clock Mass which was said by Archbishop Alemany. They would reach the Cathedral about a quarter to six and often on dark winter mornings, when the sexton happened to be late, the Archbishop himself came down the steps, holding a little candle to light the way, and opened the gate for them. Their way to the old Cathedral led through that part of Dupont Street which was not of good repute, and though they could take a longer way around, Miss Armer never feared, even on the darkest mornings, to go along Dupont Street. She used to say: "Our prayers for these poor people, as we pass through, may help them."

The Sisters used to take week-about, doing the housework, one staying at home in the forenoon for this purpose, whilst the others went out on their errands of charity through the City. They were not known to outsiders as Sisters, but among themselves the title was used and, what is more notable, they had the names which they were privileged to take later on, when they pronounced

their vows. The following order of a week's work has come down to us in the handwriting of Sister Dolores:

> Sister Joseph—Dining-room and kitchen;
> Sister Agnes—Sitting-room and halls;
> Sister Teresa—Housekeeper and sewing-room;
> Sister Magdalen—Marketing and attending to door. When Sister Magdalen is not at home the Sister in charge of the halls will attend, when necessary, to the door;
> Sister Dolores will attend to her accounts in the morning and receive accounts of the day at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Miss Armer, however, was not immune from meeting with domestic mishaps. One week it was her turn to be housekeeper. After two of the Sisters had scrubbed the kitchen floor until it was snow-white, she accidentally overturned a pan of hot drippings. A few drops spattered on her wrist and the spotless floor was besmeared with the rest. Knowing that the Sisters would be disturbed, she thought of a stratagem to turn their attention from the unsightly spots. Taking a long strip of cloth, she bound up her whole arm and when the Sisters returned and found their beloved companion thus bandaged, they were so full of solicitude for her that there was no concern for the state of the kitchen. Resisting their entreaties to be allowed to dress her "wounds," she maintained her expression of patient suffering until the floor was thoroughly cleaned, then laughingly removed the bandage and displayed one tiny red spot on her wrist.



We should not expect to find anything like a horse and carriage among the equipments of a religious community in its first years of struggle and privation. These Sisters, however, had both. The carriage was an old discarded one, rickety in wheel and innocent of paint,

which was offered to the Sisters, if they could make use of it, and the horse, called "Charlie," having passed its age of usefulness, was donated to spend its few remaining years in the cause of charity. The Sisters were glad to accept this equipage. It was a great help in the work and an additional means of daily mortification. "We were ashamed to be seen getting into it," relates one of the Sisters, "and then we were more ashamed to be seen getting out of it."

"Charlie" had acquired the habit of many wise old horses, on the watch for opportunities to take forty winks, that of stopping in front of large buildings where carriages are wont to halt. Nothing would induce him to go on until one of the occupants would get out and then, getting in again, give the door a heavy slam to make "Charlie" understand that he was to continue on the journey.

The carriage was driven by a boy named Frank, who was proud to work for the Sisters, but at times unmindful of the dignity of his calling. One day when Miss Armer and a companion were out on some calls, they noticed that their carriage was moving very slowly along Kearny Street and wondered at the cause. Looking out, they discovered that their dilapidated carriage was forming part of a circus procession. Frank had driven up in the rear in order to get a full view of the parade and was enjoying his experience to the full, when to his chagrin he was ordered to turn at the next block.

In these early days there were no such secular organizations as the Associated Charities nor religious societies as St. Vincent de Paul's. Hence many and various were the calls that came to Miss Armer's companions in their little home in Pine Street. It became quite the usual thing even for the city officials to send children, whose

parents had come under the jurisdiction of the courts "up to Miss Armer's to be looked after." The work of the Sisters consisted in washing, and clothing, and providing food and shelter for these children until some permanent place was found for them. As a rule when they were properly prepared they were taken to Mount St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, where the Sisters of Charity received them and gave them a home.

As an instance of this kind, it is related that, on one occasion, when the Sisters had given their little home a particularly thorough cleaning, and were commenting with complacency on the neatness of the rooms and the whiteness of the bed linen, three children, whose mother was detained in the city prison, were sent out to the Sisters. The poor children, woefully neglected, had all the accompaniments of direst poverty. They were, indeed, objects of repugnance to any one unfamiliar with the sweet words of Christ: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

When the children were washed and supplied with clean clothes Sister Dolores told one of the Sisters to give them her bed. The poor Sister's love of cleanliness was a prominent characteristic and it was on this account that Sister Dolores gave her this opportunity to practice heroic mortification. She betrayed by a change of countenance her repugnance to having the children occupy her bed, but was further mortified when Sister Dolores sweetly added: "And you may sleep with them, Sister."

Another case which has come down in community traditions, because it has been related whenever a "mouse alarm" occurs in the Convent, is that of a woman dying in a room over the Bella Union Theater on Kearny Street, a place not resorted to by people of good name. The poor girl, who, at one time in her life had practiced her

religion, was very low and had no one around her but the companions of her evil life. These poor women felt that something should be done for her, but they did not know how to do it. They accordingly sent for the "Miss Armers," as the Sisters were then often called. The "Miss Armers" could not refuse a call of distress and accordingly two of them started out to this house of evil name. A strange place in which to find religious women, but an immortal soul was in danger and the Sisters remained with the dying girl until the end. They took turns by day and by night, not only to nurse and give her nourishment, but to protect her from the evil influences of the place, and assist her in making her peace with God. She was prepared for and received the Sacraments of Penance, Holy Eucharist and Extreme Unction. If no place is too wretched for the King of Heaven to enter in the Sacrament of His love, can it be too vile for any of his creatures who go there to help gain a soul for his Kingdom? The Sisters often wonder how these first companions of Miss Armer had courage to remain alone all night in such a place, with the sound of the vulgar songs and music coming up from the theater below; but the case was extraordinary and extraordinary means were used to save a soul.

One night, when the sounds from the theater below had subsided, a hideous rat emerged from the darkness and made its appearance in the dimly lighted room. The Sister on duty was one of those who become terror-stricken at the very mention of mouse or rat, and now, confronted by what was, to her, a monster, she lost the calm courage that sustained her through graver dangers and did what a woman invariably does in such emergency—screamed and mounted a chair. Then her patient asked for assistance. It was a dilemma; she must either neglect her

patient or overcome her lifelong fears. Duty and charity prevailed and she descended into the "lion-haunted arena" only to find that the monsters disappeared in the darkness. When the long night with its horrors were over, Sister fervently thanked God for the strength given in what she calls the greatest test of her vocation and the greatest trial of her life.

To understand the circumstances which led the Sisters to such disreputable places, the reader must bear in mind that, in the early 'Seventies, there were no emergency hospitals, equipped as now with their doctors and nurses. Pioneering in more senses than one characterized the early days of the Holy Family Community.

In these charitable works the Sisters were often assisted by young ladies of the world who, on account of home duties, could not join the community. One of these deserves special mention—Miss Annie Wellington or "Sister Annie" as she was familiarly called. Miss Annie Wellington did not live to become a Sister of the Holy Family on earth, but she was so united with these first Sisters in spirit and in work that she is regarded as one of the Community. She taught catechism and often accompanied the Sisters on their visits of charity. She intended to join the Community as soon as home affairs permitted. One day she came to see Miss O'Connor and told her that a sick person whom she had been visiting and caring for had developed smallpox. Miss O'Connor advised her to take precautions, but it was too late. Shortly afterwards she herself was taken to the Pest House. Her face, once so beautiful, became greatly disfigured. She bore her illness heroically with one only desire—that she might live to enter the Community. God willed otherwise and those who were with her in her last days told the Sisters of her sweet and holy death.

In her burning fever they brought ice to be put on her head, but she would not have it, saying that our Lord, in His sufferings, had no ice on His head.

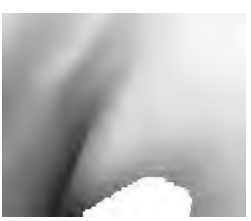
The virtues practiced by the companions of Miss Armer during these early days made up in part for what else might be regarded as inadequate religious training. For, it must be noted, that these ardent women plunged into exterior work at once. Catherine Kelly entered the Community in the morning and in the afternoon of the same day, as she tells us, was at work visiting the poor.

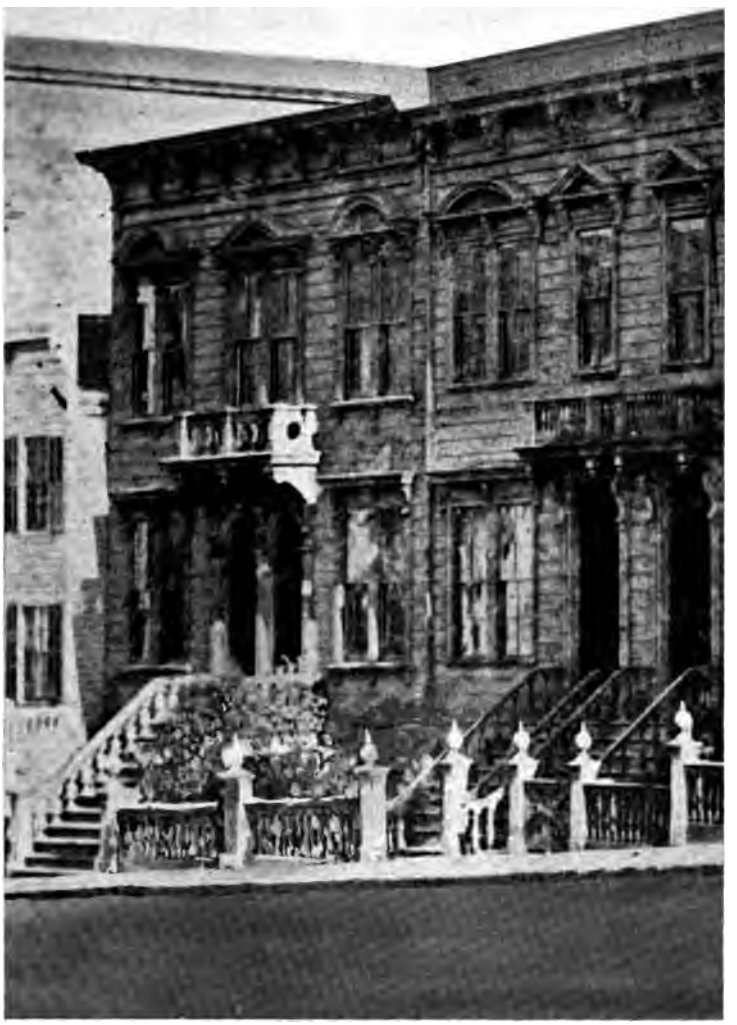
Sometimes, it is true, Almighty God takes a hand in the training of His willing servants even when unmindful of the principle of St. Ignatius,—"to do everything as if its whole success depended on one's own efforts,"—they act as if the other part of the saying were alone true: "to do everything as if it entirely depended upon God." In the early years of the Holy Family Community there was this weakness: the workers were not sufficiently trained in spiritual things. They were, of course, good Catholic young women who understood their vocation and were earnest in its prosecution but, on account of the pressing nature of the work, they had little or no opportunity to make sure that something deeper and more lasting than sentiment was guiding their efforts.

The difficulty was overcome partly by what seems to be the direct care and guidance of God Himself and partly by the earnest efforts of the workers themselves. At all events the virtues of a religious life flourished during these early days. Poverty, a characteristic virtue of religion, was practiced with great rigor. Although Miss Armer had left a home filled with every joy and comfort and the kind motherly heart of Mrs. Mary Tobin would leave her in want of nothing, still Miss Armer managed to practice poverty in an eminent degree. The

clothing and other supplies which generous benefactors provided were often given to the poor. No call for assistance was ever refused. Father Prendergast's principle: "Far better to be deceived ten times than to refuse need once when the recipient is worthy." was adhered to with fidelity. Consequently, it was no unusual thing for the Sisters to be in want of food, bedding or clothing, and they were careful to conceal this fact from Mrs. Tobin and other kind friends in order that they might suffer real privations and live, not only in poverty of spirit, but in actual poverty as well. The first Christmas after Miss O'Connor entered, a friend sent five dollars to buy a turkey for their Christmas dinner. Miss Armer gave the money to a poor family and the Sisters' Christmas joy consisted chiefly in having been in a position to make other people happy.

Thus did the "Girls Upstairs" work for the poor and for their own sanctification, recognizing always how the two efforts are distinct and yet intimately united, that one cannot long enjoy the happiness of making other people happy without having the secret of charity so admirably explained by St. John: "My dearest, if God hath so loved us, we also ought to love one another." To impress the thought of God's love for us on our minds and to cultivate in our hearts a desire to return that love, by loving His children, is the work of personal sanctification. This was accomplished sweetly and quietly in the solitude of the convent—to flow out, later, and enrich those in need of assistance and encouragement.





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CHAPTER IV

The Novitiate

UNTIL AFFAIRS WERE IN A MORE OR LESS settled condition it was impossible for the Sisters to make a regular religious novitiate. Archbishop Alemany, however, had from the beginning urged the necessity of this formal religious training for all the companions of Miss Armer. In 1875 he wrote to Mother Louisa of the Dominican Convent of Benicia asking for accommodations for those whom Miss Armer could spare. There were, however, two difficulties. Mother Louisa, could accommodate but one at a time and Miss Armer could not spare even one, for the space of an entire year. Miss Ellen O'Connor and Miss Catharine Kelly were sent at different times during the year 1876, to spend several months in the Benicia Convent and had returned to their work in San Francisco with some knowledge of the spirit and practices of religious life. But the Archbishop was not satisfied with a few months; he insisted, according to the requirements of the Church in so important a matter, on an entire year of novitiate. Accordingly when in 1877, Miss Kate Block, afterwards known and beloved as Sister Agnes, joined the Community, Miss Ellen O'Connor was sent for a second time to Benicia to make a regular novitiate of one year.

She entered upon the year's work with much alacrity, retained her spirit of devotion to spiritual things during

its progress, and when the end of the novitiate drew near, she longed to return to her companions in San Francisco. But she had to face a singular situation which, in after years, she described as one of the greatest temptations of her life. Towards the end of her novitiate, she was urged to stay with the Dominican Sisters. It was a natural request and under the circumstances, easy to understand. That she would make a very desirable daughter of St. Dominic, was quite evident, and then there was so much uncertainty about the new Order of the Holy Family. Was it not extraordinarily slow of growth? Six years had passed and there were but six members. Was it not a risk to return to the world and associate herself with secular ladies, however pious they might be? Up to this time Miss Armer and her companions were regarded as mere secular ladies. Did not the uncertainty of the past indicate very clearly that the new Community had no certain future? How could a religious congregation with no convent other than the upper flat of a rented house have any hope to flourish?

These and similar considerations were brought forcibly to the attention of Miss O'Connor by those whom she loved and revered. The appeal was strong, but she rose superior to what in the light of subsequent events can be regarded as an unintentional attack on the new Community's existence. Had she yielded to it, she might have disrupted the struggling Community or, at least, she would have given it a blow from which it would have been hard to recover. Perhaps her companions in San Francisco feared that just some such temptation would attack their beloved Sister Ellen, for on the very day which marked the completion of the Novitiate year, Miss Armer and Miss Kelly were in Benicia. They had come to accompany Miss O'Connor home.

To remove all scruples or hesitation on her part, the Archbishop wrote the following letter authorizing her to leave the Dominican Convent and to join her companions in San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 13, 1878.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:

After my journey to Petaluma, Sonoma, etc., I hasten to say that Father Prendergast thinks that you may make your profession here in San Francisco just as well as in Benicia. So as soon as Sister Alicia puts you in holy retreat, make a good one, and then you can come down and make the profession to the Archbishop in the holy little chapel of the new place on Post Street. During the retreat pray much for the Holy Family Institute, that God may bless it so that it may be of constant benefit to the poor, especially to poor children. Pray for

Yours truly in Christ,

✠ J. S. ALEMANY, O. P.
Archbishop of San Francisco.

Fortified by the Archbishop's permission the young novice joined her companions, returned to San Francisco and, in the little oratory of her own convent, in the presence of her co-workers and the friends of the new Institute, Miss Ellen O'Connor made her religious profession before his Grace, Most Rev. Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco, taking the vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience until the feast of Christmas, 1880, and taking for her name in religion SISTER MARY TERESA of JESUS.

This was the first pronouncement of vows in the Holy Family Community. It was the beginning of a genuine Religious Congregation. Her companions gathered

around the privileged one to offer their congratulations and to ask her prayers that they too would some day be so fortunate as to dedicate themselves by the three vows of religion to the service of God and their neighbor.

From November 6, 1872, until September 10, 1878, Miss Armer had directed the work and governed the little Community. She was, by right, its Superior and the others looked to her for guidance and instruction. Now, a strange thing happened. Miss Armer was not a Religious because she had not, as yet, taken her vows. One of her companions had already reached this goal of blessedness. It was a case analogous to that which is told of the beginning of the Society of Jesus. When Ignatius and his companions went to Montmartre on August 15 to consecrate themselves to God, it would have been but natural for the Founder of the Jesuit Order to receive their vows. But he was not a priest and so it fell to Peter Fabre, the only priest among them, to officiate as Superior, to say the Mass and receive the first vows of the companions of Ignatius and of Ignatius himself.

In our case, Sister Mary Teresa of Jesus was the only Religious. The others were under obligations to make their novitiate and among the others was Miss Armer herself. And so, like the rest, she became a novice and by appointment of His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany, Sister Teresa became Mistress of Novices and Superior of the Community.

Thus in September 1878, six years after Miss Armer had rented her first home on Pine Street, the Holy Family Community took shape as a regularly constituted Religious Congregation. The rule which had thus far been followed was given a more complete and permanent form. It embodied the famous Rule of St. Augustine



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SISTER MARY DOLORES AND SISTER MARY TERESA

and was modeled on the rules of the older religious institutes. It was sanctioned by His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop, as was the title of "SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY," which had been chosen for the new congregation by Father Prendergast.

The peculiar dress of the sisterhood was adopted by mutual consent: a plain black dress with short black cape and a small white collar; a black veil and coif of white linen. For outdoor work they were provided with a cloak and plain black straw hat, with broad, drooping rim and black veil.

Under the guidance of Sister Teresa there were the following novices. Miss Elizabeth Armer, Mrs. Ellen Javet, Miss Catharine Kelly, Miss Mary McKeon and Miss Kate Block. It was a happy community and every member of it was anxious to profit by the exercises of the novitiate. Miss Armer hastened to communicate the joyful news of the first profession and the beginning of the novitiate to her friends who were not able to be present on the occasion. The following letter will be of interest to the reader:

Feast of the Seven Dolors,
September 15, 1879.

DEAREST MRS. O'SULLIVAN:

Your welcome letter I received from Father yesterday. It was such a pleasure to hear direct from you.

If I could only give you an idea of how very much we missed you the day of Sister Teresa's profession. My first thought, when I heard Sister was to make her profession home, was that you could not be with us; it was the only cloud of the day, and, I am sure, Sister Teresa's only regret, for she was so very happy. Our dear Lord has blessed her with a grand and noble soul, and she is

worthy of her mission,—so full of charity and patience. Sister has been appointed Superior and Mistress of Novices.

We commenced our novitiate on the 10th of September, 1878. Pray for us, dear Mrs. O'Sullivan, that we, too, may become true Religious. * * *

We are very busy preparing for our Lecture. The Very Reverend J. J. Prendergast, V. G., is to give it on November 7. The subject is "Bismarck and the Nuncio."

One word about our Day Home. Yesterday we had fourteen children all well and happy.

The Sisters remember you daily in their prayers. * * *

The bell is about to ring, so I must be off, with many things unsaid.

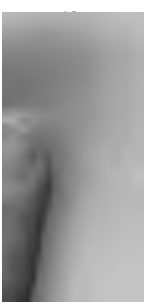
Hoping soon to see you, with much love to all,

Your ever grateful friend,

ELIZABETH ARMER

It will be noted that the young ladies were actively engaged in their charitable works, but none of them neglected the exercises of the novitiate, none was insensible to its need.

A novitiate, when properly understood, is a time devoted to the cultivation of the mind as something quite distinct from and superior to mere passing sentiment. Emotion is a good and profitable thing, but it must be made to proceed from, rather than precede, an intellectual grasp of the fundamentals of religion.



The importance of a year's novitiate cannot be overestimated. It makes no difference in what kind of work one is engaged, spiritual formation is of absolute necessity. This necessity, however, is chiefly discernible in the lives of those who devote themselves to social activity.

There is a tendency among social workers, even among those that are influenced by religious motives, to spurn a solid formation in religious principles. Why all the prayers and devotions, the personal mortifications and penances? they ask or, even if they concede to these religious exercises some value in relation to eternal salvation, they may go as far as to add, "why all the concern to save men from perdition in a world to come while never a helping hand is stretched out to save them from the inferno of their present life?" To the world's way of thinking that phase of religion which has to do with one's personal sanctification becomes one of the selfish influences of life, and religion which, as they say, ought to be a stimulus goading one on to activity, degenerates into a sedative characterized by inaction. Indeed, it is quite true—no one can deny it—that were religion used not as an inspiration to service, but as a substitute for it, there would be room for the rebuke of the Master: "Everyone that heareth these words of Mine and doeth them not shall be likened to a foolish man who built his house upon the sand," or for that of St. Paul: "Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law," or of St. James: "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving yourselves."

But what the modern activists have in mind is quite different; they plead for expressive as opposed to and even exclusive of receptive Christianity. There are so many ways in which the plea can be made attractively deceptive. Thus it is said: Study is not the road to learning; on the contrary, long continued acquisitive study, absorbing information without expressing it, is the surest way to paralyze the mind. He who would be a scholar must not only study, but teach, write, lecture, apply his knowledge to practical uses. Somehow he must

give what he gets or soon he will get no more. As with a swamp, so with the mind; an inlet is useless without an outlet, since he who gets to keep, can, in the end, get nothing good. The Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea have the same water-supply; it flows clear and cool from the heights of Hermon and the roots of the cedars of Lebanon. The Sea of Galilee has an outlet, and so its waters are beautiful because serviceable. The Dead Sea has no outlet and so it is a thing of stagnant uselessness.

For reasons such as these, human nature finds specious arguments against a long novitiate of spiritual receptiveness. Isolated from the world, the novices are said to be without the power of expression. But may we not ask: how can one express Christianity if there is none to express? How could the waters that flow over the valleys of the Jordan fertilize the otherwise barren plains if there were no waters to flow? Too much of the so-called expressive Christianity is very apt to be expressive of self.

A religious novitiate is a time of receptiveness, a time for storing up spiritual energies, a time for accumulating forces that will find expression when opportunity is offered. Moreover genuine Christianity always has an outlet. It may not always flow out in the form of tangible social service. But such service is not the only kind; there is the service of silent though eloquent rebuke. To teach the world lessons of morality, example is more powerful than words. Even cloistered nuns teach by example. To help men by prayer is to be of service and more things are wrought, even in the social order, by prayer than the prayerless reformers of human society dream of or have power to understand. It must not, therefore, be conceded to the worldly minded that a period of receptiveness, such as that of the novitiate of the Holy Family Sisters, is fruitless of good.



REV. CHARLES MESSEA, S. J.
Spiritual Director of the Sisters During Their Novitiate

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None of these thoughts were in the minds of the Sisters themselves; they thought of the importance of the novitiate as a means of personal sanctification and as an opportunity to study the spirit of their Order, the purposes it was meant to serve and, above all, the means which they were to use to attain them.

Father Prendergast had told them that they were to learn the purpose of the community from its name, "The Holy Family." In their meditations under the guidance of Father Charles Messea S.J., who had been appointed their Spiritual Director, they often reflected on the life and the trials, the virtues and the spirit of the Holy Family of Nazareth. They were taught to visualize the scenes of the long ago, to make them present and realistic. Thus they see two saintly travelers, Mary and her chaste spouse, St. Joseph, setting out from Nazareth to Bethlehem in obedience to the decree of Caesar Augustus. In spirit they accompany the wayfarers to observe whatever there may be of benefit to their souls. No earthly grandeur distinguishes the progress of Mary and Joseph; no retinue of servants accompanies them, to administer to their wants or to herald their entrance into the city of David, their kingly forefather. On the contrary, they are poor in this world's goods and, in spirit, lowly. They are moreover obedient; nothing but a command of Caesar could have made them undertake the long journey to Bethlehem. Joseph, an humble carpenter, guides the steps of a beast of burden whereon rides the holy Virgin. Unnoticed and unknown or, if noticed, scorned by the gathering multitudes, they seek for lodging in the Inn of Bethlehem, only to find that there is no room for them. The Inn is crowded with guests. They go to their own and their own receive them not. And so, out into the night, out among the hills, they continue their weary way and

find an abandoned stable or grotto that serves the purpose of a stable, where they can share the straw with the beasts. The Holy Family has none of the good things of life.

A Virgin, espoused to a man, whose name is Joseph, and the Virgin's name is Mary, seek rest and shelter in a stable! The Himalayan snows that are as white as when God created them, would stain the holy Virgin's feet, but those feet are weary now after a long journey and she sorely needs rest. She finds it on a bed of straw prepared for her by Joseph, the lowly carpenter.

In that stable, in the coldness of night, she brings forth her first-born Son and lays Him in a manger! That Son, the center of the world's history, is He of whom the Angel of the Annunciation had spoken: "Behold! thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shalt bring forth a Son, and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Most High; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of David, His Father; and He shall reign in the House of Jacob forever and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." That Son is now in his humble cradle, with Mary on one side and Joseph on the other.

Such, the Sisters reflected during their daily meditations, was the Foundation of the Holy Family. Angels, it is true, sang their songs of triumph and loud hosannas rang through the court of Heaven and, encircling the throne of God, found echo among the hills of Bethlehem; but, with the exception of a few humble shepherd lads, the event had made no impression on the world at the time. Destined to be the center of the history of the world, the Birth of Christ—the beginning of the Holy Family—was humble and obscure. When the shepherds went over to Bethlehem, they found Joseph and Mary and the Infant. It

was a family group—the Holy Family. The greatest mystery of God's dealings with the world took outward form in this simple and familiar setting.

And so the Sisters were taught to conclude that the family—which is the world's earliest and holiest institution, the first sanctuary of human love, the first school for the teaching of God's law, the first intelligent activity for the realization of the Creator's designs upon His creatures, the foundation of civilization—was peculiarly sanctified by the Incarnation, as if God wished to teach the world that, just as the family was first in the social order, so is it to be first in the religious order of things. And, indeed, where father and mother and children are gathered in happy union, where the patience and industry of Joseph "the just man" are supported and encouraged by the unfailing trust and gentleness of Mary "the espoused wife" and the hearts of fond parents are continually gladdened by sons and daughters who grow "in grace and wisdom" and are "subject to them,"—there will the family mean the home and the home is the inspiration of the world and the cradle of all that is admirable and all that is beneficial in our civilization.

Other things—comfort and wealth and fine clothes and all that the modern mind sets value on—are not essential to the home. Father, mother, child constitute the human trinity that can be supremely happy in a hovel, provided their hearts respond to transports of love for one another, sanctified by love for God.

With thoughts such as these the Sisters of the Holy Family occupied their time in the early morning. And we may readily imagine that they reveled in their significance and practical utility. With the exception of Sister Teresa of Jesus they had not as yet received their religious names, but it was not without a purpose that they

had determined on what those names were to be. Though Mrs. Javet was the third in order of time to join the community, she was not actually received until, in 1878, the Archbishop was satisfied that she had made ample provision for her two sons. The Archbishop's permission for her reception was given in the following letter dated January 9, 1878, and addressed to Miss Armer:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:

His Grace desires me to say that the good widow lady, who is stopping with you at present, can remain with you altogether and join your community at any time. She has sufficiently cared for her children, and there is no obstacle now in her way to become a holy religious; but you will as far as you can, allow her to give her children advice and direction, as often as possible under the circumstances.

Very respectfully yours in Christ,

J. FLOOD, Sec.

It is plain, then, that Miss Kelly was the third to enter, and if we may arrange the names in the order in which the first three Sisters took their vows, we shall find that even in their religious names they bore the seal of the Holy Family: Sister Teresa of JESUS, Sister MARY Dolores and Sister JOSEPH. But what is of more importance they endeavored, in their social activities to spread the spirit of the Holy Family by devoting their youthful energies to the families of the poor, relieving temporal needs when occasion demanded and leading the souls of children and parents nearer to God, and making them dearer to Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Modern social workers observe facts and chief among them is that adverse social conditions have practically destroyed the poor man's home. They try to meet this

situation by making some sort of a substitution for home,—playgrounds where boys and girls can spend their afternoons, and neighborhood-houses where they can spend their evenings.

The school-teacher, the social uplifter and the policeman are frequently made to take the place of parents. Millions are spent for parks and playgrounds and swimming pools and social centers and manual training schools and everything that the heart of man can conceive toward entertaining and holding together boys and girls till they are sixteen years of age, but comparatively nothing is spent on the home and the building up the family.

The Sisters of the Holy Family cultivated higher ideals during their novitiate. They were taught that the real problem was to restore the home, that the efficient social worker is one who spends money so that poor men and poor women may have decent rooms, copious light and heat, and a place in the sun. The poor were asking for bread, and they determined to respond with bread instead of playgrounds and swimming-pools. Instead of working at the symptoms of the disease, they were taught to go to the cause. The evils of their day and of ours frequently originate in bad homes. To make the homes decent, in a moral as well as a sanitary way, is to strike at evil in its root. A nation without good homes is a nation without patriotism; and a nation without patriotism will soon cease to be a nation at all.

Nor was it alone for guidance in their work for others that these good Sisters sought inspiration in the Holy Family. They went back in spirit to the Home of Nazareth in search of an exemplar of those virtues with which they were to strive to adorn their own lives.

The Hidden Life at Nazareth, they were taught, is at once the most mysterious and the most instructive event

in our Lord's whole wonderful career on earth. It is the most mysterious because, according to all the canons of human wisdom, He should have shown Himself to the world. It is the most instructive because it is made up of events of ordinary character, of the practice of virtues, prayerfulness and laborious attention to common duties which may easily be imitated by those that love Him. With superhuman wisdom, even as a child of twelve years, he confounded the Doctors of the Law. Even as a child He could have shaken the foundation of worldly wisdom and established a school of philosophy towards which the wisdom-seekers of His day would turn for enlightenment. But to teach us that union with God is more important than learned discourses about God, He remained hidden.

The Sisters found comfort in this thought, for their own lives were to be hidden with Christ in God and consequently their aspirations were to be quite different from those of worldlings. The world has an insatiable thirst for human glory; they were to cultivate a desire to spread God's glory. The world dreams of freedom even from necessary restraint; they were to learn the nobility of humble obedience. In meditating on the Holy Family they often thought of the significance of these words: "He was subject to them," and while they found in them a lesson for the children whom they were to instruct in the way of God, they did not miss the lesson that affected them personally. They were not only to teach obedience; they were to learn how to obey.

In the Holy Family Community, as in all religious orders, obedience is exacted with such rigor that, from a purely human point of view, it is difficult to obey. But the Religious have an altogether different point of view. They see the Eternal Son of God obeying His creatures,



they know that all authority comes from God, and they are able to do what of itself human nature rebels against; fortified by the example and grace of Christ they accomplish even the least wish of their God-given superiors.

Nor is that all. If it was the intention of the founders of religious orders to have their subjects submissively and unmurmuringly obedient, the inspiration of their own lives, as superiors, was to be sought in the examples of Mary and Joseph. No one understood more thoroughly than Sister Dolores and Sister Teresa that in the Holy Family of Nazareth the least was chosen as superior. Christ was subject to Mary and Joseph, and Mary was subject to Joseph. Joseph's superiority was, therefore, a source of humiliation rather than of pride. If the Sisters of the Holy Family are taught to see God in their superiors, the superiors are taught to see Christ in their subjects. It is not difficult to obey when the superior commands as Joseph commanded, with humility and meekness.

Briefly in the Holy Family of Nazareth the Sisters found a school of perfect sanctity and of that proud obedience and dignified submission which the world needs so much. The life of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph was a life of peace and love, of perfect simplicity and holiness, of penance, of work and of prayer! They learned, too, that, at the appointed time, Jesus was "to do and to teach" and their zeal prompted them to long for opportunities to labor for others and to teach their little children to know and love and imitate the Divine Child of Nazareth.

During the novitiate year two new members joined the Community. On Christmas Day, 1878, Miss Ann Maria Tully, who had waited so long and patiently, consummated her ardent wish to devote herself to this field of

labor and joined the little band of 'novices.' Hereafter the postulants who entered were to be known as Sisters and Miss Tully became Sister Baptist. She would have entered earlier had it not been for parental opposition. It was to her mother that the Archbishop wrote the following letter:

San Francisco, January 6, 1876.

DEAR MADAM:

Either the Archbishop will have to call and see you or you will rather kindly call and see the Bishop. We will have a ten minutes' quiet and friendly talk about this young vocation. I wish to speak to you as a brother to a sister.

I am about the parlor from 10 o'clock to 1 o'clock in the daytime. If you could not come in the daytime, it will do in the evening after 6:30. Tell the porter that I have made an appointment with you.

Now, like a good child, please come.

Yours in Christ,

✠ J. S. ALEMANY,
Archbishop of San Francisco

These gentle words touched the mother and so on Christmas Day, 1878, her daughter entered the Holy Family Sisterhood.

The second postulant received during the year of novitiate was Kate McGovern. She entered on June 1, 1879, and was the last to be received in the rented house on Post Street. While the Sisters were receiving their religious training a new convent on Hayes Street was in course of construction. To this first convent we shall be conducted in our next chapter to assist at the ceremony of profession.



MOTHER M. TERESA
In the Outdoor Habit of the Holy Family

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CHAPTER V

Spouses of Christ



PIRITUAL ESPOUSALS ARE BEYOND THE comprehension of the worldly-minded; but to those that consecrate themselves to God by the three vows of religion, the mystic union of the Soul with its Creator, which such espousals imply, is at once the motive of their action and, even on earth, its super-abundant reward. The Kingdom of Heaven is likened by our Blessed Lord to a wedding feast which the King prepares for His Son. In the experiences of consecrated virgins that wedding feast has its beginnings on earth. They do not hear the voice of the Beloved, except in the inner sanctuary of their souls, they do not behold Him "leaping on the mountains like a roe or a young hart," but they know that they are consecrated to the Beloved and they feel that the Beloved is enamored of them. All human loves, that are not sanctified by supernatural motive, they spurn. They sever even the sacred ties of family affection whenever these impede their absolute abandonment to their Heavenly Spouse.

To consecrated women, this idea of spiritual espousals is cherished with an ardor that is beyond the comprehension of seculars. Oftentimes when a Sister has taken her vows and is granted the privilege of visiting with her friends and relatives, she speaks with such ecstacy and exultation of spirit about her 'wedding-day' that even her brothers and sisters are mystified. They note an unusual

joy beaming in her eyes and can make no mistake about her unmixed happiness, but they are unable, at times, to rise to heights, where the air is too pure for human breath, and appreciate the sentiments of one who has heard in the depths of her soul the words of her Heavenly Spouse: "Arise, make haste my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come," and who in response to that call has knelt before the altar of God to consecrate herself, body and soul, to His service until death.

In the archives of the Holy Family Community there is preserved a letter written by a Trappist monk, a cousin of Father Prendergast, to Sister Dolores on the occasion of her first vows. It is so admirably expressive of the idea of espousals that we quote it in part:

"Had you just been married to a royal prince with full right of almost immediate ascension to a throne, the world would pronounce you the most fortunate of your sex. Your distinction would excite the jealousy of thousands and your exalted rank would cover your family with glory. But now that you are wedded to the King of kings, what mortal tongue can speak worthily of your dignity, a dignity which few enjoy and fewer comprehend? And yet the Saints and Angels of God, courtiers of your Heavenly Spouse, stand amazed at it. God grant that you may daily increase in all the gifts of grace to the end, so that you may hear the transporting voice of your Beloved sounding in your ears between life and death: 'Come, my fair one, my dove! Come from the desert, and you shall be crowned.' "

Such is the mystic interpretation of religious consecration. The early Sisters of the Holy Family were not privileged to consecrate themselves to God in this manner until nearly eight years had elapsed since the day when Miss Armor opened the first house of the Community.

They had, of course, consecrated themselves spiritually, but before the Church would recognize their offering, certain conditions had to be fulfilled, chief among which was the entire year of preparation in the novitiate.

The novitiate was completed in September, 1879, but the Sisters deemed it advisable to wait until they were able to hold the ceremony in their new convent which at the time was in course of construction. It was not therefore until the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1880, that the five young ladies, who had been prepared by Father Messea and Sister Teresa, were admitted to the vows.

The services began at the 10 o'clock Mass, His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany officiating. He was assisted by Rev. J. J. Prendergast, Rev. Fathers Cummings, Harrington, Lagan and De Blieck S.J.

One by one the young ladies approached the altar and knelt before the Archbishop. First in order of course was Miss Elizabeth Armer. With deliberate voice, expressive of firm determination of mind and ardent fervor of heart she read the formula of consecration:

I, Elizabeth Armer, called in religion Sister Mary Dolores, having carefully examined the Rules of the Society of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and informed myself of the obligations which the Sisters assume, having also humbly invoked the light of the Holy Ghost, in order to ascertain the will of God in my regard, do now, of my own free will, and in the presence of Your Grace, Most Reverend Joseph Sadoc Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco, promise to observe the aforesaid Rules and to faithfully fulfill the aforesaid obligations. And in order to devote myself the more unreservedly to the service of God, and to the service of the children and the poor, I now vow to Almighty God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, Poverty, Chastity and Obedience

eventually



SISTER M. BAPTIST
(Upper Left)

SISTER MAGDALEN
(Upper Right)

SISTER M. JOSEPH
(Center)

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE
(Lower Left)

SISTER M. AGNES
(Lower Right)

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Sister Teresa experienced something more than joy. It was she who had guided her companions through the year of novitiate and she who had chosen for the day of their consecration the Feast of St. Joseph. Like her patroness the Seraphic Teresa of Avila, Sister Teresa had a tender devotion to the Guardian of the Holy Family and when, on this memorable day, she was felicitated by her friends and her mother, who was among those present, she referred all the glory to dear St. Joseph. We can easily imagine her repeating to her Sisters in Religion and to her friends who joined in the celebration of the great feast, the words of St. Teresa:

"I took for my advocate and master the glorious St. Joseph, recommended myself much to him; and up to this time I cannot remember having asked him for anything which he has not obtained for me. Would that I could persuade all men to prove by their own experience the advantage of devotion to this glorious Saint, and thus receive their share of the blessings which he obtains from God! I have never known any one, who was truly devout to him, fail to advance rapidly in virtue; for he assists in a most special manner those who recommend themselves specially to him. Oh that I could induce all to be devout to this glorious Saint, from the experience I have of his great power with God! For many years past I have asked of him some favor on his Feast which he never failed to obtain for me; unless, perhaps, what I asked was not for my good." Certain it is, as we shall see in subsequent chapters, St. Joseph was very good to the Sisters of the Holy Family in general and to Sister Teresa in particular.

If from the quietude of this little convent on Hayes Street we look out into the busy city and study its activities and its interests we shall find a telling confirmation

of our previous contention that the service of humanity must be matured by religion, that we cannot in reason speak of expressive Christianity unless we have some of the principles of Christianity to express. The year 1880 was a turbulent one in the history of San Francisco. In April a meeting of the Board of Supervisors was held and the judiciary committee presented a report recommending that steps be taken to remove the Mayor from office. The charges were, that he had advised discontented men to parade the streets, that he had threatened individuals with mob-violence, that, under pretense of counseling the vicious and turbulent against mob-violence, he had insidiously suggested that they hold themselves in readiness for bloodshed and the overthrow of lawful authority. The report concluded with the words: "We have abundant reason to express our regret and the public indignation at his conduct in filling the position to which we believe an unfortunate occurrence elevated him, and in which position his example and influence have been and are more heinous, prejudicial and injurious to the community than those of the brutal, degraded persons who have been arrested and convicted for the unlawful acts which he aided and abetted."

Whatever may be the truth or the falsity of these charges, it is quite certain that between the prayerful Sisters in the little convent on Hayes Street and the prayerless individuals who were at the same time conspicuous in the life of the City there is so telling a contrast that one may justly wonder why in the historical studies of the period the criminals receive such attention while Miss Armer and her companions are utterly overlooked. On the one hand there was absolute consecration to the service of God and humanity; on the other, an exploitation of humanity and an utter disregard for God. In the

convent there was peace and quietude; outside there was agitation and crime. From the convent there was to issue a band of women-workers whose services were rendered doubly necessary by the neglect of those that should have contributed something morally and socially uplifting to the life of the City.

But let us return to the Holy Family Convent. Six young ladies were now consecrated to God by the three vows of religion. We cannot understand their subsequent work, unless we fully appreciate this oblation of themselves.

The candidate for admission into a Religious Order begins with what is called a vocation. Somehow she seems to hear, sounding in the depths of her soul, the words of the Savior: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor and come follow ME." The words are not uttered as a command; they impose no obligation distinct from the ordinary observance of the law; they constitute, rather, an invitation to a higher life, a counsel, an advice to those who are enlightened sufficiently to understand them and who are generous enough to fulfill their conditions.

"Come, follow ME!" It is an exalted vocation. To follow Christ, the greatest among the sons of men, the center of the world's history, the most perfect, the grandest, the noblest character that ever graced the earth; to follow Christ, the Eternal Son of God, of Whom it was written: "Ask of Me and I shall give thee the Gentiles for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," Christ, whom the beloved Disciple saw in his Apocalyptic vision, who "had on His vestments and on His thigh written, "King of kings and Lord of lords"—this truly is an exalted vocation and capable of firing the human heart with enthusiastic desire. He is

our King and deserves our allegiance. He has a Kingdom which, unlike the kingdoms of earth, is founded on an eternal rock. "It shall not pass away, but shall break to pieces and consume all other kingdoms and itself shall stand forever!" It has broken and consumed all other kingdoms when they rose in revolt against it. It vanquished the kingdom of Paganism and the world saw the children of Christ mount the capitol of Rome and plant upon its highest pinnacle the banner of Jesus Christ. It blasted the kingdom of Protestant revolt and left it broken into a thousand principalities that are slowly but surely approaching dissolution. It is now in a final struggle with the kingdom of intellectual pride and it will not be long until this bubble is shattered and reduced to nothingness, and the world acknowledges that there is no King but Christ the Lord!

Who would not follow Christ? Naturally enough we ask that question, but there are different degrees of service. "Follow ME!" We hear the call and, as we listen, there rises before our mental vision a little home in Nazareth. Mother and Child have dwelt there for well-nigh thirty years. They loved as only the Virgin Mother and the Virgin Son could love. They rejoiced together, sorrowed together, smiled and wept together. It is their home, humble, yes, but still their home! We see it and recall a day of sorrow. Mary stands at the door. Jesus, the Son, stands before her and looks into her tear-dimmed eyes. He hears the sob which almost breaks her loving heart. He presses her hand, embraces her fondly and whispers the awful words: "Mother, goodbye!" There is a thrill of anguish in every fibre of her being, but she is brave. She knows that this is the valley of tears, that such things must happen, and she echoes the awful words: "Jesus, my Son, goodbye!"

He went away from the mother whom He loved because He was about His Father's business. "If thou wilt be perfect," He says to us as we gaze in wonder at the picture, "follow ME! Leave father, mother, sisters, brothers, friends, all that the heart clings to, for he that despiseth not all these things cannot be my Disciple!" This is the beginning of the higher service; this is a vocation to a religious life.

"Follow ME!" There rises before our mental vision another picture—a little hill called Golgotha, outside the city of Jerusalem. It is noonday and an uncounted mob, a wild, mad, murderous mob is seen pouring itself out from the city. White with rage, it tosses to and fro. Whipped to fury by the frenzied passions, it forms a vast sea of humanity preparing to overwhelm the Man of Sorrows and to swallow up the Just One. "Vau!" they cry, and wag their heads. In the midst of it all, in the midst of that sea of sorrows, we see the Man against whom the storm is raging. Man? No, a worm and no man, the reproach of men and the outcast of the people! We hear the sob of His Sacred Heart as His mind lingers on the words of the prophet: "Like dogs they have surrounded ME, gnashing their teeth!" We also hear those other words, strange, powerful, Divine words—"If thou wilt be perfect, follow ME!" This is the consummation of the higher service. Religious life means crucifixion and something of the ignominy and shame that accompanied our Lord's Crucifixion.

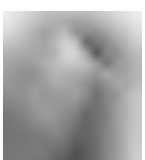
"Follow ME! You will find my footprints stained with blood. You will find my well-beloved Mother on the way and if your heart should fail, O turn your eyes to Her for comfort and for strength!

"Follow ME!" The call is holy, it is sublime, it is heavenly, it is Divine! And it has been heeded and still

is heeded by countless multitudes. Read the records of the Christian world, study the parts of the heroes and of the heroines in that great tragedy which we call history, and you will find that thousands, yea, and millions, in every age and in every clime—the rich and the poor, kings and their subjects, princes and peasants—heard the call, understood it literally, and literally fulfilled its conditions. They left all—father, mother, country, home; they broke the cords that bound their hearts to things of earth; they shouldered their cross and, following Christ, climbed even to the summit of Calvary and there, with a magnanimity as admirable as it is to the worldly-wise unintelligible, they crucified themselves with the three nails of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

When our Lord was in His Agony, the High Priests passed by and wagged their heads, saying: "Come down from the Cross!" The soldiers took up the cry and mockingly murmured: "Come down from the Cross!" Those that passed by paused long enough to echo the words of insult: "Come down from the Cross!"

So with the Sisters, the struggle is not all over when they take their vows. Poverty is against the spirit of the world, and so the world scoffs and says: "Come down from the Cross!" Chastity is against the inclinations of the flesh, and the flesh rebels at times and murmurs: "Come down from the Cross!" Obedience goes counter to the spirit of the rebellious minions of fallen Lucifer, whose banner bore the inscription: "We will not serve." And so the spirit of rebellion joins voices with the other two and cries: "Vau! Come down from the Cross!" The Sisters do not worry. They gain their strength from Him who has called them and, with His grace, they hope to remain on the Cross until death! This is what is meant by following Christ; it is a sacrifice even to crucifixion.



But what is the use of such sacrifice? That is the ordinary question. We are naturally utilitarian and, even in religious matters, we seek some kind of utility. Even if this world were *the* world and this life *the* life, the good wrought by those who follow Christ in the way of evangelical perfection would be inestimable and incalculable. The greatest evil in the world today, even in the purely natural order, is selfishness. Self-seeking, the desire of self-aggrandizement, may be considered the root of all civil and social and domestic disorder. Why are families being disrupted and the children thrown on the streets or into institutions of charity? Because selfishness is creating unnatural fathers and mothers. Why does the social earthquake threaten? Because among the mighty and the down-trodden, self holds undisputed sway. Why are the nations devising vain things? It is selfishness provoked by selfishness.

That there are men and women in the world, who make profession of denying self, who, in order to be faithful to that profession, seal it with life-long vows—this it is that keeps before the world and, in some way, forces on the attention of the world the only principle that can secure stability of government and prosperity among all the people.

But this world is not *the* world, this life is not *the* life. We have a higher destiny than to die and be the food of worms. We were made for God and, to attain to God, we must serve Him. We must at least keep within the limits of the law. Our weak nature tries to find excuses, it is sometimes suggested that it is impossible to observe the law; but when we see our brothers and our sisters, men and women like ourselves, rising above the law, leading lives of evangelical perfection, we are encouraged, our weakness is strengthened, the vain excuses

are put aside, we recognize the power of God's grace and, upheld by the example of our consecrated brothers and sisters, we serve God faithfully unto death.

Nor is it by example alone that religious teach the world. Think of the glorious Sons of St. Francis. We revere their memory here in California, because they were the pioneer builders of the West, the pathfinders, the friends of the friendless Indian, the picturesque padres of the past. They were all that and more,—they were disciples of Jesus Christ, or, rather, because they were His Disciples, because they heard His call "Follow ME!" and generously responded, they were able to do what nature could not do,—they won the human heart to God and instilled in the breast of sage and savage the love of Christ and of Christian virtue. Think of the magnificent work of the children of St. Dominic, of St. Benedict, and of St. Ignatius, the heroic devotedness of religious women who will be found wherever human misery is found, administering to the sick, cheering the aged, consoling the sorrowful and teaching the young the solid principles of Christian morality. Think of all this, the Divine call, the heroism necessary to respond, the sacrifices to be met, the good accomplished and conferred on country as well as upon the Church—and you will be able to appreciate, in a way at least, how magnificent, how inspiring, how glorious is the event of the foundation of the Holy Family Sisterhood in San Francisco. It gives to our City the rare honor of having contributed to the Church a select body of religious women, of having increased the number of those who glory in following Christ whithersoever He leads them, even though it be to the top of Golgotha and to Crucifixion.

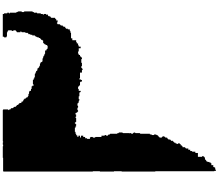


PART SECOND

* *

How They Began to Do and to Teach

"AND SITTING DOWN, HE CALLED THE TWELVE AND SAYETH TO THEM: IF ANY MAN DESIRE TO BE FIRST, HE SHALL BE THE LAST OF ALL, AND MINISTER OF ALL. AND TAKING A CHILD, HE SET HIM IN THE MIDST OF THEM. WHOM WHEN HE HAD EMBRACED, HE SAYETH TO THEM: WHOSOEVER SHALL RECEIVE ONE SUCH CHILD IN MY NAME, RECEIVETH ME, AND WHOSOEVER RECEIVETH ME, RECEIVETH NOT ME BUT HIM THAT SENT ME." MARK IX, 34-36.



CHAPTER I

Early Activities

MANY PEOPLE WERE SURPRISED AT THE success of Miss Armer's work. Eight years had passed since the humble seed of a religious community, sown by her in 1872 and trampled in the dust of humiliation until 1874, took root and flowered into full-grown perfection in the general profession of 1880. God had regarded with favor the ambitions and the trials, the toils and the failures of His servants and, in due time, blessed their efforts with success. No good work is ever completed in a day or month or year. It took eight years to give even the semblance of a beginning to the work as it was conceived in the mind of Father Prendergast. Still these eight years of trial and disappointment were far from being inactive. Miss Armer and her companions, though few in number and harassed by difficulties, were ever ready to respond to the call of distress or to undertake any new work that presented itself. A study of their activities from 1872 till 1880 will reveal a more than human energy and a laboriousness that was defective in one direction only—that of excess.

We have already referred in a general way to the social service work of the devoted Sisters. Their visits to the poor, the care with which they attended first to temporals and then to spirituals, their readiness to serve even the most abandoned, as witnesses Miss Catharine

Kelly's all-night vigil with an unfortunate denizen of one of the dens of hell, their patience under trials occasioned by the first temptation of the Order, their self-denial and prayerfulness, their spirit of poverty and submissive obedience—all these virtues, both active and passive, were admirable and fruitful unto good; but they do not reveal the entire history of the first eight years. There were other works which, though, to all appearances, undertaken casually and as occasions demanded were, in reality, planned by Father Prendergast and Miss Armer from the beginning and were destined to crystallize into the special functions of the Sisterhood.

Foremost among the additional works was the systematic teaching of Sunday School. San Francisco in the 'Seventies was in absolute need of the services of those who would go in search of the wanderers and bring them into the Church for instruction and edification. Thus the Sisters' Catechetical work which, in order of time, preceded the social service activities was, in its development, one of their most consoling fruits. They had taught in the Cathedral Parish from 1872. It was not, however, until 1878 that their efforts were extended to other parishes. In that year the Rev. John J. Harrington, of St. Francis Parish, asked for and obtained their services as directors of his Sunday School. Soon the Sisters were in demand wherever new parishes were established and their Sunday School work has since grown into such proportions and has borne such abundant fruit that it merits special and detailed treatment in this narrative. We shall return to the study of the Sisters' Sunday School work in a subsequent chapter.

Another phase of their work calls for special mention now that we are concerned with the first years of the Community. Miss Armer was always fervently devout



to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and one of her favorite occupations as a mere child was to help the ladies who took care of the altars in the Cathedral. In 1878 she asked and obtained permission to take over this work in all its details, and until her last illness cherished it as one of her greatest privileges. Her taste for the beautiful and her sense for the proper in everything that pertained to the service of God and the adornment of the Sanctuary, surpassed only by her fervent piety, was shared by Sister Teresa. The other Sisters considered it a rare privilege to be assigned to this work whenever through sickness or pressing occupations Sister Dolores and Sister Teresa were unable to attend to it in person.

When the care of the Cathedral Sanctuary was first given to the Holy Family Sisters, there was a scarcity of flowers in the City; but they knew of a nursery far out on the Mission Road and thither twice a week in the early hours of the morning they made their way, secured a basketful of flowers, returned in time for Mass and breakfast, and were ready at the usual hour for their regular morning's work. After dinner, during the time appointed for recreation, they carried their flowers to the Cathedral and arranged them with artistic and devotional taste. They inaugurated the custom of using natural, instead of artificial, flowers for church decorations.

Nor were they satisfied with flowers. Sister Dolores and Sister Teresa needed vases and candelabra and what they could not obtain in the homes of their friends, they secured in downtown stores and charged their purchases to willing benefactors. Many beautiful ornaments were thus obtained.

While the Sisters were thus engaged in adorning the altars for Divine service and instructing the young in the truths of religion, they were called upon to undertake

another form of charitable work. Archbishop Alemany had always at heart the establishment of a Day Home. There was great need for such an institution at the time. Many women were compelled by adverse circumstances to go out to work. If they could but leave their little ones in the care of responsible persons who would guard them from the dangers, both temporal and spiritual, to which children are exposed especially in a cosmopolitan seaport like San Francisco, they would be free from one great anxiety. The time was ripe for the realization of the Archbishop's desire, and the workers, though few in number, were available. A house was rented at 525 Post Street, which suited the purpose admirably well and the Sisters began their new work.

About the same time we find in the Community annals this entry: 'Another Day Home started.' "The Rev. J. Harrington, pastor of St. Francis' Parish," the account continues, "has been anxious for our Sisters to open a Day Home in his parish which has been growing very extensively and is made up of a cosmopolitan population. We are, therefore, looking for a suitable house in that vicinity.

"Father Harrington is a most zealous and tireless worker, and he has observed with growing anxiety and perplexity that in many homes where the mothers are absent during the day, the children who are nine and ten years of age are being kept home from school to care for the younger members of the family, which, of course, is a serious detriment to their own well-being and advancement."

Solicitude for the little ones of the Fold has ever been a characteristic of the Church and so, Sister Dolores decided to take steps as quickly as possible to assist in this cause. The Sisters selected a large stone-front house at

1413 Powell Street, occupied at one time by General Cobb and his family. The purchase price of five thousand dollars was guaranteed by the Hibernia Bank and through the kindness of Judge Robert Tobin the Sisters secured easy terms of payment.

Now that the property was secured it was necessary to remodel the house for purposes of a Day Home. The Sisters had no money in their treasury, but they had many friends who came to their rescue, as the following newspaper account of the re-modelling of the Powell Street Home bears eloquent testimony:

"As proof of the appreciation in which this good work,—the Day Home,—is regarded by the public, it is only necessary to state that all the necessary alterations and repairs to adapt the building to its destined purpose, and which, at a low estimate, would cost two thousand dollars, was the *free* and *voluntary* offering of friends of the Institution, many of whom were not Catholics, but have *generous* and *noble* hearts. Special thanks are due to the following gentlemen:

Mr. Parry was General Superintendent.

Lumber was contributed by Messrs. Morrison, McKinnon, Preston, Dow and Holms.

Mill work.—Messrs. McDonald & Co.

Plumbing and Gas-fitting.—Messrs. McNally, Hawkins, Reiley and Day.

Painting.—Messrs. Gallagher, McPheeley, Deferrie, St. Denis, Bradley, O'Connell, Gadley, Cahil, Lydon and Cooney.

Whitening.—Messrs. Quigly and Lee.

Carpentry.—Messrs. Parry, Slaven, Noonan, Oak, Allen, Binet and McMillan.

Roofing.—Messrs. Larkin and Flaherty.

Bricklaying.—Mr. Mitchell.

Laborers.—Messrs. Daly, Noonan, Reddington, O'Connor, Kurvan and Stone.

Drayage.—Messrs. McDevitt, Hennessy and Flynn.

The cost of the property is $5000.00. It will be gradually paid for from the proceeds of a fair which will be held very soon."

The sum of $4,500 was raised. It enabled the Sisters to pay off their debt on the newly acquired property. Another benefit was given under the auspices of St. Brigid's Parish, of which we have the following account: "The concert and entertainment held last evening at Great Western Hall, in aid of the Sisters of the Holy Family, was a decided success. The choir and orchestra of St. Brigid's Church rendered a number of excellent selections. The Misses Silvia sung a duet "Hunter's Song" in a charming manner. The reading from Mary Stuart by Miss Chielovich was one of the gems of the evening. Dr. Belinge and Mr. Nesfield sang with good effect "The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp." Then came the drama of "Cinderella"—Miss Jennie Thomas, a young miss but twelve years of age, in the title role. Her part and that of the others were well played. The concert netted several hundred dollars and did credit to all engaged in it."

During the early days and during the years that have since passed, the Sisters have never been without means to conduct their work. This particular Day Home on Powell Street has continued with ever increasing numbers of children even to our own day. Some years the aggregate number of children housed and supplied with a noonday meal, besides refreshments in the morning and afternoon, has been as high as 50,000.

In view of this great number of children cared for in one Day Home alone, we naturally ask: "How can the

Sisters support so many?" To answer such a question we must bear in mind the truth of what Mr. John D. Rockefeller wrote: "I have been surprised to learn how far a given sum of money has gone in the hands of priests and nuns and how really effective is their use of it. I fully appreciate the splendid service done by other workers in the field, but I have seen the organization of the Catholic Church secure better results with a given sum of money than any other church organization is accustomed to secure from the same expenditure." This statement is most emphatically true of the Sisters of the Holy Family. Their means are limited; their good works unlimited. Their friends and benefactors have the comfort of knowing that what they give goes very far. But in the early days with which we are at present concerned, the Sisters had to make frequent appeals to their friends in order to remind them that, though they had confidence in Divine Providence, they knew that God often uses human agents to bring out His designs. The following appeal, sent out from the Convent on Post Street, indicates the extent of their work and the fearlessness with which they sought for help.

TO THE FRIENDS AND BENEFACTORS OF THE POOR:

In appealing again to your sympathy and charity in behalf of the struggling father, the widow and the little children, we desire to lay before you a brief statement of our work, and of the disposition made in the year past, of the means you have placed in our hands.

From the 1st of September, 1878, we have given in charity three thousand, five hundred and eighty-three dollars and sixty-five cents ($3,583.65).

This sum represents the proceeds of two lectures, collections made by us in some of the churches, and from

house to house, and liberal donations from a few friends of our Institute and Mission.

We have besides distributed a large quantity of clothing. We have incidentally sought and found employment for some persons who applied to us for help in that way, and we have endeavored to rescue the children of careless parents from the life of ignorance and vice upon which they were entering, and to which, without our timely intervention, they seemed to be hopelessly doomed.

Moreover, we have lately opened at 525 Post St. a *Crèche* or Day Home, where parents who go out to work in the morning, may leave their little ones until they return at night.

To assist us in our work and enable us to continue and enlarge it, we once more solicit your generous co-operation, Friends and Benefactors of the Poor.

THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY,
525 Post Street.

We need not say that the friends of the Sisters responded generously and that the Sisters made good use of the donations received, but it may be well to remind the reader of the fact that, in spite of the multiplicity of work for the children of the City, there was no diminution of charitable offices for the adult members of poor families. Their appeal was for the struggling father and widow as well as for the little children and in securing work for those in need they showed their belief in the principle that the best way to help the poor is to help them to help themselves.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Sisters had no human comforts. Both in the Day Homes and in the Sunday Schools they have always made provision for

two special celebrations, the Thanksgiving Dinner—chiefly for the Day Home children—and the Christmas Entertainments for both Day Home and Sunday School children.

The first Thanksgiving Dinner was given in 1878 at the Home on Post Street. About twenty-five children were present to enjoy a kingly spread made possible by the generosity of the proprietors of the California Market, and daintily prepared and seasoned with love by the companions of Miss Armer. It was the beginning of a custom that has assumed great importance as an annual event.

Christmas entertainments were begun that same year. The Holy Family Sisters seem to catch something of the spirit of Christmas as they endeavor to bring into the minds of the little children thoughts of the joys and blessings that have come to the world through the Divine Child of Bethlehem, of the graces He communicates to us year after year, and of the goodness and mercy poured out upon ourselves and our families through the Holy Infant still living to make intercession for us. That is the secret of a merry Christmas, and that is the secret of the successful Christmas entertainments in the Day Homes and in the Sunday Schools conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family. The day is made holy, and, because holy—happy.

The first Christmas Tree Festival was held in 1878. An entertainment was given by the children of the Day Home in the presence of many members of the clergy, friends of the Sisters and benefactors of the children. The tree had been handsomely decorated by generous ladies, friends of the Community, and laden with beautiful and useful gifts. Pleasure beamed from every eye, and each little heart beat fast with joy as Santa Claus

bounded forth, attired in his glorious snow-tipped red regalia, greeting them most heartily and wishing them all the joys of Christmas-tide. It was a right royal time for them all, and there was none so small that was forgotten. Clothing was distributed by Father Prendergast, and the Christmas gifts by the ably impersonated Santa Claus. Some of the children received entire outfits of clothing.

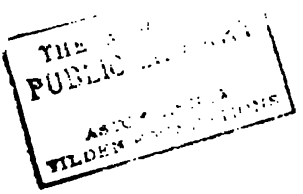
Sister Dolores wished to extend the joys of Christmas to the members of her Community and, during the evening recreation, she gave them an unique surprise. There was a brilliantly-lighted Christmas tree in the Community room. Beneath it, on a table specially prepared, was a collection of presents for the Sisters. To their great pleasure and amusement, too, they received Christmas presents of a useful, though homely, character. Dusters, dust-pans, scrubbing-brushes, brooms, pails, etc., for the different charges in the Convent, were distributed with telling effect. But what was still more highly valued, the Sisters received permission to attend Midnight Mass in the Notre Dame Convent.

Such is a brief suggestion of the early activities of the Sisters. Like earnest soldiers they rose according to rule at 4:45 o'clock each morning and after an hour's quiet prayer in their chapel, they went out to Mass at the old Cathedral. Then, after a simple breakfast, they went about doing good, responding to the calls of poverty, relieving the sick, comforting the dying and, during it all, retaining that joyfulness of countenance and sweetness of disposition that bring sunshine into the very gloomy world and warmth into the hearts of those that suffer and are heavily burdened.





FIRST HOLY FAMILY CONVENT
Hayes and Polk Streets, San Francisco


THE
PUBLIC
ASTOR
TILDEN

CHAPTER II

More Rapid Strides



NGELS OF CHARITY TO OTHERS—TO THE sick, the poor, and the little children—the Holy Family Sisters had been neglectful of their own comforts and conveniences; they lived in rented houses, which they shared with the children of the Day Homes, they had none of the consolations so eagerly sought after by religious, such as a devotional chapel, a large community room, a library, a spacious dormitory. When, however, the Community began to take its place among the regularly established diocesan institutions, the Sisters looked forward to a permanent convent-home, or rather, they were forced to look to such an apparently personal matter by their ever watchful director, Father Prendergast. He knew that they would be more efficient if they had the advantages of a regular home. In the rented house they had to accommodate themselves, as best they could, to unconvent-like surroundings. In a regular convent of their own, they could enjoy all the advantages of religious life and go forth to their labors with greater alacrity and cheerfulness. Human nature needs human comforts, even in a convent, but the comforts are not, in any way, suggestive of luxury; they are mainly of a religious character and are intended as a help to greater efficiency.

His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Alemany, agreed with Father Prendergast and, on March 7, 1879,

sent the following touching appeal to all the parish priests of his Archdiocese:

REV. DEAR SIR:

For a long time the Sisters of the Holy Family have not only visited the sick and procured Christian education for young children, but they have also charitably collected monthly alms with which they have constantly relieved the most pressing necessities of the poor, at least as far as their means would allow. In addition to this, they have cheerfully consented to take charge of what is called a *Crèche* or Day Home for children, to whose trusty hands the mothers may confide their little ones while they go out to work. Such an institution is found most useful and necessary in large cities, and the Sisters have carefully attended to the wants of this for a considerable time. But, having to rent a house, they neither have room enough for the increasing number of children, nor can they well afford to use for rent much of what they collect for the poor.

In view of this, they petitioned to be allowed a fair from the whole city, in order to be able to secure a place of their own in a central location; and the Council of the Diocese have deemed their request reasonable, and have advised that they may hold such fair for a limited number of days. A great many most respectable ladies, earnestly interested in this mission of charity, have cheerfully tendered their services for this fair. You will, therefore, announce from the altar, on next Sunday, the above proposition and encourage the good work by enlisting the sympathy and charity of those under your charge.

Yours truly in Christ,

✠ JOSEPH SADOC, O. P.,
Archbishop of San Francisco

Pastors and people responded to the appeal of the Archbishop with generous liberality. The magnificent sum of $16,000. was realized. Among the workers to whom the fair owed its success, we find the names of San Francisco's most prominent Catholic families, of women who were always first and foremost in every charitable endeavor for the betterment, spiritual and physical, of the growing metropolis: Mrs. Richard Tobin, Mrs. Robert Tobin, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mrs. P. J. White, Mrs. Dr. Pawlicki, Mrs. John Dillon, Mrs. B. O'Connor, Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. Rosecrans, Mrs. M. Coleman, Mrs. Con. O'Connor, Mrs. J. Regan, Mrs. Ponton and Miss Zoe Cobb, Mrs. Koopneachap, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Perrault, Mrs. Crowley, Miss Fleming, Mrs. Loughborough, Mrs. P. Donahue, Miss Golden and Mrs. Myles D. Sweeney.

These devoted ladies did more than lend their time and efforts to make the benefit a success; they sent in their personal checks and thus increased the sum realized on the fair to such an extent that the Sisters secured a desirable site on Hayes Street near Polk and work on the new convent was begun at once. It was completed early in January, 1880. In the annals of the Community we find entered in the handwriting of Sister Dolores the following brief, but characteristic, account of the opening services:

"January 11, 1880—The first Mass was celebrated in our dear little chapel by our dearly beloved Father and Founder, Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G. The same afternoon our convent and home were dedicated by His Grace, Most Rev. Joseph S. Alemany, Archbishop of San Francisco. An eloquent sermon was delivered by Rev. Fr. Prendergast followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. We had the great happiness

of having the Blessed Sacrament for the night, and next morning Holy Mass was again offered."

In his sermon Father Prendergast reviewed the work that had been accomplished by the Holy Family Sisters and, looking into the future, spoke hopefully of the work that was still to be accomplished and of the growth that was in store for the then small Community. In referring to the trials of the first few years he said: "Let me quote these lines taken from the life of St. Alphonsus de Liguori—'The new Institute will not stand, you say; if it comes from God it will stand, in spite of all storms. If it does not come from God, it will fall, and then what harm can it do you? One should imagine that the rise of those beneficent associations—religious orders and congregations—would be hailed with joy by a community which has so many needs and feels so many woes, but we must not forget that the world crucified its Savior. But the black clouds and the angry storms are not eternal; the cloud breaks, the storm is spent; the sun sheds its light again on the world, the elements rest, the earth is at peace. Where are the over-wise people of those centuries? Has any one built a monument in their honor? Have their names been written on brass or marble or graven in characters of living gratitude on the hearts of men? The wave of oblivion has covered their memories forever; but the silent victims of their insensate opposition live, respected, in many lands crowned with glories and blessed by many a soul in its dying hour.'"

The zealous priest had reason to speak with such ardor. Some, indeed, had said that his new Institute could not stand. They had gone farther than that and chided him as a dreamer, telling him of the impossibility of founding a religious order in San Francisco and even hinting at the folly of it all; but with St. Alphonsus, he

persevered and lived to see his Order blessed by God, in a flourishing condition, and with brilliant prospects for growth and expansion.

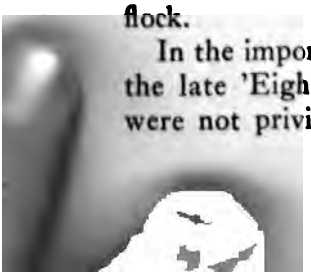
The dedication of the Hayes Street Convent was followed by the dedication of the re-constructed Day Home on Powell Street. This latter ceremony took place on February 27th, 1881. Father Prendergast again officiated, assisted by Reverend J. Harrington. A large number of parishioners of St. Francis' district were present at the ceremonies and listened with rapt attention to the interesting sermon preached by Father Prendergast. He alluded to the rules governing the new Community, and said in part: "While aiming first at their own perfection, the Sisters of the Holy Family shall endeavor to aid the parish priests in extending spiritual and corporal assistance to all classes of persons. The children of negligent, indifferent or irreligious parents, it shall be their primary duty to seek, become acquainted with, visit, instruct and prepare for the sacraments. Where no other provision exists for the purpose, they shall open Day Homes for the accommodation of the children of mothers, whom necessity compels to work during the day, and they shall watch over the little ones with maternal affection and care.

"Every other occupation or engagement," he added, "however excellent it may be in itself, incompatible with a systematic and effectual care of every individual of the two classes described, shall be unhesitatingly avoided by the Sisters. They must remember always that they serve God and their neighbor best, not by undertaking many things, but by doing well that which they are called to do.

"To create a fund, the Sisters may receive the donations of the benevolent and even solicit subscriptions

from house to house and have a sermon or lecture once a year for the benefit of their charitable works."

With their new convent completed and their Powell Street Day Home so admirably equipped for their work the Sisters had reason to rejoice and to thank God for His goodness to them, but a far greater cause of joy and thanksgiving was the loyalty of their beloved Father Prendergast. Still there were some things that were missing even after they were housed in the Hayes Street Convent; they had not the privilege of assisting at daily Mass in their own chapel. Every day, including Sundays, they went out to St. Ignatius Church, until February 9, 1882, when permission was granted by His Grace, the Archbishop, to have the Holy Sacrifice celebrated once a week in their own Convent chapel and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament 'occasionally.' On January 7 of that same year, they had received permission to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in the chapel. This cheered the Sisters, for with each new privilege granted they were given reason to hope that, in time, all the privileges of the older religious communities would be shared by the Holy Family Sisters. It was the last of the many benefactions of Archbishop Alemany to the Holy Family Sisters. On February 2, 1885, his resignation having been accepted by the Holy See, the saintly Archbishop, accompanied by his coadjutor, Archbishop Riordan, visited the community, to comfort the Sisters in their distress at his expected departure. He loved their work and held in high esteem the founder and the first Sisters who had struggled so long and so faithfully for the poor of his flock.



In the important matter of confessors, there was, until the late 'Eighties, a similarly unusual situation. They were not privileged to go to confession at home; even

when, at the beginning of the Sisters' novitiate, the Rev. Charles Messea, S. J., was appointed Spiritual Director he was not their confessor. The Sisters went to the Cathedral to Father Prendergast. And when, in 1880, Father Raffo, S. J., was appointed to succeed Father Prendergast as confessor, it was with the understanding that "the Sisters go to confession to Father Raffo in his confessional at St. Ignatius Church, at the time most suitable to the good Father." The Sisters continued this practice of going to confession in the church for many years.

When Archbishop Riordan succeeded to the See of San Francisco he was asked to give the annual benefit lecture for the Holy Family Convent. He acceded graciously to the request. It was to be his first public appearance in this City. The Sisters were delighted to have this special honor, and they secured the Grand Opera House for the occasion. "Luther and the Reformation," was the subject chosen by the gifted Archbishop.

The importance of providing for the little children of the Day Homes, the interest universally shown in the work of the Holy Family Sisters, the subject itself, and the desire of the people of San Francisco to see and hear their new Archbishop, united to justify the belief that the appeal would be unprecedentedly successful. No one was disappointed. The Grand Opera House was crowded to the fullest capacity of its main floor and galleries. Many could not obtain admission. Archbishop Riordan was introduced by the Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany and applauded most heartily by the enthusiastic audience. About forty priests of the diocese were seated on the stage, and needless to say, the Archbishop did full justice to his theme in a lecture that lasted two hours and was replete with wonderful oratory and erudition.

Of the many other benefits given for the Sisters during this period of growth there is one that merits special mention. The Sisters' faithful physician, Dr. L. Pawlicki, a native of Poland and a veteran of the Crimean War, used his influence to secure the services of Madame Helena Modjeska, who was making a tour of America at the time. Early in 1883 a benefit was given by this noble, tender-hearted woman for the Sisters and their little children. A matinee, held at the Grand Opera House, on Mission Street, near Third, on Washington's Birthday, was a grand financial success as well as quite a social event.

We read that later, on August 8, 1883, Madame Modjeska visited St. Francis Day Home. The children's songs of welcome and the following address, by one of their number, bespoke the pleasure that the day gave them:

"With joy the children of the Day Home greet you, their kind benefactress, and thank you for your visit, which gives them an opportunity of telling of their gratitude. But we promise that it will be more lasting than mere words, and when you are far distant from our city, you can feel assured that the prayers of the little children whom you have so generously aided, will constantly follow you, and we know that our dear Lord will be attentive to our prayers for you, for He has said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

In 1885 the Community had so increased in numbers that the Hayes Street Convent was no longer capable of affording the conveniences necessary for efficient work. Accordingly, the Archbishop told the Sisters to watch for a desirable piece of property for another and greater Convent. As is customary in such circumstances, they com-



THE MOTHER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

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mitted their need to the care of St. Joseph, and obtained permission from the Archbishop to purchase, when the opportunity arrived. With the advice of their beloved Father Prendergast, the Sisters secured a piece of property on Franklin Street; but when the Archbishop returned he expressed his dissatisfaction with the site and urged the Sisters to secure another and better location. They renewed their prayers to St. Joseph, making, with great fervor, a novena preparatory to the Feast of the Patronage of this great Provider of the Holy Family. On the Wednesday during the Octave, April 22, 1891, their prayers were answered. Quite unexpectedly the matter was settled in their favor. The lot on the Northeast corner of Hayes and Fillmore Streets was acquired for $32,500.00. His Grace immediately engaged Mr. Charles Devlin to draw the plans and submit them to him as early as possible. A few weeks later, through the intercession of St. Joseph, a purchaser for the Franklin Street property was found.

It was one thing, however, to have the property and quite another to be in a position to build a convent that would answer the needs of the growing community. For this purpose funds were sought, in different ways, by the friends of the Sisters and voluntary offerings poured in from the many who appreciated their work.

On the night of October 6, 1892, a Grand Bazaar opened at the Mechanics' Pavilion. It continued for ten days and the ladies of the various city parishes had charge of the booths. No detailed account of the event has been preserved, but the amount received—sixteen thousand dollars—shows the kindly spirit of the laity and clergy towards the Holy Family Sisters. A week later the foundation for the new convent was laid and the building went on without delay.

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His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, appointed November 6, 1893, as the day for the Dedication. On that day, exactly twenty-one years after the foundation of the Order, the new Convent, which has since served as the Mother House of the Community, was opened and dedicated to the Holy Family. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, performed the ceremony, offered Holy Mass and preached an eloquent sermon. The Cathedral choir furnished the music. A large number of priests and members of the different religious orders were present with many friends and benefactors. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given in the afternoon by the Rev. J. J. Prendergast, V. G., who also preached an impressive sermon on the "Religious State." The choir from St. Francis Church was in attendance. The convent, a large and substantial building, was greatly admired by all and all seemed to rejoice in the manifestation of God's goodness to the Sisters.

As soon as they had settled down in their new convent, they had the Hayes and Polk Street building remodelled to serve the purposes of a Day Home. It took the place of the temporary Home on Franklin Street, and on March 20, 1894, was dedicated and placed under the Patronage of the Sacred Heart. This Home remained in use until the Fire of 1906. But we must not anticipate. From November 6, 1872, to November 6, 1893, the Holy Family Community had made rapid strides. Their first rented home had given way to an imposing structure, the Community had grown in numbers from two to twenty-five, six of whom were novices, and the opposition that greeted their zealous and charitable efforts in the beginning had been changed into sincere admiration and generous support. Sister Dolores had lived to enjoy success after arduous labors and to reap the fruits of

perseverance amid untold hardships and trials. She was justly proud of her new convent and was particularly anxious to make its chapel a very gem of religious taste and devotion. She succeeded. The chapel is a monument to her love for the beautiful and for whatever contributes towards devotional inspiration and religious atmosphere in the House of God. It is considered one of the finest convent chapels in California. The altar, of hand-carved teakwood enameled in white and gold, a replica of the altar at old St. Mary's Cathedral, is the gift of Mrs. Major Frank Mahon in memory of her beloved parents, Myles D. Sweeney and Susanna K. Sweeney. The artistic frescoes, by Moretti, were paid for by her sister, Mrs. R. A. Sweeney Pescia. Mrs. Pescia also gave to the chapel the magnificent sacred vessels—the ostensorium, chalice and gold censer—which she had made from the family silver plate and jewels.

Notable among the other donors was his Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop P. W. Riordan. On the occasion of his silver jubilee he presented a magnificent pipe organ. The Sanctuary lamp was given by Mr. Edward M. Gallagher; the Stations of the Cross by Judge Robert Tobin; the hand-carved Communion rail by Mrs. Theodore Payne; and the oak finishings throughout the chapel by Miss Bertha Woodward.

The stained glass windows, the best that could be secured in the art shops of Munich, were donated by the following benefactors of the Sisters: Mrs. Marie Coleman, Mrs. Marie DeLaveaga, Mary B. O'Connor, Annie P. Donahue, Cecilia Oliver, Mr. Michael Kelly, Mr. Geo. B. Hayes and Mr. John B. H. Cooper.

Other names mentioned among the contributors to the ornamentation of the convent chapel are: Mrs. M. A. Tobin, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Jas. O'Brien, Mrs.

Henly Smith, Mrs. Dr. Masoero, Mrs. Richard Carroll, Miss Flora Low, Miss M. Hyde, Mrs. Chas. Raoul Duval, Mrs. Mary Chambers, Mrs. Jas. V. Coleman, Mrs. Martin Sullivan, Miss F. O'Connor and Misses M. and J. Finley.

In this period of growth which we have so rapidly reviewed, the Sisters did not neglect their Sunday Schools and Day Homes. Indeed they thought more of the building of genuinely Christian character than they did of the erecting of magnificent convents, and were more solicitous for the worthy ornamentation of the souls of the little children of whom they had charge, than for the embellishment of the convent chapel or even of the Sanctuary. They did the one important work without neglecting the other, or we may say that their material building was an outward indication of the care they had for spiritual edification.



SISTER M. DOLORES
AND THE FIRST SISTERS OF THE COMMUNITY

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CHAPTER III

Teaching the Catechism



ARELY IS EDUCATION WORTHY OF THE name. It is most unworthy when, limiting its efforts to physical and purely mental development, it makes no provision for the cultivation of manners and morals. The heart, as well as the hand and the head, is taken into account by the genuine educator, for it is only through the cultivation of the whole man that he looks forward to successful issues. He knows that physical training, to the exclusion of all else, can result in nothing higher than a race of vigorous animals, and that, if purely intellectual development is added to physical strength, there will result a race of dangerous and destructive animals.

All the great, bad men in the history of the world were educated. Present-day statistics of educated criminals are appalling, and the clandestine evil-doing of educated men, who are not reckoned among the criminals, is not the less disastrous because hidden. Men of thought are beginning to recognize the fact that there is not only no benefit in Godless education, but that it is disastrous. Moral integrity, without any assistance from physical strength or mental development—as such development is often interpreted—may and often does struggle through a life fruitful of good or at least unsullied by evil; but physical and mental perfection—if this be possible—cannot succeed without the accompaniment of morals.

This old and familiar idea needs emphasis now as it never needed it before. It is not an exclusively Catholic idea, though Catholics foster it with more care than some others. It is the view of all thinking men, especially of those who, in this country, have a knowledge of our past history and are concerned about our future and who, for this reason, are recognized as thorough-going Americans.

The ideal of the Catholic Church is so to unite religious and mental training that, in the children's minds, there shall be no place for the fallacy that religion is a good thing for one day in the week and that the other six may be devoted to secular pursuits without thought of God. This is the ideal that was so well expressed by the Archbishop of San Francisco, the Most. Rev. Edward J. Hanna, during the course of the present year, 1922, when he adopted as his educational program the short but eloquent saying: "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." But ideals are not always realized nor realizable. And so from the beginning of their labors in San Francisco the Sisters of the Holy Family have endeavored to substitute in some way for the work of the Catholic school. First, as we have seen, in the Cathedral Parish, then in St. Francis' they opened their classes for the religious training of children and gathered around them men and women who were willing and able to assist in this noble work.

Among their lay associates at the Cathedral Parish there were some who afterwards became noted in subsequent services to both Church and State. The Very Rev. Monsignor M. D. Connolly of St. Paul's Parish and the Rev. John Cottle of St. Brigid's were not the least conspicuous. They were then as enthusiastic catechists as they have since been zealous and devoted parish priests. Monsignor Connolly's own remarkable success in St. Paul's Sunday School is attributable, we venture to say,

to his early experience in the Cathedral Parish under Father Prendergast and with the Holy Family Sisters. It was not long before their reputation for efficiency spread throughout the City and the Sisters were sought for by pastors of the different parishes.

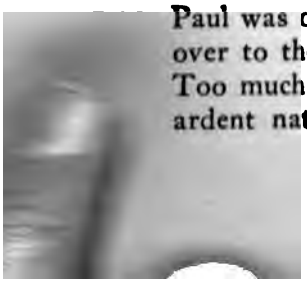
But we must give some details of their work and of the difficulties which they encountered and overcame. The boys of St. Francis' Parish were not easily managed. It is told how Sister Joseph entered upon the task of instructing them with fear and trepidation, but not without confidence in God to whom she had recourse in fervent prayer. With the intention of appealing to the honor and good-will of the boys, the doors were left open on the first Sunday that the Sisters entered upon their new work. Previously it had often been necessary to lock the doors that the boys might not vanish before the session was over. This morning Sister calmly announced that, as the doors were open, no one need leave by way of the windows, and that any boy who wished might go before lessons commenced. She only asked as a favor that he pass out quietly. Perhaps through sheer surprise no boy took advantage of the offer, and thenceforth the boys' Sunday School was managed quite as successfully as that of the girls.

Among the prize-winners of the St. Francis Sunday School in these early days was a boy still in knickerbockers who, on account of his dignified bearing, was assigned an important charge—that of leading the entire Sunday School in the recitation of prayers and in oral drill on essential points in Christian Doctrine. The children assembled in the hall before Mass, and for a given period, this boy, who is now Rev. Father John W. Sullivan, of Mission Dolores Parish, took the floor, walking back and forth across the stage, as he announced the prayer to be

recited, the Sisters and children together obediently responding. Besides Father Sullivan, other priests who were St. Francis Sunday School boys are: Rev. Joseph McQuaide and Monsignor Joseph Gleason of Palo Alto.

So successful were the Sisters in St. Francis' Church that in May, 1881, they were invited to work among the Italians at the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe on Broadway and Powell Streets. At that time the Italian residents had no church of their own; they shared with the Spanish people the advantages of the Church of Our Lady. Father Garriga, the pastor, and his assistants were familiar with both languages. They could care for the adult members of the flock, but were powerless with the ever increasing number of little children. Accordingly they called for the Holy Family Sisters and the Sisters responded with great alacrity. Like so many Angels of light and of happiness they entered that section of the City known as North Beach, where they found children of almost every nationality under the sun and of every stage of social life, from the abject and shiftless poor to the rich and the affluent. They were gathered together in the one fold and taught the gentle, comforting creed of Christ's love for all. As the Sisters look back on these early days of Christian endeavor, they speak of the general kindliness and spirit of charity and brotherhood that permeated the peoples of those days, and the spirit of tolerance and forbearance amongst all nationalities and classes.

Such was the rapid growth of the Italian population at North Beach that in 1885 the Church of SS. Peter and Paul was opened for their benefit and the children given over to the care of the Sisters. It was not easy work. Too much could not be exacted from children whose ardent nature rebelled against restraint. The Sunday





FIRST COMMUNION CLASS

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School classes were held in the church immediately after Mass and not infrequently a wedding or a funeral, both of which were then permitted on Sundays, afforded a rare diversion to the children during the catechism period. At funerals it was the custom to bring all the floral pieces into the church, and the boys, never missing an opportunity for relaxation, would generously press their services to assist in carrying them out. A wedding, of course, caused even greater excitement. It was customary for the bridegroom to scatter candy on the street before entering the carriage, so the boys, of their own free wills, always took a short recess in time for the treat, coming back in a few minutes with a handful of candy. Little by little the Sisters were able to correct these overflows of temperament and, by using various means of alluring the children and interesting them in the study of religion, the attendance gradually increased. Under the solicitous care of Rev. Father de Carolis the attendance increased and when the Salesian Fathers assumed charge in 1895, the children bright by nature and quick to learn, became models of earnestness and admirably good conduct.

This work among the Italian children has ever been regarded by the Sisters as most important and most fruitful. At present four Sisters are on duty every day and on Sundays this number is increased to eight. We shall allow one of the Sisters to give a suggestion of the work accomplished in this particular field.

"The need of a larger Church to accommodate the Italian people of North Beach was strikingly illustrated last Sunday," she writes, "when some five hundred and fifty children assembled to receive, at the hands of Bishop Hanna, the Sacrament of Confirmation. These children had been in daily attendance since the first of February at the catechism classes held in the hall and church after

school hour and all day on Saturdays, showing by diligence, regularity and attention their earnest desire to be made 'Soldiers of Jesus Christ.'

"The entire body of the Church was reserved for them on Sunday morning, when boys and girls assisted at the eight o'clock Mass. Their earnestness, attention and devotion during the Holy Sacrifice, which was offered by the Reverend Pastor, Father Piperni, was a source of edification to all, while the modesty and recollection with which they approached the altar rails must surely have been a joy to the two priests who gave Holy Communion—to the boys at one-half the rails, to the girls at the other—row giving place to row until every young soul was the tabernacle of the Most High God.

"As the last row of girls turned reverently from the altar a tiny child was seen coming from the midst of the people at the back of the church; so small was she that the priest looked hesitatingly at her, but there was no shade of hesitancy on her part as she calmly mounted the two steps, and, with lifted face and parted lips, waited in perfect confidence for the Sacred Host. The moment she received it, she sank upon her knees, crossing her little hands on her breast. Bowing her head she remained thus a moment, then rising, turned and, still with folded hands and downcast eyes, went slowly along all the length of the church back to her place. We knew her to be one of the first Holy Communicants of this year's band consisting of more than three hundred children, many of whom look forward to being confirmed next year.

"But to go back to the big boys and girls. In order that their parents might have the privilege of seeing them, it was decided to have them confirmed in two separate bands,—the boys at half past three, the girls later. Assembling in the hall an hour before the time, the boys



made a pleasing picture with their bright faces, new dark blue suits, white ribbon badges, shining shoes and white gloves. When every ribbon was tied just so, and the gloves drawn over hands of every size, shape and hue, when every boy was in his appointed place, side by side with his partner, Father Redahan, mounting the platform, called the roll. One by one the boys stepped forward and, presenting for the last time the well-checked ticket that had been presented and checked at every attendance during the five months of preparation, received, in return, a new, clean, white card, with the same number and name, together with the new name chosen for confirmation. It seemed as if those names and numbers would never come to an end, particularly when, through the windows, glimpses of flowing hair, white veils and dresses, told that the girls were coming from all directions and were patiently waiting for the boys to leave the hall. A full hour before the services every available space in the church was packed, the middle aisle alone, on both sides, being carefully guarded and reserved by the ushers. At last all was ready, and just at half past three, the boys entered the church two by two, genuflecting and rapidly filling up the pews on both sides until all from the first to the last were crowded. The Rt. Rev. Bishop appeared in the Sanctuary, attended by Reverend Fathers Piperni, Caraher, Buss, Deehan and others. They were greeted by the hymn 'Come, Holy Ghost,' sung by the boys.

"After the prayers and an exhortation by His Lordship, they filed into the Sanctuary, and, kneeling one by one before him, received the Sacrament that made them 'Soldiers of Christ.' When the last boy had returned to his place, the Bishop addressed the congregation in their own beautiful mother-tongue, exhorting the children to perseverance and the parents to the fulfillment of their duties

towards them, insisting upon regular attendance at Mass and frequent receptions of the Sacraments to obtain the grace and knowledge necessary to resist the seductions, follies, and vanities of the world. 'Faith of our Fathers' was then sung by the boys with such fervor that one might say their hearts were in the dear old words. Benediction followed, the boys singing the 'O Salutaris,' 'Tantum Ergo,' 'Laudate,' and at its close the 'Te Deum.' As the last note died away, Father Redahan gave a signal and the boys filed out. Then the girls entered, two by two, from the rear of the church and filled the vacated places. The same program was then followed, with the lighter, sweeter tones of the girls' voices entoning the Confirmation hymns, those of the Benediction and the glorious 'Te Deum' at its close. The Bishop's sermon seemed more appealing, more thrilling and more powerfully eloquent. The last rays of the midsummer sun added a special brilliancy to the gold and white vestments of the Rt. Rev. Bishop as he stood, crozier in hand, before the people and spoke to parents and children with such eloquently ardent words that he kept the audience spellbound and made a deep impression on their hearts."

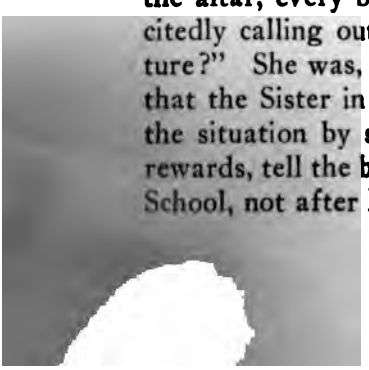
Such, in the words of one of the Holy Family Sisters, is a type of the splendid services rendered and of the immense good accomplished among the children of North Beach. How many thousands of children have come under their influence in the past years, who can reckon? How many have been saved to the Church, God alone knows. One of the glories of the Catholic Church in San Francisco is, without any doubt, the Salesian Council of the Young Men's Institute. Among the Italians in this country, as in their own, there is a tendency to join anti-Catholic lodges. Seeking the kingdom of this world first, they readily align themselves with societies that promote

social and temporal welfare, sometimes at the expense of spiritual and eternal happiness. Life-insurance and sick-benefits seem more attractive than assurance of eternal life and spiritual benefits. Yet, in the Italian colony of this City there are hundreds of faithful Catholic families and thousands of faithful Catholics, young men and women. And we have no hesitation in saying that were one to run through the list of Salesian Council members, ninety per cent of them would be found to have received their first religious training in the Holy Family Sunday Schools. There has been a leakage, of course, but the fruits are so encouragingly abundant that, were this the only good work of the Sisters, it would be glory enough They merit the title of being and of having been "The Apostles of North Beach."

But their labors have not been confined to that one district. In 1882 two Sisters were sent to St. Brigid's Church on Van Ness Avenue. They found a condition that demanded a house to house canvass in search of children. Father Prendergast's directions were to go again and again in visiting the indifferent, "even a hundred times, if necessary," he once said to the Sisters. St. Brigid's Sunday School soon numbered six hundred, every one of whom was known by name to Sister Baptist, who had been appointed to take charge of this corner of the vineyard. The parish limits included the Presidio and as the children of the reservation were too far away to attend regular classes at church, Rev. Father Mans, S. J., who had charge of St. Sebastian's Chapel at the Presidio, asked the Sisters to assist in teaching Catechism. In January, 1887, two Sisters began their work there on Sunday afternoons. There were but few children, but the work was necessary. Moving about from one military post to another, the Presidio children rarely have an opportunity

for thorough instruction in Christian doctrine. Such, at least, was the case when the Sisters began to instruct them and prepare them for the Sacraments. In 1888 Father Prelato, S.J., was given charge of the Presidio chapel and, for many years, the Sisters helped him in his work. The altar in the little Catholic chapel on the Presidio grounds was given to the venerable chaplain by the Sisters. It had been used, for some years, in their Hayes Street convent.

A bit of missionary work of the pioneer type was undertaken this same year at the "City Front Chapel," as it was called. Although its environment here was not conducive to good citizenship, many men, now prominent in the business and professional world, received their religious instructions in that rude chapel. A Sister who worked amongst them tells of the great difficulty she had in keeping the boys quiet during Mass. Her companion, in charge of the girls who, of course, gave no trouble, advised her to offer some inducement for the boys to behave. Though contrary to the accepted methods, the Sister tried it. One Sunday she said to them: "Boys, see this picture? Whoever behaves best during Mass this morning will get it as soon as Mass is over." Thus enticed, they behaved fairly well, and, at the last Gospel, Sister was about to conclude that, after all, there was a moral value in giving rewards for good conduct, under certain circumstances, when, before the priest had left the altar, every boy had jumped to his feet and was excitedly calling out: "Sister, who's going to get the picture?" She was, of course, embarrassed and we are told that the Sister in charge added to the unpleasantness of the situation by saying: "Hereafter, when you promise rewards, tell the boys that they will be given after Sunday School, not after Mass."



Our narrative now brings us far out into the Potrero district, where in 1894 the Sisters were given charge of the Sunday School of St. Teresa's Church. Sister Carmel was appointed to this important post and labored there with untiring zeal until 1912, when an excellent Parish School conducted by the Sisters of the Presentation was opened, leaving the Holy Family Sisters free to labor in other fields not yet blessed with a parochial school. The Sisters' work in St. Teresa's Parish bore much fruit. Excellent Sodalities, out of which several vocations have sprung, were formed, a well-stocked Sunday School library was established, and the Sunday School grew into a large well-organized body of children.

It is impossible to give a detailed account of all the Sunday Schools. Suffice it to say that, at different times, the Sisters had charge of the children of nearly every parish in the City. Thus we find them at various times at St. Agnes', St. John's, St. Michael's, St. Anne's, St. Vincent de Paul's and at the Churches of the Holy Cross, Corpus Christi, the Holy Redeemer, at St. Rose's, the Church of the Epiphany, of the Visitation, St. Elizabeth's, St. Monica's, St. Emydius', St. Cecilia's, All Hallows', St. Edward's, and, on the outskirts of the City, the Holy Angels', All Souls', St. Bruno's, St. Catherine's, St. Matthew's, and, in Marin County, St. Anselm's, St. Rita's St. Patrick's and Our Lady of Mt. Carmel's.

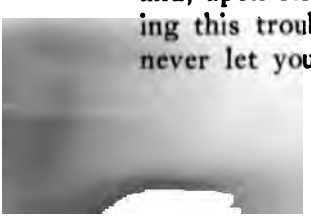
In most of these parishes the Sisters had to do pioneer work and what pioneer work means may be gathered from the following experiences of the Sisters in the Southern section of the City.

"We are going out to the vegetable gardens," the Sisters were wont to say on their way down the Mission Road, to St. John's, then to the Church of the Epiphany, to Corpus Christi Church, and finally to St. Michael's. It

was when two Sisters went in 1904 to the last named place, that work outside the County of San Francisco was begun. This single parish then extended over the territory which now embraces six populous parishes, viz.: those at San Bruno, Millbrae, South City, Colma, Ocean View and Ingleside. How one California district has grown within a few years is well shown by a brief sketch of the work here.

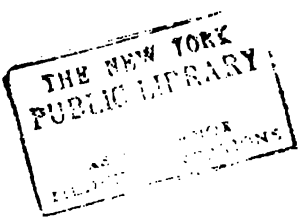
Father Cooper was Pastor and resided with one assistant at Ocean View. The work of the Sisters who came to help, was so mapped out that they were able to give some time to each place and thus scatter the seeds of faith over an extensive territory. On Sunday mornings they went first to the Holy Angels' Church, at Colma, which was then known as St. Anne's, built in the 'Fifties. There they remained for the children's Mass and catechism; then they went to Ocean View by car, if they were fortunate enough to catch one. Otherwise they walked. At Ocean View the same work was repeated for the children of that parish. On week-day afternoons they went to Ingleside, where Catechism classes were held in an unused room adjoining a store. On Saturday mornings they held sessions in the pavilion at Tanforan race-track, where the children from all the country round attended, coming afoot, on horseback or in wagons. From Tanforan the Sisters walked to South City or, on rare occasions, drove in a surrey. There they held an afternoon session for Catechism and a sewing-class for girls.

Father Cooper had said that he would be on hand to meet the Sisters the day they began work at South City, and, upon Sister's insisting there was no need of his taking this trouble, he exclaimed: "Why, Sisters, I could never let you face those boys alone!" It is just such





SEWING CLASS


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children as these, however, who most readily respond to the influence of kindness and gentleness, as Father recognized some months later, when he said: "The wolves have become lambs."

In fact, after the Sisters had been in attendance for about a month and it was known in the country about that they were teaching Catechism, and preparing the children for the Sacraments, they were met one day by a delegation of grown boys and girls who had been waiting for four years for the opportunity of preparing for first Communion.

The Sister in charge of this district, said the Stations on Fridays during Lent for the children, at which service many adults assisted. On Candlemas Day she distributed candles, which had been blessed in the morning at Ocean View. She also collected altar society dues and attended to the altar linen. When one remembers that now, instead of one there are six well-organized parishes, every one of which has a resident pastor, and some an assistant, it is easy to see how difficult it was for two Sisters to cover the whole ground and attend to the spiritual needs of the children as well as to those of the grown-ups.

Some years ago, on the occasion of Confirmation being administered at one of these churches, the Sister who had done the pioneering in that district was present among the children after the ceremony. The pastor, noticing her there, quietly called the attention of the Archbishop, and introduced her as the "one who has kept the faith alive in this part of the world."

Figures sometimes speak more forcibly than words, and so, to show the extent of the Sisters' Catechetical activities, we quote some figures. When in 1915 Rev. Ralph Hunt, Superintendent of the Schools of the Arch-

diocese, asked the superior of the Holy Family Convent to send in a report of the work done in the Sunday Schools. Sister Teresa was able to give the following statement for that one year:

Total children received Holy Communion	1,607
" " " Confirmation	1,723
Sunday Schools	22
Sisters assisting Sundays	56
" " week-day classes	42
Total registered children	7,763
" children attending	5,811
" number of Sodalities	70
" " in Sodalities	4,536

If we add the figures from all three cities we have the following result:

San Francisco	7,763
San Jose	750
Oakland	900
TOTAL	9,413

Practically 10,000 children taught the Catechism in one year by the Sisters of the Holy Family! How many thousands have been taught during the fifty years of their existence! A moment's reflection on these numbers, without any mention of the other works accomplished by the Sisters, will force from us a tribute similar to that of the grateful pastor of whom mention has been made in this chapter. With all due acknowledgment of other zealous workers we may say of the Holy Family Sisters: These are they that have kept the faith alive in this part of the world!

CHAPTER IV

Teaching the Catechism

Continued



OUNG CHILDREN SHOULD BE TAUGHT TO know, and love, and serve God, just as they are taught to be gentle and considerate in their manners. It is unintelligible how some parents distinguish between religion and the other things that give life a meaning. No sensible parent would say: I shall wait until my children are old enough to choose for themselves in the matter of politeness, or of honesty, or of propriety in speech; yet there are some who think that, in religion—which, after all, is a matter of politeness, honesty, and propriety in man's relations with God—no effort should be made to train the young in those principles and practices without which all education is vain, and all manners—empty pretense.

It is a glorious thing to teach young children the principles of Christianity. "If we work upon marble," said Daniel Webster, "it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbue them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellow men, we engrave on those tablets something which will brighten all eternity." Sometimes it is possible to work upon the immortal souls of adults, but unless there has been careful training in their childhood days, such work is not always effective. As the tree is bent so

will it grow, and to change the growth of a well rooted tree is not always within the power of man. Children have open minds and open hearts and their 'obstinate questions' can best be solved by earnest and devoted teachers of religion. But glorious and necessary as it is to teach little children it is not always an easy matter to arouse in them a spirit of docility, a willingness to be taught, or to preserve this spirit once it has been aroused.

We have seen how the Holy Family Sisters were not content to sit down on the steps of the church waiting for the children to come to them. They went after the children and, like faithful servants of the Good Shepherd, sought particularly for the lost and the wandering lambs of Christ's flock. We have also seen how their teaching of the Christian Doctrine was not confined to Sundays. They had to teach on school days and on Saturdays in order to cover the many districts to which they had been assigned. Children, as a general rule, rebel at after-school or Saturday classes, and sometimes even against Sunday School itself. They may, when parents co-operate, be forced to remain after Mass or to come in the afternoon even in week days for instruction; but, when forced, they frequently refuse to drink in the wisdom of the Catechism.

To arouse their interest and sustain it, to make them look forward to their Catechism classes as they would to a holiday, to cause them to open both mind and heart to the eternal truths of religion, some very definite methods are necessary, and a very definite method for which they are indebted to Father Prendergast, is made use of by the Holy Family Sisters.

Briefly it is as follows: Each chapter in the Catechism must be explained to the children and by them committed to memory. Then there must be told an anecdote or



SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS—COLUMBUS DAY CELEBRATION

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story taken from the Holy Scripture to illustrate the lesson in the Catechism. In the next place a practice of some virtue should be inculcated and a hymn taught the children that is in some way connected with the lesson. Father Prendergast suggested a story, a hymn, and a practice for every lesson in the Catechism. Thus to give but one example. It is the lesson on Baptism. It has been explained to the children. They are engaged in learning it or are going to learn it for the next session. To arouse interest in and to illustrate the value and necessity of Baptism the story of Nicodemus is unfolded before them, how he came at night for instruction, and how Christ told him in no uncertain terms, "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." Or else they are told the story of Philip and the Eunuch of Ethiopia.

The illustration over, the children are taught a hymn expressive of the sentiments connected with the subject of study. Thus, when studying the meaning of Baptism they are taught to sing "I Am a Little Catholic," when studying the lesson on Confirmation they sing "Faith of Our Fathers" and so on through all the various chapters. Then a practice is added and explained—often to renew Baptismal promises, for example, or to think of the duties of a Soldier of Christ, or something else, provided it be in keeping with the lesson before the children.

What men of experience think of this method may be gathered from what Brother Leo, one of the most noted educators on the Coast, was pleased to remark: "I have gone through it very thoroughly," he wrote, "and the more I know of it the better I like it. The method seems especially well adapted for classes of young children, and the insistence on the use of an anecdote and the inculcation of a practice in connection with every lesson serves

to make and keep the teacher's work at once interesting and practical. Surely, an enlightened zeal taking these outlines as a guide in religious training will find them very helpful indeed.

The Holy Family Sisters are not satisfied with making the lessons interesting and practical; they have devised ways and means of every kind to sustain the interest after it has been aroused. It was their policy from the beginning. Thus we read in the annals of the early years, that Miss Armer began her Catechetical work in the Cathedral by opening a sewing school to allure the children to the Catechism classes. This sewing school was held in the Cathedral basement, and many of the most prominent ladies of San Francisco took an active interest in it, either by taking charge of classes in sewing or by contributing material to carry on its work. Its first President was Mrs. Henley Smith, who recently died in Washington, D. C., leaving a legacy to the Community. Its Vice-President was Mrs. Fenn, sister of Mr. Geo. R. B. Hayes.

From the Cathedral sewing school there developed Sodalities to meet the needs of different ages. And a similar development was noted in St. Francis' Parish. When it was found that sewing schools of sectarian influence were drawing away some of our Catholic children, a sewing school was established in St. Francis' Parish, Saturday afternoons being devoted to this work. Whilst endeavoring to make the teaching of the needlework attractive, and useful, it was but a means to an end, the chief purpose of the Sisters being to bring the children, especially such as were in danger of drifting away from the practice of their religion, into a religious atmosphere and to teach them their Catechism.

The Sodalities established in this parish have ever been a source of satisfaction and pardonable pride, par-

ticularly that of the Children of Mary, who, now grown women and mothers of families, speak to this day of their joy in being admitted to the Sodality. They often recall their Rosary processions, their blue mantles, their reunions and all the other functions which made their Sunday School life, while it lasted, a time of joy and of holy influence, and when it was over, the matter of salutary and happy reminiscence. The Sodality was organized in March, 1882, with eighty-two aspirants, and on the following Feast of the Seven Dolors, thirty-nine were consecrated. That the remainder were detained until December 8th, shows that their probation was no mere formality, but that only exemplary conduct entitled them to wear the blue ribbon of Mary.

Devotion to the Mother of God was a marked characteristic at St. Francis, and on the first Sunday of every month all the Sodalities took part in a Rosary procession which, headed by the Children of Mary, wound its way about the Church reciting the fifteen mysteries and singing appropriate hymns. The boys of the Holy Name Sodality had the honor of carrying the statue of the Blessed Virgin. The Holy Angels Sodality and the little boys and girls of the Holy Childhood Sodality also took part, carrying banners which represented the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary.

Another very popular sewing school was established at the Italian Church and it has continued uninterruptedly ever since. Many secular ladies of wealth and leisure assisted the Sisters; but the chief problem at SS. Peter and Paul's was to attract and hold the boys. To counteract the influence of the clubs which were established by the settlement workers of other denominations among the boys of the populous district of the North Beach, Reverend B. C. Redahan organized clubs for the good of the

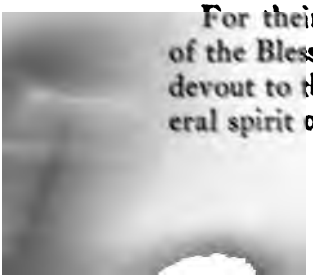
Catholic boys. These were placed under the direction of the Sisters. The meetings were held in the church hall after school hours and on Saturdays. A perusal of the 'minutes' written and signed by the important SECRETARY, with great veracity and wealth of detail, will give an idea of the amount of good accomplished by these clubs. By their means the boys' interests were centered around their own church.

Members of the Salesian Council, of the Y. M. I. and other fraternal societies remember with pleasure many of the happenings recorded in these 'minutes.' The Montgomery Club was named after Archbishop Montgomery, and its motto "Loyalty" was selected by the boys themselves. The Club button to be worn by the members was designed by one of the boys, John Perlite, who at present holds a responsible position in the Bank of Italy.

We quote an extract from the "minutes":

"* * * There is now in the Treasury a nice little sum of nearly nine dollars. Some of the members wanted to play basket-ball, but we found the hoop of the basket broken. We will have to arrange in some way to have it repaired. We talked basket-ball; then, as Sister advised, we formed a team to represent our club. Our colors will be blue and white, as they are the club's colors. We promised to remember second Sunday for the Boys' Holy Communion, and were glad to hear that Miss S. would come to initiate new members on Lincoln's Birthday. She lives across the bay, and it is not easy for her to come so far.

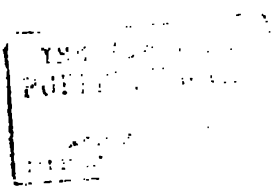
A. V."



For their club colors, the boys had chosen the colors of the Blessed Virgin, BLUE and WHITE. While they were devout to their Heavenly Patroness and loyal to the general spirit of the club, they failed at times in some of the



ST. FRANCIS' DAY HOME, SAN FRANCISCO



minor points. Keeping within the bounds of the "iron-clad" laws of coming in time for roll-call at the meeting, was not always easy for them. The Secretary makes the following amusing record of the action taken by the more punctual members to punish their tardy brothers:

"January 26:—Meeting was called at 3.30 p. m. At roll-call it was found that some boys had stayed outside playing ball. For their disobedience it was decided they should remain out. After the meeting Sister called them into a room by themselves. What she said we do not know, but they looked quiet when they came out. A. V.

"February 26: Washington's Birthday Entertainment was talked about at meeting today. Tableaux and songs by the Officers and Drill with guns and swords by the members was decided on. 'Just Before the Battle, Mother,' 'Tenting To-night,' and a recitation, 'The Countersign,' were practiced after the meeting. A. V."

Again: "Three new members were voted into the Club, and three others were initiated. This was done by the Officers of the Montgomery, as Miss A., the regular Initiator, did not arrive. After the initiation, we had a treat (coffee, cake and pie!) for our new members. When we were about to commence, Sister said, 'Boys, you did not say grace yet.' Well, we enjoyed it very much; when we finished we said prayers and were dismissed."

Besides the sewing circles and the boys' clubs, another method adopted by the Sisters to hold the children were periodical entertainments. In some of the parishes, a regular play is produced every year. Some of these plays had been composed by Miss Harriet Skidmore. She personally assisted to make the children's entertainments a success on many occasions in past years. To show the Sisters' deep appreciation, Sister M. Dolores sent her a beautiful prayer-book which was among the cherished

remembrances of Archbishop Alemany. It elicited the following letter from Miss Skidmore:

January 13, 1891.

DEAR SISTER DOLORES:

I have no words in which to thank you adequately for the precious souvenir of our beloved Archbishop Alemany. I shall ever preserve it,—as a memento of him, and of you, dear Sister, as well as of the dear St. Mary's Sunday School, where any trifling assistance I may have been able to render, was always a labor of love, and utterly unworthy any commendation or remembrance.

The beautiful prayer book I took with me to Mass on Sunday last, for the first time, thus forming a sort of link between dear old St. Mary's and its stately and beautiful successor, where also the monumental tablet of the sainted Prelate who so long guided his vast flock with loving care, enshrines his precious memory.

With renewed thanks, and most earnestly begging a continual share in your efficacious prayers, and in those of your beloved Community, I am, dear Sister Dolores, as ever,

Most gratefully and affectionately yours,

HARRIET M. SKIDMORE

Thus far we have spoken of the means used to attract the children, and if we have delayed on their work in some sections of the City more than in others, it is because in those sections attractions were more commonly used because they were more in demand and more necessary to retain the children.

In other sections of the City these methods are made use of by the Sisters only when necessary; but owing to the well established conditions in some of the parishes

there is little call for special efforts to attract and hold the children. Where children enjoy the advantages of good homes, and good neighborhood influences, the work of the Sisters is entirely of a religious nature.

We have spoken frequently of the fruit of their toil in preserving the faith in the souls of many thousands of children, but deserving of special mention in this connection is the fact, so eloquent in their favor, that not a few of the priests of the Archdiocese, began their religious training under the care of the Holy Family Sisters. The following names are familiar to most San Francisco readers. They are some of the many who as children belonged to the Holy Family Sunday Schools:

Rev. Jas. Colligan, S.J.	Rev. J. Setaro
Rev. Joseph McQuaide	Rev. E. Doran
Rev. John Byrne	Rev. C. Dransfeld
Rev. John W. Sullivan, S.T.L.	Rev. R. F. Bray
Very Rev. Joseph H. Gleason	Rev. L. A. Powelson
Rev. L. B. Galli	Rev. J. S. Roberts
Rev. L. De Matei	Rev. R. F. Tilford
Rev. E. McMullan, C.S.P.	Rev. G. Butler, S.J.

We take great pleasure in introducing the testimony of one of them, the Rev. L. B. Galli, S.S.F.S.:

MY SUNDAY SCHOOL DAYS

"On a Sunday afternoon somewhere in the early nineties a little group of boys gathered in the basement of the old SS. Peter and Paul's Church (since destroyed by the fire of 1906). The center of their interest and attraction was the Reverend Sister Baptist (R. I. P.), of the Holy Family, and the youngest of the boys was myself. Just what theme she dwelt on I can scarcely be expected to remember after these many years. However, I recall a

little side issue. She asked us to pray for the repose of the soul of a dear old priest who had gone to his eternal repose a short time before. By a mere coincidence I still have, and it is before me now, the memento the good Sister gave me at that time of the deceased Father. It is of the Reverend J. M. C. Bouchard, S. J., who died in San Francisco, December 27, 1889, in his sixty-seventh year. I am inclined to think that something very impressive must have been told us on that occasion of the Reverend Father that caused me to keep this memento such a long time. This little meeting was perhaps the beginning of my Sunday School days, which ended with my graduation some years afterwards.

"Even in those early days when the Italians of San Francisco were not very numerous the Sisters of the Holy Family had gathered a goodly number of children in the Sunday School. The custom that prevails today, of separating the larger children, of the Catechism class, from the smaller ones, of the prayer class, in two places, the church and the basement, existed then. It was my happy lot to be with the younger ones, and to have as our teacher the Reverend Sister Bernard (R. I. P.). I recall the patience that was required as we little ones crowded that small basement and shouted out our prayers to our hearts' content. The Reverend Father Romani (R. I. P.) offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Sisters directed our prayers. To some mothers the voices of these little ones would have been an annoyance and a reason for complaining against Providence for their fate in life. To these heroic Sisters the voices of the children was as sweet music. For them they blent harmoniously with the words of the children's Friend, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.'

"When promoted from the prayer class to the Catechism class we ceased going to the basement and attended class in church. Here young ladies taught the little boys and girls; the Sisters, however, taught the higher classes. The superior could be seen going from class to class, but always serene and greeted everyone with a blessed smile. Now it was a word of encouragement to a child, now words of cheer to a class. No child, boy or girl, could do otherwise but feel a better child after the Reverend Sister Baptist had addressed a few words to it. Such blessedness seemed to issue from her words that it was an unfortunate class which she did not visit on Sunday.

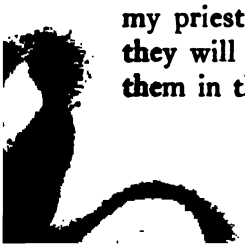
"It was an event for the Sunday School child to pass on to the class taught by one of the Sisters. From the prayer class to these higher classes the lay teachers taught, and a number of years passed. When the boy entered the Sisters' class a change seemed to come over him. If there was little time lost before, there surely was none now. What time was not used in reciting the lesson, the boy employed in studying, for he wanted Sister to give him a 'well done.' Then when the lessons were over a little talk was sure to come. Often times a story was told. Yes, and many times have I told those same stories to children with profit—and also from the pulpit.

"When my graduating time came I experienced all the more the interest taken by the Sisters in the large children. Words of encouragement were not wanting. Even the Reverend B. C. Redahan (R. I. P.), who wasted away, giving his time for the welfare of the children, was at our side speaking words of cheer as we prepared to take our final examination, which we thought was such a terrible task. This surely was a splendid means for keeping us to help in the very large Sunday School which continued to grow; and is now one of the largest in the diocese. But

whether needed or not there was another attraction that kept the older children together—the Sodality.

"The constancy with which the Sisters of the Holy Family attended to the sodalities, and do so always, is remarkable. The variation of San Francisco weather is no object to them. If there were only one child waiting he would not be disappointed. The Sunday afternoons spent at the Sodality meeting were a means of fostering my vocation to the priesthood. Not all my companions were so inclined. Some have taken up a professional career, and as they stand in array in my mind there is not one to my judgment who would not like to return to those happy and holy times spent under the guidance of the good Sisters. Others have gone to that eternal and blissful Home, of which the Sisters in their little 'talks' often spoke to us, at Sunday School and at the Sodality meeting. What joy must have been theirs to meet at the eternal portals the Sisters that paved their way to that happy goal! Still others, who came later, are now ascending towards the altar throne, there to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—that Sacrifice of which they learned so much from the lips of the Sisters.

"Many children still continue to enjoy the privilege of having these Sisters of the Holy Family teach them their catechism, and prepare them for the reception of the sacraments, and pave for them an honorable future. Happy is the Pastor that turns his "little flock" to the care of these faithful Sisters. Blessed are the mothers that constantly send their children to the Sunday School where they learn to know, love and serve God by the mouth of the Sisters. To them I owe, in a great measure, my priestly vocation. Of this, my sacerdotal character, they will ever profit by the memento which I make for them in the holy sacrifice of the Mass."



CHAPTER V

The Day Homes



LWAYS READY TO LEND A HELPING HAND to those in need, always prepared for self-sacrifice, even when it involved some of their own spiritual comforts, the Sisters of the Holy Family, in August, 1878, entered a new field of charitable endeavor—new, in this sense, that it had not been originally contemplated. It was according to their spirit, because it had to do with little children; but, on account of the difficulties and expenses entailed, it had not been planned at the beginning of the Institute. Children of an age to learn the truths of religion in Sunday School or in catechetical classes during the week, were their first charges; but now they were asked to take care of infants, from early morning until late in the evening, over whom they could have no other spiritual influence than that of prayer.

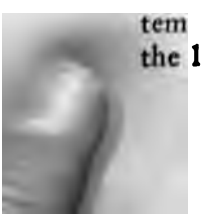
It was the origin of the Day Homes. The Sisters started the work with about thirty little children; now they care for about one thousand. Their first home was a rented house on Post Street; now they have such large and commodious buildings of their own, that some few years ago, Mr. Wm. H. Slingerland, Ph.D., special agent for the Department of Child Helping of the Russell Sage Foundation, reported as follows: "the plants in San Francisco are the largest and best equipped of any on the Pacific Coast, and the work done is of a very high quality and efficiency." "It is estimated," he adds, "that

the properties used, exceed $200,000 in value." In the beginning but few Sisters could be spared for the work; now there is a regular staff of well trained kindergarten teachers who specialize in child welfare work. The Rule of the Community providing that, "In places where no provision is made to take care of small children, whose mothers have to leave home to go out to work during the day, the Sisters shall receive these children in their home and care for them with the tender charity of a Christian mother," was not originally understood as referring to specially built Day Homes; for, it will be observed, the children were to be taken into the homes of the Sisters.

When, however, the work developed, the efficiency of the Sisters increased. Several of the first members of the Community received their diplomas for kindergarten work after a systematic normal school training. So remarkable was their success that as early as 1886, the Sisters of Notre Dame emulating their zeal, sought the benefit of their experience in training the young. Several Sisters from Notre Dame Convent in San Jose visited the St. Francis Day Home to observe the methods in use and to adopt them in their our kindergarten.

In 1893 the Sisters of the Holy Family won glory to themselves and recognition of their successful labors through the exhibit sent by them to the World's Fair in Chicago. During the Fair, the following description of Holy Family exhibit was officially issued:

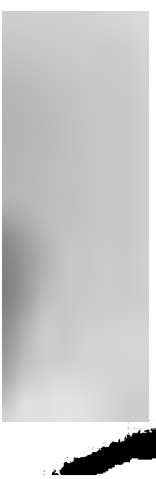
"The Day Homes conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family at San Francisco, California, furnish a very fine and complete display of kindergarten work, which was arranged in album form, so as to develop the entire system in a practical, illustrative order, commencing with the 1st Gift (the worsted ball) and ending with the 13th





HOLY FAMILY DAY HOME, SAN FRANCISCO

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Gift (pea work). Three large framed pictures representing the more difficult and elaborate work of the children, each containing twenty specimens of the various gifts and occupations, were much admired.

Frame No. I: Contained specimens of sewing and coloring, representing "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," "His Voyage," "Landing," "The Santa Maria," "Spanish Flag," "Picture of George Washington," and "American Flag."

Frame No. II: Birds, flowers and fruits embossed and colored, original designs in parquetry and drawing, the center piece of this frame being the Sacred Heart embossed and colored.

Frame No. III: Forms of life, knowledge and beauty attractively represented in stick-laying, paper-cutting, twisting and folding.

A handsome specimen of teachers' work—a picture of our Holy Father Leo XIII, together with many smaller framed specimens of children's work—completed this exhibit."

At the close of the Exposition, the Day Home kindergartens received, in recognition of the creditable efforts of the pupils a "Certificate of Merit" and "Diploma of Honor" from the Committee on Awards of the Catholic Educational Exhibit; and an entitlement to a "Medal," a "Diploma of Award," and a "Diploma of Honorable Mention" from the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Commission.

In more recent years the Sisters have renewed their efforts to reach a still higher degree of excellence in their work for the little children of the Homes. In 1917 His Grace, the Most Rev. E. J. Hanna, arranged to have some of them spend a year at the Sisters' College in Washington, D. C. Accordingly on the evening of

September 17, two of the Sisters, accompanied by Sister M. Baptist, left San Francisco for Washington. They reached their destination on September 21.

The work of the year began on the first of October, the intervening time being occupied with registration, arrangement of course of study, hours, etc. The Sisters followed work in the Department of Education, taking courses in Genetic and Social Psychology under Dr. Pace, Philosophy under Rt. Rev. Dr. Turner, School Management under Dr. McCormick and Primary Methods under Dr. Shields. Under the guidance of Dr. Shields they studied the principles and methods of teaching Religion as outlined in their able Professor's own books. In addition to these courses, Dr. Pace gave the Sisters some special work in methods more in keeping with their particular kind of work.

During the vacation weeks, the Sisters visited different Sunday Schools and Day Homes in Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, and Washington. "It may be said with all truth," wrote one of them with a certain amount of legitimate pride, "that there is no Home in any of these large cities equipped and conducted as the Day Homes in San Francisco. One of the many reasons for this is that the care of the children is, for the most part, confided to salaried seculars who have not the real interest of the children at heart. One cannot help but feel the lack of the real home spirit, the absence of the mother's tender love and care. There are many institutions for the young; but few homes."

The Sisters returned to San Francisco on June 29, 1918, ready to do their little part in spreading the good work among those confided to their care and planting the seeds of love and goodness in the hearts of the little ones, but, more particularly, to assist in training the younger

Sisters of the Community in the prevailing methods of both Sunday School and Day Home work.

Thus far we have given a brief suggestion of the development of the work from its humble beginnings. The following statistics compiled by the State Board of Charities tell in figures the intensity of the work:

Number of families assisted:

St. Francis' Day Home	393
Holy Family Day Home	428
St. Elizabeth's, San Jose	213
St. Vincent's, Oakland	305
Total	1,339

Children (individual) cared for during the year:

St. Francis' Day Home	536
Holy Family Day Home	467
St. Elizabeth's, San Jose	360
St. Vincent's Oakland	358
Total	1,721

To these figures the report adds the aggregate attendance during that one year. It is as follows:

St. Francis' Day Home	48,432
Holy Family Day Home	43,910
St. Elizabeth's, Oakland	29,710
St. Vincent's, San Jose	21,078
General Aggregate	143,130

An earlier report published when the Sisters had four Day Homes in San Francisco tells us that: "In San Francisco the average number of children cared for ex-

ceeds 150 at each establishment, or over 600 per day. Kindergarten and preliminary schooling is given to all old enough to attend the classes.

How, the reader may ask, do the Sisters conduct their Day Homes? How do they care for the little ones of the flock, that they have won such enthusiastic commendation from observers who may have had a slight touch of prejudice in their disfavor. A writer in the San Francisco Monitor for December 20, 1902, will give a detailed account of a day spent in one of the Homes.

"The vineyard of the Lord is very large, of greater extent than this grand, wide world of ours knows, and it is His holy will and desire that not by the hands of angels should it be cultivated, but by the hands of men, whose nature He assumed for the planting of it and to whose care He committed it, and when His life work was accomplished, He returned to His Eternal Home to prepare a place there for His faithful husbandmen.

"The vineyard of the souls of children is one especially dear to His Sacred Heart, and it is to one of these that we shall go this morning and see what is being done there for His honor and glory. It is the Day Home of the Sacred Heart at 120 Hayes Street. It is scarcely daylight, but the Sisters are there, brushing, dusting, building fires in nursery, kindergarten room, kitchen,—in the latter preparing the food in anticipation of the busy hours to follow, in the former arranging the kindergarten work, planning the games, decorating the altars with fresh flowers,—all over the house doing the hundred little nameless things that make home beautiful.

"Now the little ones begin to come. The first is a brave young woman with three small children, two sturdy little boys of three and five and a tiny year-old girl. The next comer says good-bye to her mother at the gate and

comes flying in to Sister, full of some bit of child news. She has been coming to the Home since she was a tiny baby. The children come in rapidly now and the Sisters are busy removing and putting carefully away wrappers and sundry small bundles. The beautiful large play-room is filled with the noise of sweet child laughter and play. The babies are tumbling and rolling on the rugs. One in a high chair is trying to pull the curls of a pretty little girl who is playing with him. A group of small boys are building with blocks a train of cars, but there is a tunnel and a well-built wharf where the cars are going to unload. The girls are playing 'house,' 'statuary,' etc. Others are 'doing their charges,' dusting, helping to spread the cloth and set the tables for the babies' breakfast, singing as they work, or making that little purring noise so suggestive of childlike content.

"It is nine o'clock now. The bell rings, announcing that the Kindergarten hour has arrived. In a moment all is quiet, even the babies stop crooning and watch the long line of bright-eyed children marching round the play-room and filing downstairs to the large sunny room for the "morning songs and games."

"The Sisters say this is one of the most precious hours of the day. So many beautiful lessons are taught during that time which is full of such real play and enjoyment for the children. While they fly like birds, gather honey like bees from pretty flowers, play they are trees in the orchard, in whose branches the former build their nests, feelings of love and kindness, order and gentleness, are inculcated that reach into the years long after childhood has flown. And then the 'morning talk!' Who would not feel it was a precious seed-planting time in the vine-yard, sitting in the midst of the weakest and tenderest of His little ones, whose bright young faces reflect back

every feeling to which you give expression. Recreation in the open air follows; then Catechism until dinner.

"The refectory filled with polite, well-behaved little laddies and lassies is a pretty picture. The babies who are old enough to come to table contribute no small share of its beauty. But the prettiest sight of all is when dinner is over and a small army assists in the cleaning up. They do it so well, too, each has his or her special charge, the napkins are refolded, dishes wiped, table cloths brushed, stools and high chairs removed, and after the sweeping put back so straight and evenly in their places. At a quarter past one the little ones are prepared for school again, little faces and hands washed, etc. Singing of hymns and kindergarten songs, then kindergarten occupations fill up the time to three.

"The busiest part of the day for the Sisters follows, for the 'afternoon children' come in. They are the children who are old enough to go out to school. They stay in the Home in the morning until half-past eight and return after school hours. Feeling the responsibility of the religious education of these children, the Sisters have regularly organized catechetical classes every afternoon. The hour is made not only instructive but interesting and pleasant, and other Public School children who are not 'Home' children are always welcome. The sewing classes on Saturday, although well organized and systematically arranged, have also that grand object in view,—the leading of children to a correct and better knowledge and love of God, their Creator and their Lord.

"St. Francis Day Home on Powell Street is on the same plan, the same routine of duties, the same order of regularity. Holy Family kindergarten and sewing school on Sixth Street is another busy field which the Sisters do not yet call "Home," because not yet properly equipped

for the care and accommodation of babies and little ones through all the hours of the day, but the kindergarten, afternoon and sewing classes are always well attended, every bit of the building filled to its utmost capacity. The care of the sick poor is another part of the vineyard very dear to the hearts of the Sisters, who deem it a special privilege to minister to the need not only of the bodies but of the souls of these, the Master's most precious ones."

Such is the work in the Day Homes. In the Convent annals little is said of the disagreeable features connected with it. Working men on their way to work in the early morning are sure to encounter the Sisters going in every direction. They must open their Homes at seven o'clock. Some of the Sisters carry baskets. Their duty is to call on the nearby markets for meat or on bakeries for bread. They are kindly received and given a generous supply of provisions for their children.

At the time of the earthquake the Sisters had three large Day Homes, that of St. Francis on Powell Street, the Sacred Heart Home on Hayes Street near Polk, and the Holy Family Home on Sixth street near Brannan. This last mentioned establishment was very flourishing. It was dedicated to the Holy Family in February, 1900, and in the following month, Archbishop Riordan, when informed of the fact, sent his blessing on the work. "I have just received your letter," he wrote from Paris, March 23, 1900, "and I am glad that the new Home south of Market Street is opened and full of children. May God bless it and those in charge of it."

All of these Homes were destroyed by the fire of 1906, or that material part of them which can be consumed; but the energy and spirit that had built, was ready to re-build on a larger scale than before. On February 11, 1907,

the new St. Francis Home on Laval Street was dedicated to the service of the little children.

A number like one hundred and fifty of the ever faithful friends were present at the ceremony. Leading the service was His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchesi, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Strubbe. There was present a large number of the clergy and laity among the former were the Rev. John J. Farrell, Rev. Terence Donlan, Rev. J. T. McGinty, Rev. A. McCormack and Rev. B. J. Seguin, S. C.

Among the laity were Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Queen, Mr. and Mrs. James McGarvey, Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Buckley, Dr. L. Pavsse, who has been long a loyal friend and medical attendant of the Sisters in their work, Mr. Jos. Sadoc Pelletier, Mrs. H. Laughborough, Mrs. Crowley, Miss K. Nesbitt, Dr. J. V. Emery, Mr. Peter J. McCormick and Mrs. Mc[illegible] Flynn.

The new building is a handsome edifice, an ornament to the City, built on classic lines with a most imposing colonial portal. When completed the old site has been secured, so that the plant is double the size of the original. The interior is finished in pleasant style. The kindergarten is an ideal spot for the little ones. Brightness and sunshine characterize every department, while the play grounds are quite large. The nursery, where the tiniest of the Sisters' little friends are entertained, is a model room, not only perfect in its equipment, but dainty and beautiful in its appointments.

Chas. J. Devlin was the architect; Beahm & Co., the builders. The painting was done by J. H. Keefe. The new Day Home is a credit to its designers and builders, and a monument to that spirit which animates the Church in all climes,—"Love one another," "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."



PLAY ROOM, ST. FRANCIS' DAY HOME, SAN FRANCISCO


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In the meantime provision had been made in other parts of the City to care for the children of working mothers. Out in St. Vincent de Paul's Parish, Sister Teresa was given the use of a shack that had served in times of stress the various purposes of Catholic Church, Red Cross station, and general distribution center. It was no longer needed for such purposes in that place because the people were leaving the refugee shacks. It was well built of good timber, though rough in finish. Sister Teresa had it moved to the corner of Greenwich and Devisadero Streets to be used as a Day Home, kindergarten and sewing school for the children of that part of the City, who were sadly in need of spiritual and temporal care. The interior was finished with smooth timber, the outside was shingled, and other improvements made to accommodate it more fittingly for the Sisters' work. God blessed their efforts at this Home, which was known as St. Joseph's. It was not fitted with nursery accommodations, because there was so large an attendance of boys and girls that space was at a premium. Much spiritual good was accomplished through its agency.

In the Richmond district, where during earthquake days the Sisters had been encamped among the people, another house was purchased. After the dispersion of the refugee settlement, it was moved to a lot at 19th and Point Lobos Avenues, renovated, remodelled, and fitted up as a Day Home. This Home, known as St. Mary's, was kept in active service for about seven years, and after the establishment of parochial schools in both Star of the Sea and St. Monica's Parishes, the Sisters closed the Home.

But Sister Teresa was not satisfied with temporary Homes; she observed the drift of population and was anxious to find suitable accommodations for the children

of working mothers in the Mission district. From her earliest years she had a sympathetic friend in Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt (Virginia Fair). To her she appealed and the result of her appeal is thus told in a newspaper account on July 16, 1911:

"The Sisters of the Holy Family are to have a new Day Home for their little wards at the N. E. Corner of Dolores and Sixteenth Streets. This spot is in the center of the old Mission Dolores settlement and diagonally across Dolores Street from the adobe Mission Church, the only remnant of the Spanish days. Sometime ago Archbishop Riordan acquired the corner lot, with a frontage of ninety feet on Sixteenth Street and a hundred on Dolores. While nothing was said regarding the purchase of the property, it has transpired that the lot is to be the site of one of these noble institutions which are scattered over San Francisco and are conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family.

"The building has been donated by Mrs. Virginia Vanderbilt. In a very quiet way, it was said yesterday, Mrs. Vanderbilt has been assisting the Sisters of the Holy Family in their good work in San Francisco. She has known them and their mission since childhood here, and greatly admired their institutions. She has entered into a contract for construction of a handsome brick building of two stories to be erected on the site mentioned above. The architects are Willis Polk & Co."

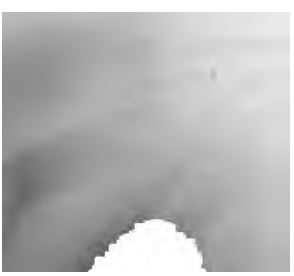
The work on this new building started at once and brought to completion in eight months. The Mission style of architecture was planned, in keeping with the two churches on the opposite side of Dolores Street and with Notre Dame Convent on the next block. The same general appearance of Spanish style was followed in the low cement wall that surrounds the building.

Thus after the fire the Sisters found comfort in being able to rebuild; but in all their work for the children they find infinitely more comfort in being able to build sturdy, little Christian characters. "It is surprising," writes one of the Sisters, "how quickly the truths of religion are grasped by the little ones of the Day Home. At one of the Homes the children were permitted to attend Benediction, and the Sister told them of the real Presence and of the wonderful love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for His children. A boy of six years was playing in the yard some months afterwards and noticed sparks escaping from the chimney. He called the attention of his companions to the sparks and they immediately began to decide what they would do in case of a fire. One of the older boys remarked: 'If the convent burns, I am going to carry the Blessed Mother out.' 'I wouldn't carry the Blessed Mother out first,' said his companion, 'I would take our Lord out because He is alive and the Blessed Mother is only a statue.' This boy is often seen making a little visit to the Blessed Sacrament on his way from school, and once when asked by a Sister about his devotion, he answered quite simply, 'O, I always knew our Lord was really present on the altar.' "

Thus the Sisters, through their ministrations in the Day Homes, begin that process by which the image of God is imprinted on the soul and wrought into it, not like that which produces a photograph, struck off in a moment, impressed on perishable materials and laid in fading colors, but like that by which the sculptor, slowly and by an infinite succession of touches, calls out of the marble—a form of grace and beauty—the work of years indeed, but worth all the labor for it is to be immortal.

It was with reference to this work of the Day Homes, no less than the Sisters' work in the Sunday Schools, that

our present Archbishop spoke when as Coadjutor Bishop he first became acquainted with the Sisters of the Holy Family. "No matter how many convent schools we may have," he said, "and no matter how nobly these communities work, there are a great many, who would be absolutely lost to the Church of God, were it not for your work of seeking out and training the little child. * * * What mystery surrounds the child? What latent strength and undeveloped power which is to be guided and used for the future life before him? What possibilities await him in the future? Sooner or later he will stand on the threshold of life's journey, at the entrance of two ways, two beginnings for him, one that may lead him down to be eternally lost, and the other that reaches up to everlasting happiness. Here is where the Sisters of the Holy Family stand, here is where you meet him, and what a glorious thing to be the means of leading him along the upward way! I know of no work in the Church that is to be more highly commended, and I can assure you that our Archbishop appreciates it fully, and in the little I have seen of it since my arrival here, I, too, greatly appreciate your work, and will endeavor to do all in my power to be of service to you."



CHAPTER VI

Spanish-American War

NOTHING WAS FARTHER FROM THE thoughts of the early Sisters than that they would be called upon to serve as nurses in a military camp. Their whole manner of life is a preparation for emergency service; but still the transition from kindergarten to camp, from Sunday School classes to hospital wards overcrowded with sick soldiers was as difficult naturally as it was supernaturally exhilarating. If the novelty of the experience appealed to some of the younger Sisters it was not long before they found themselves immersed in duties that lost all their natural attractiveness.

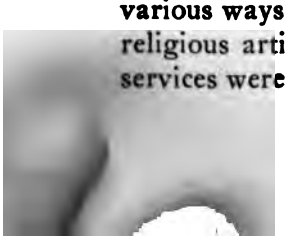
During the late world-war, service received a meaning that to many people was new and unheard of before. Everything yielded to service. It became the main business of life, the main subject of conversation and of popular thought. Afternoon teas were discontinued and in their stead all-day knitting parties became the vogue. The social card games gave way to classes in nursing. "What am I doing to help win the war?" was a universally pressing question and until it received satisfactory answer in service of some recognized utility, one felt out of tune with the spirit of the times.

It was different during the Spanish-American War of 1898. Partly, perhaps, because that short and uneven combat was little more than a sham battle in comparison

with the World-war—as far, at least, as the actual fighting affected our American soldiers—and partly because, under the system of volunteer service, only the willing felt the strain of the conflict, there was not any notable display of patriotic fervor and enthusiastic self-sacrifice, except on the part of the volunteers themselves.

There was, however, much need of service, especially in San Francisco, which had been used as a camp for the young men going to, and coming back from, the Philippines. It was the first opportunity afforded to the Sisters of the Holy Family to show forth, in a striking manner, the splendor of their self-sacrificing devotion to God, to country and to humanity. Among the many who distinguished themselves by working for the soldiers in camp and in hospitals, these generous servants of God were not the least conspicuous.

There is a story told of Florence Nightingale. When her companion nurses were sailing up the Bosphorus to deal with the nameless horrors of the Crimea, they gave expression, as was but natural, to thoughts of adventure and romance. They were enthusiastic over the prospects of war-work, until Miss Nightingale silenced them with the remark: "Young women, the strongest will be wanted at the wash-tub." The Spanish-American War activities of the Holy Family Sisters did not involve such menial work. Indeed, for a while, their work consisted chiefly in encouraging the boys and giving to the Catholics, who were very numerous, little objects of devotion and some profitable reading matter. All the Catholic societies in the City came forward to do similar work and, of course, all the religious communities were asked to assist in various ways by the donation of good reading matter and religious articles. They responded generously and their services were highly appreciated by the volunteer soldiers.



For their services in this regard the Holy Family Sisters received official thanks from the Catholic Truth Society Headquarters, in the following letter:

DEAR SISTERS:

The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco desires to thank you for your generous response to their request for blessed articles for distribution among our soldier boys.

We would also state that any further contributions you may desire or be able to make would be gratefully appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,
PATRICK HAY,
Acting Recording Secretary

They were also given charge of the altar in the Catholic Truth Society tent, of which Fathers Peter C. Yorke and Philip O'Ryan were the chaplains. On Sunday mornings sandwiches and coffee prepared by the Sisters were served to the soldiers who attended Mass and received Holy Communion. "Convent coffee," as the boys called it, and convent-made sandwiches were a welcome relief during those days of canned and sometimes tainted meats.

When disease broke out in the different camps the Sisters were called upon for more heroic service. "The Most Rev. Archbishop wishes me to inform you," wrote Father P. Mulligan to Sister Dolores, "that there are 300 sick soldiers in the Division Hospital at the Presidio. If you have Sisters who will volunteer for this work, send them to Major Matthews at the Division Hospital to offer their services."

There was no hesitation on the part of the Sisters. The entire Community volunteered, and all who could be spared were sent out to attend to the ever increasing

cases of pneumonia and typhoid fever. They had to take turns at regular night duty and sometimes, on account of the fewness of nurses, were obliged to remain with their patients far into the day even after a laborious night. As soon, however, as the situation was well in hand the Sisters were divided into three groups, group A working from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., followed by group B which remained on duty from 6 P. M. to 6 A. M. when it was relieved by group C. According to this arrangement or distribution of time each group was given twenty-four hours to rest between every twelve hours of labor and no Sister had night duty oftener than once every three days.

The work, especially in the typhoid ward, was very heavy for the inexperienced but scrupulously attentive nurses. Its results were eminently satisfactory to everybody concerned. During the three months that the Holy Family Sisters had charge of Ward 13, there was not a single death, a remarkable record when we are told that conditions were otherwise so deplorable that the Government had not been prepared to handle so serious a situation. The Sisters had to supply even the most elemental requirements for the typhoid patients, such as alcohol and other lotions for the fevered soldiers. Nearly everything necessary was prepared at home in the convent. Sister Dolores insisted that no expense be spared to cheer the sick and beautify the crude temporary wards. Flowers were in evidence everywhere and the general cleanliness was so noticeable that the Holy Family ward was known to the soldiers as "the ward without flies." It was, however, during the period of convalescence that the Sisters distinguished themselves and won the undying affection of the men. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners were served and, as soon as the patients were permitted to leave the hospital, they were invited to the





SANCTUARY OF HOLY FAMILY CHAPEL, MOTHER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

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convent to partake of the best that the Sisters could prepare in the nature of a feast.

"We look back with great pleasure," writes one of the Sisters, "on the days and months spent in caring for the sick soldiers. They were filled with labor to which we were unaccustomed, but the labor was sweetened by the appreciation of the patients and their grateful acknowledgment of our efforts. Some of them came to know and to respect a religion to which they had been either opposed or indifferent. At one time all our patients were from the Texas and Arkansas regiments and were, almost without exception, non-Catholics of strong religious prejudices. Some of them acknowledged that they had at first rebelled against going into a Sisters' ward. One fine young man, the son of a Baptist minister, said one day to the Sister who took care of him: 'For the first two weeks I was in here, I used to wish that myself and bed would go through the floor whenever I saw you coming with my food or medicine. I could imagine what my mother would say if she knew I was cared for by Sisters. Why, at home, I wouldn't even walk on that side of the street where there was a Catholic Church.' This lad after his recovery called at the convent, had lunch there, visited the chapel, and told of his letters home in which he informed his mother of his change of views."

Amusing incidents were not wanting. In the Sisters' ward there was, at one time, a college lad, a "Reginald" of the Middle West. He was inclined to depression and frequently asked in a fretful tone, "Sister, do you think you can pull me through?" Very soon this doleful query was the morning greeting from every patient in the ward. Despite the Sister's efforts to make them have some regard for the young fellow's feelings, the boys asked the

question so that "Reginald" could hear them. When the typhoid had subsided and the patients were growing enthusiastic at the prospect of leaving the hospital, "Reginald" still indulged his whining. The boys knew that homesickness was the cause and one day when Sister asked them "What can be the matter with him?" they thought they fully enlightened her by answering, "Oh, he's only got cold feet!" This was a new expression; the Sister understood it literally and, after preparing a hot water bag, she reprimanded the astonished soldier in gentle but firm language: "The next time your feet are cold, please let me know at once! There is no need of suffering from cold feet when hot water bags are so plentiful!" Even "Reginald" himself could not resist joining in the laugh over Sister's lack of acquaintance with the language of the camp, and though the hot water bag was not used, its effect, nevertheless, was a lasting cure for his fits of depression.

When the Spanish-American War had come to a close and the Sisters returned to their children, they had the consolation of receiving many expressions of gratitude from the parents and relatives of the soldiers whom they had helped through sickness to health. Many of these letters have been preserved. We shall quote some that are typical of the spirit of gratitude that pervades all. The following was written during their work in the wards:

Corning, Iowa, October 29, 1898.

DEAR SISTERS:

We received your telegram and imagine my grief at the sad news it contained. I am sick myself and not able to go to him. My husband started last night to go to see our son, and I trust in God that his life may be spared. I received a letter from Edward on Thursday and another



yesterday. I was a little afraid he was exerting himself too much, but he always was impatient when he was sick. Dear Sister, if Edward is in any danger I trust that you will see that he has a priest and is prepared for death, if it is God's holy will that he should be taken from us. I would also ask you to see if he has on his scapulars. He often lost them when he went bathing, and he may have done so out there. I suppose his father will think of all these things, but he left so suddenly last evening that we did not have time to talk about it. Tell my husband that I am not feeling much better to-day, but don't tell Edward that I am sick. It is nothing serious, but they thought I was not able to undertake the long journey to San Francisco. I ask you to pray for my poor boy and I hope that, through the mercy of Almighty God and by your prayers and kind care, he may be spared to us. I thank you for your kindness to him. You will have your reward in Heaven.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. G——.

Still earlier, on October 5, 1898, a loving mother wrote from Tennessee:

MY DEAR SISTER:

Your letter was a balm to my aching heart. I asked Rawell how to address Ala's nurse. I wanted to know the name of the person that had been so good and kind to be near my son in sickness. All I could do was to pray to our Heavenly Father to be with him, and, if it was His will, to restore him to health and let his sickness bring him to a proper sense of his duty to his God and fellowmen. Through the love of our Lord Jesus Christ my boy was placed in your hands to be nursed. May he lead such a life as to win favor with God. * * *

Ala never gave us any trouble; he was always with us; he loved his home; but he thought it was his duty to go to war, and as he was so near 21 years old, I did not think I had a right to say a word. May God spare him to us. I will always be happy to hear from our good Sister. I feel more thankful for all your kindness than I can express. May we meet in heaven. With much love from all the family to all the nurses, I am,

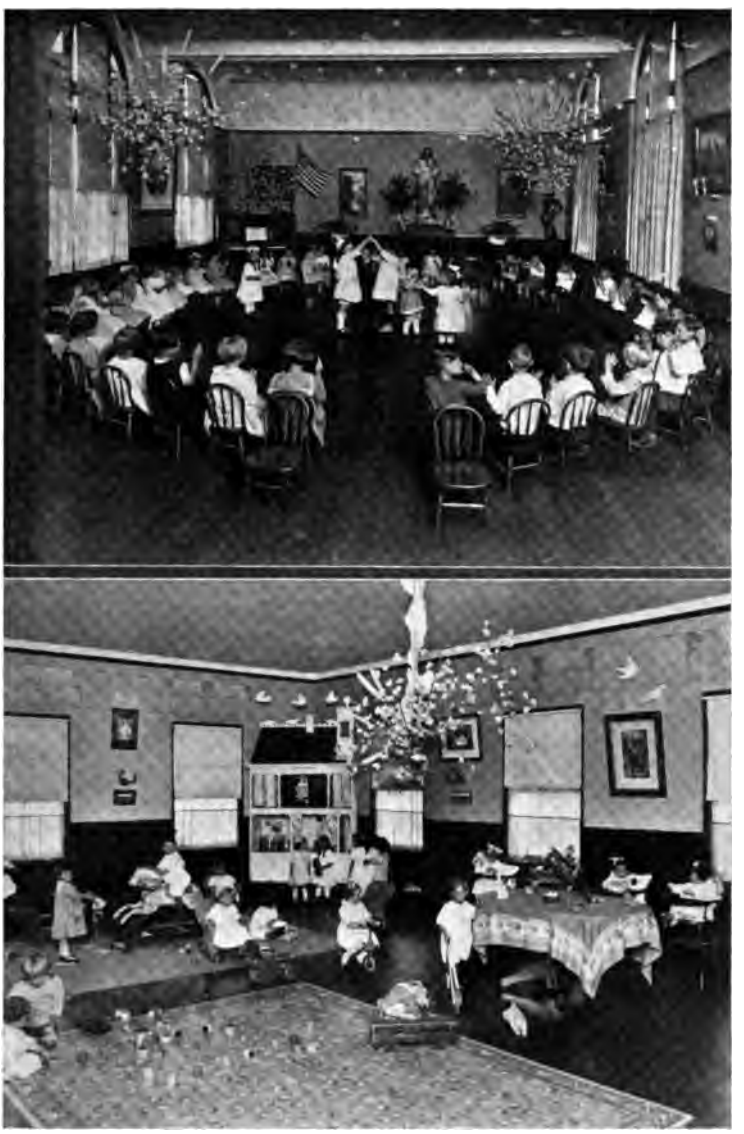
Yours truly,

MRS. W. S.

After the war with Spain and the more serious war with disease, the letters came from all parts of the country. Some of them from relatives to whom their soldier boy had returned; others were from the soldiers themselves. All were expressive of gratitude for the services of the Sisters.

This Spanish-American War work was, as we have said, an unusual and unforeseen experience of the Sisters; but it was for that very reason of great benefit to them. It made them recognize the sublimity of being helpful to others not merely according to established rules of beneficence, but according to existing needs. "The Charity of the Church is as broad as the needs of humanity," was Father Prendergast's idea of helpfulness and it was this idea that inspired the Sisters to leave their children without all the attention to which they had become accustomed, in order to minister to the sick soldiers in the military hospitals. It was emergency work and we shall now see how in a greater emergency the Sisters rose to even greater heights of helpful service.





KINDERGARTEN AND NURSERY, HOLY FAMILY DAY HOME



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CHAPTER VII

Earthquake Relief-Work

DREADFUL BEYOND ALL RECKONING WERE the Earthquake days in San Francisco; dreadful in themselves and more dreadful in some of the manifestations of human depravity. There was depicted in one of the San Francisco newspapers a scene of utter confusion and desolation; charred ruins, heaps of debris, distorted street car rails and scattered bodies of the dead and dying. Above it all, riding on black wings were some human-faced vultures represented as scanning the scene of desolation and saying one to another: "I wonder if there is anything we have overlooked!" The inference was obvious; but, unless it referred to the few vicious looters, it was unjust. Far more in keeping with the spirit of the time would it have been to depict some blessed Angels hovering over the stricken City in search of some place where good could be done or, better still, walking among the ruins on errands of love and helpfulness. Christian charity is never absent from human suffering. The hero or heroine is one that is ready to meet any situation, no matter how difficult. If the granite foundations of the earth give way or the pillars of the heavens fall, the hero and heroine will be found undaunted and ready to serve amid the ensuing ruins of the world. Christian heroism or supernatural charity shines more brilliantly in times of stress; it is more admired of men who are its beneficiaries and it often receives public honors

from grateful peoples; but it is always present in the souls of God's servants, always active, even though it be not so conspicuous in times of peace and prosperity as it is in days of discord and disaster.

Our study of the Earthquake relief-work of the Holy Family Sisters will, therefore, reveal nothing of a special nature as far as their readiness to serve is concerned; it will merely bring out in special light the heroism that characterizes their whole life, and enable us to see it in settings of more universal interest.

No thought of impending disaster was in the minds of the people of San Francisco, when on the night of April 17, 1906, they assembled in the gorgeously lighted cafes and silver palaces of the downtown district or crowded the Grand Opera House on Mission Street to hear the great Caruso whose tenor voice had taken the world by storm. San Francisco had hailed his coming with its accustomed enthusiasm and manifested its ardent admiration by thunderous applause that shook the walls of the Opera House. Society turned out, in all the splendid magnificence of wealth, to hear the mighty tenor. "There were beautiful women in Worth and Paquin gowns," we read in a newspaper account of the affair, "who used their lorgnettes a shade too conspicuously, and who were perhaps a thought too careful of their words. They represented the young and sturdy aristocracy of the City; daughters of 'self-made men,' immensely proud of their evolution; superficially, perhaps, a little ashamed of the soil in which their family trees had found a rooting sustenance. One would have found it hard to distinguish them from the daughters of proud Southern chivalry or Spanish grandees with whom they mingled."

The night was curiously still, but the crowds that gathered at the Opera House or cafes did not notice any dif-

ference, did not look forward to disaster, did not think that in the midst of life there is death or that in the flush of security there is danger. In the Convent of the Holy Family there was a vast and significant difference; all was sacredly silent and religiously quiet from the sound of the bell for night prayers until the Sisters retired to sleep peacefully in the arms of God with restful and unsullied consciences. What to them the possibility of disaster? They are always prepared to meet it, and often enough they even long to be dissolved and to be with Christ. "Either to suffer or to die" was the motto of Saint Teresa; to suffer to be like Christ, or to die to be with Christ. Sisters generally, though to outward appearances calm and full of that happiness which the world cannot give, have something of the Teresean spirit. What to them is the possibility of a collision or a wreck in the vast archipelago of space? Has God not appointed a salvage corps of blessed Angels to carry His servants to the harbor of safety? If we are sojourners in the land of the dying, is there not a land of the living for those that love and serve God? With thoughts like these the Sisters of the Holy Family retired to rest on that never-to-be-forgotten night of April 17, 1906. Little did they dream of the horror that was to come with dawn; for with all their confidence in God and all their supernatural aspirations, it was a horror. About a quarter past five o'clock, there was a dull sound of subterraneous rumbling, then a quick, sharp, jerking motion that was recognized by all. It was the Earthquake!

Some of the Sisters had already assembled in the chapel for the morning prayers. It was Easter Wednesday and the choice altar vases, filled with Easter lilies still exhaled a sweet fragrance, but in a few seconds they crashed on the marble floor of the Sanctuary and were reduced to dust

by the falling candelabra and statues. The Sisters clung to the pews and cried aloud to their Lord in the tabernacle, when to the surprise of all the tabernacle door swung open exposing to their view and adoration the Blessed Sacrament. To some this seemed portentous of worse horrors, to others it seemed a sign of their Master's protection. All were now assembled in the chapel kneeling amid the fallen plaster and offering themselves to whatever God's holy will might ordain. With the cessation of the shocks there came a period of prayerful silence, but no one dared leave the chapel until 6 o'clock when Father John J. Cantwell arrived to comfort the Sisters. He said Mass for them in the parlor and told them to be in readiness for work of relief throughout the City.

San Francisco was the scene of wild disorder on that terrible morning. People rushed from their homes to the streets and then back again to their homes. The cable cars stood still on twisted rails or over cavities in what was once a well paved street. Bricks from walls and chimneys and broken window glass covered the sidewalks. Men and women and little children rushed madly hither and thither not knowing what to expect but fearing the worst.

Soon were heard the siren sounds of ambulances carrying bandaged men who groaned in agony of pain, and badly crushed forms of screaming women. Then came an additional horror. San Francisco was in flames, the water mains were broken, the fire department helpless and the populace moved slowly towards the hills, like refugees in war-time fleeing the approach of a destroying enemy.

But scattered along the line of retreat there were the dead and the wounded and some must venture back into no man's land to remove the dead and to assist the



wounded. The Holy Family Sisters were among the first to be called. The Mechanics' Pavilion had been turned into an emergency hospital and at about 7 o'clock the Sisters were there as nurses, and they went not empty handed. What the express men could not carry the Sisters took with them. All the mattresses, pillows, blankets and sheets of the convent were carried to the Pavilion and every Sister was busy at her work of mercy. At 8 o'clock there came a second shock of almost the same intensity as the first but of shorter duration. The dead and the dying were lying everywhere on the floor of the Pavilion. Priests, doctors, nurses and Sisters, paused in their work for a few moments of prayer, the wounded cried for help, and fear added a few more to the number of the dead.

At 9 o'clock the heavy tread of marching soldiers was heard, and the Sisters were told that the City was under martial law. The soldiers did splendid work at the Pavilion segregating the dead from the wounded and arranging the latter in long orderly lines in the center of the vast edifice. The Pavilion assumed the appearance of a well-kept hospital. Besides the Sisters of the Holy Family there were other volunteer nurses, among them the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

Hardly had system been brought out of the early morning chaos when, at 10:45 o'clock, the commanding officer of the Pavilion shouted out his orders that all must be in readiness to leave. The unimpeded fire was approaching on three sides. Wagons of every description were commandeered by the military and all assisted in removing the poor victims to places of safety. As the last of the Sisters left, they saw the flames that had destroyed St. Ignatius Church and College and their own Sacred Heart

Day Home leaping across the street to envelop the Mechanics' Pavilion, now cleared of the dead and wounded. Ashes and cinders were falling in profusion on all sides and the Sisters tell how they had to shake the sparks from their veils and capes, until they reached a place of safety.

As they could not all follow up the wagons, some returned to the convent which was being filled with poor human beings who had lost their reason during the disaster. Some of the Sisters remained with these insane patients during the night, others went to the Archbishop's residence for a few hours' rest, and a few moved like so many angels of consolation among the refugees in Alamo Square.

Sister Teresa anxious to be of as much service as possible invited the Jesuit Fathers of St. Ignatius Church to make the main floor of the convent their temporary home. Gladly and gratefully was the invitation accepted and for several weeks, some of the homeless Jesuits found shelter in the Holy Family Convent.

No section of the City was overlooked by the Sisters. On the morning of the disaster several of them hurried out to North Beach to look after their beloved children. They had to walk most of the way, and what a sight met their gaze as from Russian Hill they looked down on the tumultuous streets! And what sadness filled their hearts as they went from house to house to console their friends! Their stay among the stricken of North Beach was not a long one. At noon they were hurried off to the Harbor Emergency Hospital in a Police Patrol wagon to care for the wounded. On reaching the hospital they were directed to the Howard Street Pier where they found many wounded men lying on the hard boards of the wharf, some had been crushed by falling timber, others were in an agony of thirst from loss of blood, and all were crying



piteously for water and stimulants. The Sisters did what they could to relieve the sufferers and found willing men who ran about in search for bandages and other necessaries.

"It was a dreadful situation," writes one of the Sisters. "Under our feet the piles were trembling, and over our heads the glass of the roof shaking so much that it was frequently necessary to change our position and that of the wounded to escape the danger of falling glass. It seemed as though each moment would be the last, and one wonders at the calm that envelops the soul when it seems to be on the very threshold of eternity. About five o'clock a tug came from Goat Island to take the wounded, and after we had seen them safely cared for, we went back to the Harbor Station to see how we could possibly return home. Here we met Dr. C. Bricca, who had been on duty since early morning. The Doctor was one of the pupils of the Sisters in past years at SS. Peter and Paul's, and with his never-failing kindness immediately sought some kind of a conveyance for us. He succeeded in securing an ambulance. It was impossible to return to St. Francis Home, as the whole lower section of the City was in flames. Driving south, we reached Bryant or Brannan Street, and then turned westerly, the driver hoping to be able to leave us at the convent at Hayes and Fillmore. Thousands of people were making their way to the Potrero, carrying their few worldly possessions, and behind them the flames and smoke were rising it seemed almost to the sky. Somewhere on the journey, the ambulance stopped and a paralyzed man was placed in it. He was to be taken to the County Hospital. At Sixteenth Street we turned north, and in a few moments reached our convent, to the great relief of Sister Teresa who knew nothing of our whereabouts

during the day or how we had fared in those hours of dread and confusion.

Such were some of the activities of the Sisters during that dreadful visitation. It is not necessary to record the many details of their labors; but we may mention something of the appreciation shown by different people after the dark days had passed into history. The Sisters' loss in earthquake and fire was incalculable. Three day Homes, with all their equipment, the result of thirty-four years of building, were utterly destroyed. Their convent was badly damaged, walls, floors and even the foundation needed repairing. Roughly speaking, their losses amounted to from thirty to forty thousand dollars. But of this they took no reckoning. On December 20, 1906, they received the following letter from the Executive Committee of the San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds:

San Francisco, Cal., December 20, 1906.

SISTER M. TERESA, Superioress,
DEAR MADAM:

Enclosed herewith please find our check No. 14,425 for $5000.00. This is the amount appropriated by the San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds, a corporation, to the Sisters of the Holy Family.

Respectfully yours,
L. G. JORDAN, Cashier

It was a meagre enough and belated allowance but the Sisters received it with gratitude and turned it to immediate use in purchasing a suitable place to convert into a Day Home. Far more comforting were the expressions of gratitude by those with whom they labored. The following is from a tribute paid to the Sisters by the Rev. Philip O'Ryan:



"Archbishop Montgomery sent word to every Catholic institution in the City to relieve the needy, and to co-operate in every way with the Citizens' Committee. Among the first to respond on the morning of the earthquake were the Sisters of the Holy Family. Word was sent to them that the Pavilion was converted into an emergency hospital and thither they rushed their bedding and supplies for the injured. The Sisters attended to the patients, bound up their wounds and comforted them in their suffering. Who that witnessed the scene in the Pavilion on that morning will ever forget it? Here lay the victims of earthquake and fire, crushed and broken, some who had their faces mashed to a pulp. And I hope San Francisco will never forget that brave army of doctors, nurses, priests and devoted Sisters who remained at their post until the last sufferer was borne from the burning Pavilion.

"One of the tragedies of the fire was the destruction of the three Day Homes of these Sisters in which infants and children were cared for and fed while their mothers were at work. The people whose nickels and dimes built these Day Homes are themselves homeless today. Who will rebuild them in the New and Greater San Francisco?"

The Jesuit Fathers too found a practical way of expressing their gratitude. A chaplain was appointed to serve the Sisters by coming daily to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in their chapel. "Thus the last and greatest spiritual blessing came to our Community through the great catastrophe that had befallen us, all in God's own way," wrote one of the Sisters in the Convent diary. The remark provokes serious thought. Not until after the earthquake, did they have the consolation of daily Mass in their convent. They were forced to go out to their nearby Parish Church, and this entailed a

great deal of inconvenience and sometimes delay in reaching their distant fields of labor.

But perhaps the most glowing tribute of all was from the pen of Katherine K. Nesfield. The article appeared in the "Overland Monthly." It is too long for insertion here. We shall quote it in part only.

"The duties devolving on the Sisters were manifold, complex and all freighted with responsibilities, but they did not waver. Health and strength taxed apparently beyond natural limits, never fagged. At times they were custodians of the treasures of the altar, and of important church papers. The people flocked to them with all the earnings they had saved, and pressed it into their keeping. Those home treasures rescued from the midst of the flames were safe.

"Then came systematic relief days with the giving of food to rich and poor, standing in line each waiting his or her turn. A short distance from the convent, the Knights of Columbus secured a flat and this was used for a relief station, where applicants came daily to the Sisters for clothing, bedding and food.

"The tent cities commenced to grow apace. The Sisters followed the people into them. They established centers, where hundreds of children were gathered to attend kindergarten classes and sewing schools. The fruits of the labor of the latter were distributed in the form of dresses, aprons and useful articles of apparel, which were distributed in thousands to the needy at the close of each month. The young people were instructed in the Catechism, were taught the principles of morality and integrity, and schooled in the demands of economy.

"In a convenient place in this improvised city, the Sisters prepared the altars at which the priests offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass on Sundays and days of special

devotion, and the children sang hymns. No opportunity was lost to draw souls closer to God. The camps at Golden Gate Park, Jefferson Square, Washington Square, Potrero, Lobos Park, Harbor View and a large one at Bay and Polk Streets (Fort Mason), where many of the priests were located, and the Sisters too gave their untiring efforts to assist them. Isolated tents were not neglected. Every place where want demanded, relief and consolation were carried by the Sisters who recognized no distinction of color or creed. Away out at Ingleside where the old people were placed, they were gathered together by priests and Sisters. On the question of the spiritual welfare of both young and old, the Sisters were ever on the alert. Notwithstanding distressing conditions, the young folks were regularly and carefully prepared to receive the Sacraments of Penance, Confirmation and Holy Communion. The Archbishop confirmed classes of these children in the churches left standing. First Holy Communion was received in the tent churches,—the necessity of keeping the children bright and happy, as well as orderly, was not lost sight of by the Sisters. The good merchants, the people from all over, aided them. Thanksgiving and Christmas were not forgotten. Each camp had its Christmas tree and entertainment, each child was remembered with a Christmas gift, and the spirit of the season of joy and peace reigned.

"At Ingleside, it was a bright and merry Christmas for the old people. The Sunday School children of St. Mary's Cathedral, conducted under the auspices of the Sisters, provided an interesting program, and every resident of Ingleside received a token of the occasion. A souvenir of the day was presented to the Commander, who expressed his acknowledgment in some timely earnest words.

The U. S. Army were very kind and courteous, and when they withdrew some weeks after the earthquake, they were sadly missed, but the city had to adjust itself. In all seasons and all weathers, the Sisters have been constant in their camp attendance. No matter what the difficulty of transportation, they have managed daily to reach each. Sometimes they went in state in the U. S. Government carriage, or automobiles (which were very few in those days). Again they would go in the Sheriff's van, or fire patrol; frequently when conditions demanded, a sand cart or scavenger wagon or any possible vehicle on wheels was accepted. Most of the time an express wagon was at their service—the horses nearly ran away several times, but they managed not to be thrown out, they know not how, only prayer saved them.

"When necessary, they willingly walked and no matter what the distance, carried food or clothing everywhere. The Red Cross officials, the City officials, the camp commanders, those in general charge of the relief work found no more able auxiliaries than the Sisters who have been always on duty.

"The Sisters of the Holy Family in all the months since the 18th of April, 1906, have been close to the hearts, the sentiments, the thoughts of the afflicted of San Francisco, and their testimony is 'The people were kind and brave to heroism in time of calamity.' The people themselves can only say 'God bless our friends, the Sisters of the Holy Family.' "



CHAPTER VIII

During the Influenza

JUST AS THE CURTAINS WERE ABOUT TO descend on that awful tragedy known as the world-war, there entered unannounced another dread scourge, the Influenza. The Sisters were not as conspicuous during the great war as they had been in the less enthusiastic encounter with Spain. There were few calls made on their willingness. Volunteer workers were in abundance and the chief effect of the war, as far as the Sisters were concerned, was the multiplication of their regular duties—caring for the poor, teaching Christian Doctrine to children, and praying for peace. But when the scourge of pestilence fell upon the City they again distinguished themselves in serving the plague-stricken, more particularly those that were poor.

The Influenza epidemic of 1918 afforded opportunities to serve without glamor. There were no distinguished service medals awarded; there have been no statues erected to the memory of heroes and heroines who faced the poisonous breath of pestilence, with as much courage as the soldier boys faced the machine-gun fire of the enemy; there was less of that sentimental enthusiasm that goes over the top or into the inferno of red artillery with cheers on its lips and fire in its eyes; but there was need of that deeper courage that springs from pure love and self-sacrificing devotion to duty for duty's sake, and to the service of humanity on supernatural principles.

The Holy Family Sisters were not the only generous workers during the Influenza epidemic; doctors and nurses, school-teachers and Red Cross matrons rushed into the breach—some of them never to return—with a like devotedness to suffering humanity that is as admirable as it is rare, as glorious in the all-seeing Eye of God as it is, too frequently, unnoticed and unknown to man.

Naturally enough there was a casualty list of Holy Family Sisters. They could not visit the homes of the sick poor, unscathed or breathe in the pestilential air and remain immune from its deadly germs.

From October 18 to November 1, when the plague raged fiercest, thirty Sisters were reported among the stricken. A page from the Convent diary will be interesting to the reader.

Oct. 18. Three Sisters stricken with influenza. Quarantined in infirmary.

Oct. 19. Board of Health issued an order that all churches be closed. All are to wear masks. Sister Teresa anxious about the Sisters.

Oct. 20. No Sunday Schools today. Open air services at Cathedral. All Sisters busy assisting the sick. It is impossible to procure masks. Sister Teresa has sent for gauze and the Sisters are devoting their free moments in the early morning and when they return at night to mask-making.

Oct. 21. Dr. Pawlicki remained all day. The Sisters are a little better but three more Sisters are ill today. Hundreds of masks have been made and distributed by the Sisters. Calls for help are becoming more frequent. The telephone rings with frantic appeals for nurses and help. The Sisters are doing everything possible.

Oct. 22. Another Sister is ill. There are now seven Sisters in the infirmary. Dr. Derham is sick and Dr. Brady is visiting the Sisters. As many Sisters as can be spared are out visiting the stricken.

Oct. 24. The Archbishop has opened relief stations at the Churches. Mrs. J. B. Casserly is in charge of the Red Cross Relief. The Sisters offered their services and all are kept busy.

Oct. 26. St. Francis Day Home has a large number of children to be cared for. Some of the Sisters remained all night, assisted by a matron. We now have eleven in the infirmary. Several of the Sisters' relatives died during the week. We seem to be walking in the midst of death. The shrieking sirens of the ambulances, the increasing number of the afflicted, the dead waiting to be buried, cause fear that is almost impossible to conquer. The Sisters have to encourage the terror-stricken people.

Oct. 29. One dormitory has been converted into a temporary infirmary. Sixteen Sisters are sick.

Nov. 1. All Saints' Day. Sisters have had no rest. Visiting the sick, praying with the dying, laying out the dead, bringing nourishment to the convalescent or consoling the bereaved, they are everywhere in demand. Two more are down today. Some are recovering slowly but are very weak. It will be some time before they recover their strength. The Sisters on duty have had scarcely any rest. The death rate for the past few weeks is appalling.

Thus the diary continues with the same story of unconscious heroism until the last signs of the dread scourge

disappears. Of the thirty Sisters stricken not one succumbed, though it is thought that the subsequent sudden death of Sister Baptist was due to the effects of the disease. She it was who nursed the sick Sisters. Day and night, with little rest, she remained on duty in the convent infirmary and was herself the last to fall a victim to the scourge. Her case was of more than ordinary seriousness. It left her with a weak heart and it was to this weakened condition of the heart that her unexpected death, in 1922, has been attributed.

To record the charitable work of the Sisters during the plague is neither possible nor necessary. They were too busy to keep a detailed account of their labors and too devoted to the sick to think about themselves. They assisted all, without any thought of sect or creed. When they were not sent to Red Cross cases they had their own to attend to, and it is doubtful whether the official Red Cross headquarters received more calls for help than did the Sisters of the Holy Family. Many there were who sought for the Sisters in preference to secular nurses, not for religious purposes only, but because they knew with what solicitude the Holy Family Community attended to every need of the sick; they knew, too, how the Sisters secured the most wholesome food from the Convent, with what care they watched over the sanitary requirements of the time and with what scrupulous exactness they supervised everything that made for cleanliness and the cheerful atmosphere so necessary for recovery. The Sisters themselves had to adopt a definite rule. "Do the duty which lies nearest" was their motto, and, as far as was possible, they adhered to it with great fidelity.

In the Italian section of the City they were called upon to labor day and night. To understand the difficulties with which they had to combat, we must bear in mind



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that, as Father Galli assures us, the epidemic visited North Beach with such fury that it was impossible to cope with it until assistance came from outside the district. Because of the confusion that prevailed in the first stages of the epidemic, especially in the more congested quarters, a very serious situation arose. For a time it seemed that no child was to be spared its share of suffering. Great was the tension of the workers when in scores of cases parents lay helpless in bed with some of their children by their side, in the same appalling condition, while others standing about presented as pitiable a sight as the sick. Want of parental care and long hours of weeping had emaciated their youthful faces.

Much of this suffering could have been spared if the volunteer workers were more numerous. The Sisters of the Holy Family seeing the heart-breaking conditions of things gladly opened their Day Home in the early part of the epidemic to the children who otherwise should be exposed to the influenza. Day and night, these children were watched and attended to by the good Sisters with such motherly care that they readily forgot their own homes. Some saw cleanliness which they had not known before. Their general appearance was entirely transformed. From sickly children they became beams of delight and contentment. Their laughing voices resounding through the yard, classes, and corridors of the Day Home brought tears of joy to their relatives.

Red Cross doctors and nurses and special workers regretted that there were not more such "Homes" for the "little ones" where order, cleanliness, and contentment reigned. But the Sisters did not limit their activity to the Day Home. While the "little ones" were happily playing and enjoying themselves in the fullness of their hearts, their parents, brothers, and sisters were among

the sufferers. These must be sought out and assisted. The Sisters entered upon the task with cheerful readiness and untiring energy. They not only brought aid to the homes, but with it joy and hope of recovery and, whenever necessary, they summoned the priest to prepare the dying for eternity. Nor did they shrink from the most menial offices. When they were not hurrying to and fro with specially prepared broths, and tempting dainties for those that could not eat or with prescribed medicines for the seriously sick, they were washing the bed linen or sweeping the long neglected homes. These and similar charities consumed the hours that could be spared from the children in the Day Home.

In Oakland and San Jose the Holy Family Sisters were engaged in the same works of charity. In the latter place they won special glory for their beloved Community. As soon as the influenza began to rage in that city, Sister Clare went to the Health Office department and offered the Sisters' services. She was most kindly received, and her offer gratefully accepted. Every Sister in the Convent was pressed into service. Sister Clare herself remained home to answer the door bell and telephone, to direct the Sisters to the many urgent calls for help and to assist the Sister who had charge of the cooking.

Soups, broths, and strengthening nourishment for the sick were prepared with great care. Kind-hearted friends of the Community supplied the necessary nourishment. Mr. Peter Dunn came every morning at 10:30 to place his automobile at the disposal of the Sisters. He himself drove them through the city and assisted in delivering food and medicines to the patients. Mr. Edward McLaughlin also called and told the Sisters to get all that was necessary for the sick at his expense. This was of the greatest

help; bed-clothes, linen, and underwear were absolutely necessary in nearly every case. Through his generous assistance the Sisters were able to relieve all cases of distress.

The Sisters were fortunate in obtaining the services of a young boy to drive the convent automobile. Though the people of the city were so thoughtful and kind that the Sisters had more cars at their disposal than were necessary, they were often called to cases so urgent that delay might prove disastrous and so they secured an automobile of their own which was in constant readiness to proceed to any part of the city where help was needed.

Any description of the condition in San Jose would seem an exaggeration of facts. In many instances entire families were stricken, lying two and three in a room and sometimes two or three in a divided couch, not one of them able to give another a glass of water.

The epidemic in San Jose raged from October 18 until November 10. Then it began to decrease noticeably every day until finally conditions resumed their normal status. The schools were re-opened on November 18, and the Sisters also returned to their afternoon classes at the various churches. On Sunday, November 17, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in all the churches. This had been prohibited for a month, although on the previous Sunday, November 10, they were permitted to have Mass in the open air, placing the altar at the entrance of the Church.

The influenza disappeared gradually, with the exception of a few scattered cases here and there, which the Sisters followed up into the third week of November, and in the fourth week of the month but two cases were reported. The people of San Jose were gratefully appreciative of the beneficent labors of the Holy Family Sisters

and many were the expressions of thanks received by Sister Clare. The following letter, from the City Manager of San Jose, was official:

MY DEAR SISTERS:

I have not had an opportunity to thank you personally for the excellent work you did during our recent epidemic. We certainly appreciate the manner in which you took care of the various families which were given to you, for without your help the situation would have been much more serious. You know how short we were of nurses, and the fact that you came forward and furnished us a number of competent women was a real civic service.

Allow me to express my appreciation of your help.

W. C. BAILEY

We have thus anticipated the historical sequence of events, for as yet we have said nothing of the Sisters' establishments outside of San Francisco. To this subject we shall devote some consideration in the following chapters.





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CHAPTER IX

San Jose

 NLY THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY can fully appreciate the care which their beloved St. Joseph has ever taken of their interests. He was the God-appointed guardian of the Holy Family of Nazareth; he is the chosen and much revered guardian of the Holy Family Sisters. Consistent with this thought is the fact that the first mission of the Sisters was to the City of St. Joseph. During the life time of Sister Dolores, the Rev. R. E. Kenna, S. J., and later, the Rev. R. A. Gleeson, S. J., had spoken to the Archbishop and asked that the Sisters be permitted to open a Convent in that city. The Archbishop approved of the idea, but Sister Dolores, though anxious to comply, could not spare the workers. In the early part of 1907 provision was made and a private home was purchased in San Jose, and fitted out to serve the purpose of a temporary convent.

This first Mission House was blessed by His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, on June 20, 1907. Friends and benefactors from San Francisco and San Jose came in such numbers that the convent could not accommodate all. Among those present the Sisters recognized many familiar faces. There were some who witnessed the work in its incipiency and were now privileged to partake of the joy of the Sisters in their new foundation. Mrs. M. A. Tobin was there; Mrs. Jas. O'Brien; Dr. and Mrs. L. Pawlicki, and from San Jose there were

Mr. E. McLaughlin; Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, Mrs. W. P. Dougherty, Mr. C. Barrington, who were most generous in rendering material assistance to the work.

His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, was assisted by Rev. Fathers Gleeson, Collins, Joy and Scanavino of the Society of Jesus, and Rev. John McGinty, pastor of Holy Cross Church, in San Francisco. The new foundation was dedicated to St. Elizabeth and called the St. Elizabeth Kindergarten and Day Home. After the dedicatory services, the Archbishop gave the solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament to all assembled in the beautiful chapel, the altars of which were daintily decorated with pink carnations. On the following day Holy Mass was celebrated by the Rev. J. J. Prendergast. How deep must have been his joy and gratitude to God for the great favor accorded him of witnessing this first Mission House solemnly blessed.

While waiting for the completion of the Day Home, the Sisters entered upon the usual missionary work. Under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers, they visited the sick, the poor and the needy. The following page, culled from the diary of the Sisters, will suggest the nature of their charitable work:

Name:	Circumstances	Recommended by
Mrs. —.	Invalid husband; 7 children—girls 15 and 8 years, boys 14, 12, 9 and 5 yrs., baby 15 mos.	Father Collins
Mrs. —.	Widow; one grown boy (delicate) who earns rent; boy 13, girls 11 and 6 yrs.	Father McKey
Mrs. —.	Widow; 7 children—boys 15, 13, 7 and 5 yrs.; girls 14, 12 and 9 yrs.	Sister Baptist



Name:	Circumstances	Recommended by
Mrs. —.	Very ill with consumption; 4 girls 1 to 13 yrs.; husband has gone to San Francisco for work.	Father Dethoor
Mrs. —.	Husband in Agnews Asylum; 5 children—boys 10 and 8 yrs.; girls 12, 9 and infant.	Mrs. B.
Mrs. —.	Widow, 3 children—girl 13 yrs., boys 10 and 8 yrs.	Father Culligan
Mrs. —.	Two elderly ladies living together—one an invalid.	Sister A.
Mrs. —.	Husband out of work; 9 children—boys 7, 5 and 3 yrs., girls 14, 13, 11, 9, 6 and 3 yrs.	Father Whittle
Mrs. —.	Widow; old and feeble, one grown son with lung trouble.	Mrs. R.
Mrs. —.	Widow; 2 children—girls 14 and 12 yrs.	Father Collins
Mrs. —.	Husband ill for long time; 1 girl 14 yrs.; her home has been burned.	Father Dethoor
Mrs. —.	In straightened circumstances from long illness of both herself and husband; 2 small girls and infant.	Sister B.
Mr. —.	Partially blind, old mother and 2 small boys.	Father Culligan
Mrs. —.	Deserted by husband; 2 children—4 yr. boy and infant.	Father McKey

Sister Baptist was appointed superior of the San Jose Community. It consisted of five Sisters. A Day Home with a nursery for babies, a kindergarten for the children

not yet of school age, and a sewing school for the public school children were opened before August 1, 1907. Improvements had to be made to meet the growing needs of the institution, but Sister Baptist had such confidence in St. Joseph and found such a generous response from the people of San Jose that she never had to worry about funds, when funds were necessary. Contributions came in abundance. When it was necessary to build a dining room for the children she asked and received a donation of 3700 feet of lumber.

Scarcely had the Sisters completed their third year in San Jose when an entirely new convent was deemed necessary. Sister Teresa, then superioress, visited San Jose, and, deeming the present site of the convent a suitable one, decided on the purchase of the adjoining property. The actual site was offered for sale in 1910. Sister Teresa wrote to the Archbishop for permission to buy and prayed that St. Joseph would send sufficient money for the purchase. She received permission from His Grace, the Archbishop, and the money from Mrs. M. P. O'Connor. But the parties who held the property in trust elected to raise the price and the Sisters, not to be outwitted by what they considered an unreasonable demand, purchased another site on Vine Street.

This wise move brought the trustees of the adjoining property to a more reasonable frame of mind and the coveted property, offered at the Sisters' price, was purchased in 1911, through the generous donation of Mrs. M. P. O'Connor. The work of the Sisters was continued in the temporary quarters on Vine Street and Park Avenue; but hopes were entertained of erecting, in due time, a convent with all the necessary appointments and accommodations for an ever growing community and a constantly increasing number of children.

Sister Teresa had plans made for a frame building and, wisely enough, called on Mr. E. McLaughlin who had always been a most kind benefactor, to obtain his advice and, if possible, his assistance. He gave both. He advised a brick building instead of the wooden one that had been planned and guaranteed to make a personal contribution that would cover the additional expense. Mr. L. T. Lenzen was engaged as the architect, Mr. R. Q. Summers as contractor. The work was speedily prosecuted and in August, 1917, it was ready for occupancy.

It was not, however, until the furnishing of the house was completed that the dedication took place. Archbishop Hanna officiated at this ceremony on January 20, 1918.

The work of the Sisters in San Jose has been similar in every respect to their work in San Francisco, with this difference perhaps, that their social-service activities have been more in demand. In San Jose there are no Helpers of the Holy Souls, nor other community devoted to the poor and the poor are there in abundance. For the most part, however, they have devoted their energies to Sunday Schools and Day Homes with the usual success.

The first call for their services in teaching Christian Doctrine to children came in August, 1907, from Father Minacco, S.J., who was at the time in charge of Holy Family Church (Italian). He asked with great humility that the Sisters come and help him with his children and his people. They responded generously, and in the following month, September, they accepted a similar invitation to assist the Pastor of the Church of the Crucified, also Italian. Their next mission was a distant one. At the request of Rev. Father McKey, S. J., they took charge of the children of St. Michael's Church at Boulder Creek. It was a very long trip and there were but very few chil-

dren; but they thought the journey worthwhile, as there were souls of Christ's little ones waiting for the word of God and the grace of the Sacraments. Hurrying back from the 6 o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's, the Sisters took a hasty breakfast, then caught the 7:20 train, reached Boulder Creek at 10 o'clock, and did not reach home until 6 P. M.

In 1918 they opened Santa Maria Hall on San Carlos Avenue and, at the request of Monsignor Ribeiro, took charge of the Sunday School classes at the newly built Church of the Five Wounds.

Their Catechetical work spread continuously until they were instructing children in practically all of the San Jose parishes. They even extended their efforts out to Agnews, six miles from the city. They traveled in a carriage to and fro, and when not busy at Agnews they sought other districts outside of the city limits. A suggestion of their pioneer work is contained in the following extract from a letter of one of the workers:

"Holy Mass was celebrated today in the Pomona district in the hall which the Sisters had used for instructions. As the hall was given over to Saturday night socials, the necessary arrangements for Mass had to be made this morning. The Sisters started out early, taking vestments and other requirements for Mass. The piano was used for an altar, the vestments were laid out on an old table covered neatly with manila paper, the same table served for the wine and water cruets. The congregation numbered eighty-five. The children were remarkably well-behaved, and joined in the recitation of the rosary with great fervor."

The following facts will suggest the abundant fruit reaped by the laborious Sisters. In seeking out the children belonging to the Holy Family Church, they found

one particular district where three hundred Catholic children, chiefly of Italian parentage, were registered in the public school. But few were attending Mass because they had received no instruction in their religion. No hall was available in the district; and so something had to be done. With a prayer to the Holy Family, Sister Carmel and a companion walked about the locality in search of some place where the children could be assembled. An empty, somewhat dilapidated box-factory was chosen. The Sisters regarded it as a wonderful discovery. It was only a block from the school and would serve their purposes admirably. How to obtain the use of it was the next problem. The owner, who lived many miles away on the Alviso Road, must have been surprised to be called on the telephone concerning his property, not indeed in regard to a purchase but only to request the use of it, rent free. The request, however, was graciously granted and the following day classes opened. From the Holy Family Church benches were supplied, the building was cleaned and aired, a crucifix, some few attractive pictures of our Lady, of the Guardian Angels, and a Holy Water font were installed. The transformation was complete; the erstwhile box-factory was a chapel. Many of the children were in sad need of instruction. Some did not know their prayers and both boys and girls above the age of fourteen had to be prepared for first Confession.

It was almost pathetic to witness the eagerness with which these children ran to the 'hall' after school, the earnestness with which they drank in the truths of faith and studied the Catechism. It could only be accounted for by the impulse of the Holy Spirit urging these young souls to seek for knowledge of the way which leads to life everlasting. So it seemed to a Sister one day when having promised them a story as a treat, she received this re-

sponse: "Oh, Sister, never mind the story. We just want to learn about God."

A Sister tells of getting a confessional into the carriage to bring it out to a house on the Berreyessa Road, where children gathered for Catechism. A prie-dieu from the chapel to which had been attached a frame encasing a piece of wire screening was somehow squeezed into the carriage. This was arranged in one room. A small shrine in another with crucifix where the children might kneel to say their Penance, made the little house seem just like church. Most of the children had never been in a church. When a class had been prepared, a priest, from the Church of the Precious Blood, came out to hear their confessions.

A mission in which great good has been accomplished is that known as St. Edward's Hall on Hobson Street. It is in St. Joseph's parish but at quite a distance from the church. The Sisters when disposing of their annual lecture tickets in that vicinity met a number of Catholic children who were attending Protestant services in this hall every Sunday morning. They immediately secured the use of it for Saturday mornings. Sister Carmel then spoke to Rev. Father Culligan, pastor of St. Joseph's, who had been most anxious that these children should be properly instructed and through his co-operation a class opened with ten children present on September 21, 1912.

What such encouragement and zeal on Father's part together with the regular instruction on Saturdays and the visitation of the children, accomplished is noted in a record of a few months later. We read that fifty children were present at a May Crowning in the hall, and that twenty of them, who were being prepared for First Communion, were taken to St. Joseph's Church for first Confession.



CHILDREN'S DAY HOME, SAN JOSE

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The following account copied from the San Jose Mercury of May, 1919, shows the further growth of this "mission":

"The inaugural ceremonies of the new St. Edward's Hall on Hobson and Vendome Streets were held yesterday morning at 8 o'clock under the directorship of the Rev. Ignatius Lopez, S. J. Eighteen children approached the altar and received Communion for the first time. After Mass they renewed their Baptismal vows.

"The little chapel was beautifully decorated with roses and lilies, and during the celebration of the Mass and the blessing of the hall, appropriate music was most effectively rendered by the choir. Father Lopez addressed the children after reading the gospel of the day which was on the transfiguration of Christ. He drew a touching and beautiful parallel between the vision of glory given to the chosen disciples who witnessed the transfiguration and the gracious revelation of the divine love of Christ for the little ones He was calling to Himself that morning to fill them with faith and the spirit of prayer and to clothe them with innocence of life.

"After the First Communicants had passed to their places in the chapel, the more advanced pupils of the Sunday School succeeded them at the altar together with a number of the relatives and friends of the children who wished to mark the happy occasion by receiving Communion with them. The attendance was very large and all were deeply interested in the ceremonies.

"St. Edward's Hall for Sunday School is devoted to the religious instruction of Catholic children living in the northern part of the city and at too great a distance to attend the instructions given at the parish centers. Father Lopez, attached to St. Joseph's church, is the spiritual director at St. Edward's and the teaching and

the preparation of the children for the reception of the Sacraments is the chosen work of the Sisters of the Holy Family, who go about the city doing good in their quiet, self-effacing way. They have accepted this charge in addition to their day nursery responsibilities, and their daily service of the needy and the suffering."

Besides these catechetical labors, the Sisters of San Jose have had marked success in Day Homes and sewing schools. In the early days one of the Sisters writing home says:

"We have had such a joy this afternoon that I must needs tell you of it. A new pupil came to the sewing class five weeks ago; when giving her name, age, school, etc., she said very simply that she belonged to no Church and was never baptized. Well, she was baptized today, her sixteenth birthday, having attended Sr. Baptist's class with several other large girls who are preparing for the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist. Last Saturday a girl of thirteen was baptized, she received the name of Agnes. Another took the name of Mary."

The same Sister writes a few months later: "The Feast of St. Teresa was marked by a very great happiness. A few weeks ago the Sisters were called to attend a particularly pitiful case—a mother and her four little ones deserted by their father. Help was asked for them through the daily papers. The children were brought to the Convent and cared for until homes could be secured for them. In the meantime the three oldest were instructed for Baptism, the mother being a Catholic. Today the four children were baptized, and the mother went to confession for the first time since her marriage. The oldest girl was named Elizabeth."

At the end of the first year the sewing school registered a hundred and forty children, and the Day Home

had seventy-five in daily attendance. More Sisters were needed as the work increased and at the present writing there are nineteen in the Community. The most notable, but, by no means the greatest, glory of the Sisters in San Jose is their work during the Influenza epidemics of 1918 and 1919. Of this we have already spoken. Here we need but add one word in honor of Sister M. Carmel to whose untiring efforts, the work begun so auspiciously by Sister Baptist, was carried out in such a magnificent way.

Sister Carmel's death occurred in 1918. It was indeed a heavy loss to her Community. Always a sufferer, she had been in San Francisco for medical attention when the news came of the sudden death of her much-beloved brother. This shock seemed to aggravate her own disease and quite suddenly the end came on the morning of March 8. The funeral took place from the Mother House, but at the request of Rev. Father Culligan, her remains were left one day in the San Jose Convent that the people of that city might pay their tribute of respect and assist at a Mass for the repose of her soul.

The following letter bespeaks the kind sympathy of the Jesuit Fathers as well as the esteem in which Sister Carmel was held:

March 10, 1918.

DEAR SISTER TERESA:

I have just learned with very great sorrow of the death of Sister M. Carmel, one of the pioneers of your Congregation and a very dear friend of mine. May God have mercy on her soul.

I offer my sympathy to yourself and to the entire Community in this very great loss, humanly speaking. But looking at things from the supernatural plane, such a death is the gate to life eternal. In Heaven she will

be able to do far more for her beloved Community and her dear poor and dearer children than she ever could upon earth.

San Francisco and its various charities owe very much to Sister Carmel, San Jose owes much more. Her memory will remain in benediction. She was a sweet gentle character filled with a great love for God, our Lord and His poor and a devoted Spouse of Christ. I shall offer my Holy Mass tomorrow for her dear soul.

Rev. Father Whittle and Rev. Father Rector and Fr. Woods and the other Fathers unite with me in this expression of sympathy and all promise their prayers.

May our dear Lord deign to comfort you all in this great sorrow.

Devotedly in the Sacred Heart,

RICHARD A. GLEESON, S. J.

Sister M. Clare was appointed Superior in July and under her administration further work has been taken up. The staff of Sisters had at Sister Carmel's death increased to fifteen, but at the present writing, nineteen workers are kept constantly busy.

Los Gatos, Milpitas, Palo Alto and Mayfield have been added to the list of towns in whose parishes, the Sisters conduct Sunday Schools, the two last named places being the most recent, started in 1922.

The carriage has given way to an automobile which takes the Sisters about to the various fields of catechetical labor. Up the slope of Mt. Hamilton, where a garage makes an excellent class-room, out to Agnew, to St. Edward's Hall on Hobson street, out to the Willows the Sisters go, to impart religious instruction.

A recent report shows a total of three thousand children registered in San Jose and neighboring towns, and

the following well established centers: St. Elizabeth's Day Home; Santa Maria Hall; Church of the Five Wounds; Church of the Precious Blood; Holy Family Church; St. Edward's Hall; and, on the outskirts, classes at the Willows; at Agnews; on Mt. Hamilton, and the parish churches of Los Gatos; Palo Alto; Mayfield; Portola and Milpitas.

That the Sisters work among public school children is appreciated even by the public school officials is evidenced in the following tribute from the former Principal of the Grant School in San Jose and the present Superintendent of Schools in Santa Clara County.

"As I have made public education my life work," he writes, "I am keenly interested in all agencies which have to do with the development of the child-life of my community. Being chairman of the County Charities Commission I am likewise concerned with the activities of all institutions which have for their purpose the ameliorating the social conditions in my community. In both of these fields of endeavor I find many splendid agencies supplementing the work of the county and state, but none which occupy a more affectionate place in the hearts of the people than the Sisters of the Holy Family. I cannot speak too highly of the service which they have rendered to the people of the foreign settlements of our city. While this service is only a small part of their endeavor it is the one with which I am most familiar and of which I am most competent to speak.

Without the kindly ministrations, both material and spiritual, of these good Sisters the work of the school, difficult as it is, would be made infinitely more difficult, and the distribution of public philanthropy, one of the most aggravating of governmental functions, would be almost intolerable."

How the people of San Jose appreciate the work of the Sisters, was clearly demonstrated when, on the occasion of the special Jubilee celebration in that city on November 12, 1922, the great Jesuit Church of St. Joseph was crowded to overflow. San Jose seemed to emulate San Francisco—of San Francisco's celebrations we shall give an account in future chapters of this book. The friends of the Holy Family Sisters transformed the spacious Sanctuary into a veritable bower of ferns and palms and other green foliage, so copious in Santa Clara Valley, and interspersed the green with such a profusion of golden chrysanthemums that no one could mistake the significance of it all; it was so suggestive of a golden anniversary. Under the brilliant light of a thousand candles, the Sanctuary presented a solemnly religious background for the red cassocks and rare lace surplices of the acolytes and the gold vestments of the officiating clergy.

The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, the Rev. John C. Grisez, S. J., assisted by the Rev. Henry D. Whittle, S. J., and the Rev. J. F. Collins, S. J. The Rev. John Nestor, S. J.; John D. Walshe, S. J.; and Henry Blackmore, S. J., were in the Sanctuary. The music for the occasion being under the direction of Carl Fitzgerald, choir director. Father D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., of San Francisco, delivered the Jubilee address.

In the afternoon the Sisters held open house at their Vine Street residence, where, with the assistance of Mrs. R. S. Johnson and other ladies of the city, they welcomed the hundreds of friends who called to congratulate them. The festivities were brought to a fitting conclusion with solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the devotional little Convent chapel. Father Grisez officiated, being assisted by Fathers Butler and Biagini.

CHAPTER X

Oakland



ISTERS JOSEPH AND AGNES, AT THE REquest of His Grace the Most Reverend Archbishop Riordan, were sent to Oakland, in May, 1911, for the purpose of selecting a site for an establishment in that city. They made a thorough investigation of available sites and prices and, on their return home, expressed a preference for a house on Linden Street. His Grace was willing to leave the matter entirely to their judgment; but Sister Teresa, after diligent inquiry about the house and the location, would not give her consent to the purchase until she was able to inspect it in person. She was at the time confined to a bed of sickness; but on her recovery, she set the day for her trip to Oakland and ordained that nothing be done in the matter until after her trip.

On May 13, she appealed to one of her faithful and never failing friends, Mrs. M. H. de Young, for the use of her limousine. Mrs. de Young complied as a matter of course. No one ever refused when Sister Teresa asked. And so, accompanied by two other Sisters, she left the Convent for Oakland. She did not like the house that had been selected. It was not, in her opinion, suited for the work of the Sisters. It was too small, not conveniently located and there were no prospects of future growth. Accordingly she instructed the chauffeur to drive about the city. She hoped to find a more commodious building, that

would serve all the purposes of convent life and of the Sisters' activities. After viewing several properties that were for sale, she resolved to make a visit to St. Mary's Church at Seventh and Jefferson Streets. Many years before Rev. Father M. King had asked the Sisters to make a foundation in this parish and had offered them a house on the Church property at Seventh and Grove Streets. The Sisters could not accept the invitation at that time and now Sister Teresa thought that it would be of advantage to inspect the site.

But St. Joseph, the Guardian of the Holy Family, had other plans, and they were carried out in a way that could not have been anticipated. The chauffeur, unacquainted with the streets of Oakland, drove by mistake to St. Joseph's Church, at Seventh and Chestnut Streets. When Sister discovered the mistake she smilingly said: "Never mind, we shall make a little visit in St. Joseph's. Her two companions went into the Church and on returning to the limousine were greeted with the remark: "There is a large house at the corner of Eighth and Chestnut. It seems to be for sale." It was, indeed, a large house, with spacious grounds, and unoccupied; but the notice of sale had been taken down. On inquiring the Sisters were told, to their disappointment, that it had been for sale for some weeks but undoubtedly a purchaser had been found. Sister, with her usual faith in St. Joseph, was not discouraged. She felt sure that he had guided the limousine to his church for a purpose.

She had an agent inquire about the property and before many days she was able to report to the Archbishop that St. Joseph had found a most desirable house in a good location. His Grace was pleased and advised Sister to begin the necessary renovations at once. The purchase price was considered a bargain. The house of fourteen



HOLY FAMILY CONVENT, PIEDMONT

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rooms was well built in the center of a large northeast corner lot 100x145 ft. and was surrounded by trees and beautiful palms. On May 24, the purchase was completed.

During the summer months the work of renovating was commenced. The parlor was converted into a chapel; the library, into a community room; the second floor, arranged for a Day Home and the spacious attics, transformed into dormitories for the Sisters.

The Archbishop was very keenly interested in this new foundation and on June 19, 1911, he sent a letter to the parish priests of Oakland requesting them to read it in their churches on Sunday. At the same time he authorized the Sisters to collect the means of defraying the expenses incurred. The Archbishop's letter is at once a glowing tribute to the work of the Sisters and a cordial introduction of the Holy Family Community to the people of Oakland.

June 19, 1911.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

It gives me great pleasure to announce to you and to your people that the Sisters of the Holy Family whose Mother-house is at Hayes and Fillmore Streets in this City, have established a Convent and Home in Oakland. They have recently purchased and have already taken possession of a very desirable property situated on the northeast corner of Eighth and Chestnut Streets. They are now engaged in renovating the house and to it they will add a suitable hall for the use of the children who are to benefit by their work.

The Holy Family Sisters devote themselves primarily to the children of our parishes. They work everywhere in conjunction with the parochial Clergy who find them invaluable helpers in everything that pertains to the welfare of the little ones of their flocks. Especially are

they gleaners of the field, searching after and recovering the lost, the careless and the neglected. These they bring back to active relationship with their several parish churches, instructing them and preparing them for the reception of the Sacraments. In many parishes in San Francisco the Sisters, under the respective pastors, are in active charge of the Sunday Schools.

Though it is primarily concerned with the interests of the children, the work of the Sisters by its very nature necessarily touches a wider circle, so that they exert a wholesome influence upon the entire religious life of the community in which they live and labor.

The Sisters of the Holy Family are well known and loved in San Francisco where for many years they have devoted themselves to the cause of charity and religion in their special field. Quietly, almost without observation, morning after morning, they scatter from their Mother-house, some to do the work assigned to them in their parishes, and others to take charge of the two Day Homes which they have established in different parts of the City. Through these agencies hundreds of our children, during their earliest years, are daily brought under the religious and refining influence of these faithful women. Our people have appreciated the value of their services, and have readily and generously supported the Sisters, and enabled them to maintain their Mother-house and Day Homes.

The property newly purchased by the Sisters needs to be paid for, and their work to be supported. When they come to make their appeal, I am confident that they will find Oakland no less appreciative and generous than San Francisco has been. I do not feel that the Sisters of the Holy Family are altogether strangers in Oakland or that they need to be formally introduced there. However,

I wish you would read this letter to your congregations, and bespeak for the Sisters the cordial welcome of your people. Their gentleness, their devotedness, their self-sacrifice, in a word, the genuine charity and religious spirit of the Sisters will, I am sure, once they are known, win them the host of friends they deserve.

My blessing goes with them in their new field of labor, and with it an earnest prayer for many years of fruitful service.

Sincerely yours,
✠ P. W. RIORDAN,
Archbishop of San Francisco

On the Feast of the Guardian Angels, October 2, 1911, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Msgr. Prendergast, V.G., Fathers McNally, Dempsey, and Galli dedicated the new Holy Family Convent and St. Vincent's Day Home, which were all under the same roof, the second floor being entirely reserved for the use of the Day Home. The Archbishop named the Home 'St. Vincent's.' The Sunday School work of the Sisters was begun at once, first at St. Louis Bertrand's, at Elmhurst, and a little later at St. Bernard's, Melrose, and later at St. Joseph's, in Oakland.

Sisters from the San Franicsco convent assisted in the house-to-house solicitation for assistance, which was continued for three months in Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley. The results were gratifying; a considerable part of the purchase price and remodelling expenses, was liquidated.

With the approval of the Most Reverend Archbishop, Sister M. Gertrude was appointed superior of the Oakland convent and while laboring ceaselessly to give the new work a good start, she devoted much time to the

interior furnishings of the convent. The chapel, with temporary altar, was not in readiness until October 10. On that day, Reverend Edward Dempsey, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, celebrated Mass and the Sisters had the consolation of knowing that thereafter the Blessed Sacrament would be kept in the Tabernacle. Assisting Father Dempsey there were many representatives of the Oakland clergy, among them Rev. P. J. Keane; Rev. J. Kiely; Rev. J. Butler; Rev. J. Galli; Rev. B. McKinnon. Sister M. Teresa with Sister Carmel and several Sisters from San Francisco were also present at the Mass. The Sisters' choir from the Mother House sang during the services.

A detailed account of the first months in Oakland has been preserved in the Convent diary, from which we have selected the following items.

"October 15: Rev. J. Galli of the Salesian Society was appointed Confessor of the Community.

"October 16: St. Vincent's Day Home was opened. The first children received were twin boys of three and a half years. The father, a Catholic, was sick in the hospital, the mother, a Protestant, was working in San Francisco. The children were baptized Catholics. They lived in Alameda and were brought to the Home by the mother on her way to work. Three girls, who before the earthquake had attended St. Francis Home, entered the afternoon classes.

"The Sisters hear Mass at St. Joseph's Church, one block distant from the Convent. Once a week Mass is offered in the chapel.

"November 1: Eighty-two children were cared for in the Day Home. There are eight Sisters in the Community.

"November 15: The Feast of St. Gertrude was happily spent by the Community. A beautiful ostensorium,

the gift of the young ladies of the Immaculate Conception Sodality of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, San Francisco was received by Sister Gertrude, who had been for some years directress of that Sodality. Rev. B. C. Redahan, the Pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's, gave Benediction in the afternoon. It was the first time that the blessing of the Eucharistic Lord had been received in the little Oakland chapel.

"November 23: Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan accompanied by Father John Cantwell, paid a visit to the Convent. His Grace was pleased with the location and the house, but much more pleased with the large number of children who were attending the Day Home and afternoon classes."

Soon the Sisters became the recipients of many precious gifts for the chapel and Home. Kind friends in San Francisco interested in the work just commencing in a new field were anxious to help and in a short time everything that could be desired for comfort and utility was provided. Sister Teresa, fearing that her dear Sisters might be tempted to deprive themselves of comfort in their zeal for the furtherance of their work, ordered supplies for the dormitory and dining room.

"Christmas Day, Holy Mass was offered on the beautiful new altar, a memorial gift in memory of Mrs. Mary Chambers. The first Mass was at 5:30; the second, at 6:15. The smallness of the Sanctuary and of the Chapel made the Sisters feel nearer to the Babe of Bethlehem. Sister Teresa called in the afternoon and expressed her surprise and pleasure at the work accomplished in so short a time in Oakland."

Holidays over and the first difficulties surmounted, the Oakland Sisters resumed their work with renewed ardor. There were in the neighborhood of the Convent five public

schools, from all of which children came for instructions in the afternoon. It was a mixed gathering, including children of Irish, German, American, Italian, Portuguese, Slavonian, French, Swedish and Scotch parents. Among them were several non-Catholics and one young Jew. Even The daily papers of Oakland, which are not always favorably disposed to Catholic activities, paid a glowing tribute to the Sisters. "During the last few months," one account reads, "The Sisters have established themselves in this city to devote their time and labors to the work of caring for little children. The work is well known in San Francisco, where for many years they have labored with untiring zeal for thousands of children, and where they have received the generous support of all classes of citizens. Four large Day Homes in different parts of San Francisco receive every morning a large number of little ones whose mothers go to work with confidence, knowing that their children are safe while they labor for their sustenance and shelter. There are spacious nurseries, well-lighted and containing dainty cribs, playrooms with toys and pictures, kindergartens with games and refectories with their rows of well appointed tables and high chairs.

"The present Home on Eighth Street is but a miniature of all this, but the Sisters feel confident that the generosity of the public will make possible in the near future a large and commodious building devoted entirely to the children, where the many hard working mothers of our Community will find safe shelter for their little ones during their hours of work. In connection with the Home, the Sisters have opened a sewing school, and already nearly a hundred girls have availed themselves of the opportunity to learn the art of needlework. Catechetical instruction is the primary work of the Institute, and the Sisters seek out and encourage all boys and girls in need of instruction to at-

tend their classes. This brings them in close touch with many cases of neglect and suffering, and though the children are their first care, their work necessarily reaches a wider circle. They exert a wholesome influence upon the entire community among which they live and labor.

"As the work depends entirely for its financial support on the voluntary contributions of the charitably disposed, the Sisters hope to meet with the co-operation which will enable them to extend their labors."

The appeal bore immediate fruit. Assistance came from many quarters and the people of Oakland took an active and helpful interest in the Sisters' work. On October 14, to mention but one instance, an "At Home" was given by Dr. and Mrs. O. D. Hamlin in their beautiful residence. This affair netted a substantial sum for the benefit of the work in which the doctor has been much interested ever since. He has been one of the kindest benefactors the Sisters have had in Oakland. Not only does he give his professional services free, but he assists them financially whenever they are in need.

In February, 1915, the Sisters extended their labors to East Oakland, where the Salesian Fathers opened a Mission chapel. One hundred and sixty public school children were present on the opening day. At the same time the Sisters were invited to begin catechetical work in St. Ambrose's Church, West Berkeley. Soon they were repeating the work accomplished in San Francisco and in San Jose, teaching Christian Doctrine in nearly every parish where parochial schools were not in operation.

Nor did they neglect their usual entertainments. In May 1912, they had the annual consecration of the Day Home children to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Hanna was present on the occasion. He was accompanied by Father Kennedy of St. Mary's

Church, and by Rev. Fathers Serda, Dempsey, Galli, Barry, and Coppa. All enjoyed the little program that was presented by the children.

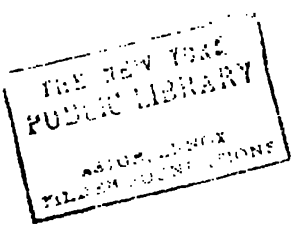
In December of the same year the Christmas Tree Festival was held in the Knights of Columbus Hall, the use of which was kindly donated for the occasion. The hall was filled by the clergy, friends, and benefactors of the Sisters. After the program, well rendered by the children, Reverend Fathers Keane and Kennedy assisted Santa Claus—impersonated by one of the Knights—to distribute the dolls, toys, and candies so generously furnished by the kind friends of the Home. On Christmas Eve, at the invitation of Father Dempsey, the children attended the Christmas Tree given by the Elks at their Hall. The children repeated two of the numbers of our own festival, by the request of the gentlemen on the Program Committee. The audience was delighted and surprised at their cleverness and good singing. Santa Claus was most generous with his gifts and the children returned to the Home in the cars donated by the Oakland Traction Company.

Such had been the growth of the Oakland establishment that in February 1916, His Grace, Most Reverend E. J. Hanna, called a meeting of the Pastors of Oakland in order to raise funds for the building of a new Day Home. The meeting was held at the Rectory of St. Mary's Church and Rev. Robert Sampson was appointed by his Grace to direct a bazaar, which the committee decided to hold in May. After the meeting the Archbishop and Father John Cantwell visited the Convent and enjoyed a visit with the children. One little boy admired the Archbishop's hat and said: "When I am a man I will wear a hat like that." His Grace playfully placed his hat on the little boy's head and the youngster walked





CHILDREN'S DAY HOME, OAKLAND


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proudly about, fancying that he was a man already. His companions admired the performance and aspired to the same honor so strenuously that it was necessary to rescue the hat from destruction.

The preliminary meeting for the May Festival or bazaar, was called at Knights of Columbus Hall, by Rev. R. Sampson. About one hundred representative ladies attended and it was decided to have each parish represented by a booth. The Knights offered their hall and Rev. Father Keane offered his; but the ladies did not consider either of them sufficiently large for the purpose. Accordingly the Festival was held in the Pacific Building. It lasted four days from May 24 to May 27. The following somewhat glowing description will give an idea of its artistic success.

"The hall is a bower of beauty and the different booths rival each other. The Lady of Lourdes Booth is especially attractive with its beautiful statue of our Lady enthroned on high in a bower of wisteria, orchids, and lilies of the valley. The booths are titled as their decorations suggest. Fruit blossoms, ferns, and foliage mingle with golden poppies and roses and hence the names: 'Rosemary,' 'Marguerite,' 'Rose of Killarney,' 'Fruitvale Blossoms,' 'Ivy,' 'House of Gold,' 'Carmel,' etc., etc. To the young ladies who have been indefatigable in preparing the decorations, much praise is due, while to the Sisters in charge of Parochial Schools in Oakland and to the Christian Brothers of St. Mary's College the Holy Family Sisters are indebted for many beautiful posters. The array of fancy articles—many of them expensive and beautiful—will tempt buyers, even those who are not disposed to give for sweet charity's sake, and no doubt when the Festival closes the Children's Day Home will have a substantial sum for its needs."

In January 1917, Sister M. Gertrude was recalled to San Francisco to assist Sister M. Teresa, and Sister M. de Sales was appointed Superior of the Oakland Convent. Under her administration the work has grown and is continuing to bear abundant fruit.

The following items are taken from the Convent diary:

June 2, 1917: Two children of Mrs. O. Sutro, Oscar and Barbara, received their first Holy Communion in the Convent chapel. They had been prepared by one of the Sisters as their elder sister Mary had been prepared the previous year. Rev. Father Lacy of St. Leo's Church celebrated the Mass. Mrs. Sutro is the daughter of one of the first and most faithful friends of the Sisters—Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan.

June 30: The Superintendent of the Public Schools, accompanied by one of the members of the Board of Education, visited the Day Home, having been advised to see our Nursery and other features of the Day Home work, as something of the kind in connection with the Public School Department was under contemplation. They expressed great admiration for the manner in which the Home was conducted and gladly availed themselves of the invitation to see the Day Homes in San Francisco.

July, 1922: The number of Sisters in Oakland has now increased to twelve. The necessity of more room for Day Home children has long been pressing and a new building exclusively for their use has been under consideration. An advantageous purchase has but recently been made, that of the old home of Mr. H. Butters at Piedmont, known as "Alta Vista." Instead of a new building the Convent at Eighth and Chestnut Streets will be renovated and will make a comfortable and commodious Day Home for the children, while "Alta Vista" will be used as the Sisters' future Convent.



CHAPTER XI

Los Angeles

EAGERLY WERE THE SERVICES OF THE HOLY Family Sisters sought for by the late Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty during his administration of the southern Diocese; but the Sisters were so overburdened with work in San Francisco, San Jose and Oakland that none could be spared for the new field of labor. Bishop John J. Cantwell was more successful. He appealed to the Sisters almost as soon as he entered upon his episcopal duties; but it was not until January 28, 1921, that a Mission House in Los Angeles could be considered. On that day Sister Teresa received the following communication from the Rev. Wm. E. Corr, Director of the Bureau of Catholic Charities of the southern Diocese:

MY DEAR SISTER TERESA:

I have been talking with the Right Reverend Bishop regarding the possibility of bringing the Sisters of the Holy Family to Los Angeles.

I feel that, if a start could be made, there would be a very bright future here for the work of your Order. I think vocations would be plentiful. Do you feel that you could start the Order down here? How many Sisters could you send?

I had hoped to visit San Francisco and talk the matter over with you, but I think it would perhaps be better for you to come and look over the field. We need an Order such as yours.

Kindly inform me of your ideas in the matter, and if you cannot come down, I shall try to pay you a visit shortly.

Yours very sincerely,

W. E. CORR

In reply Sister Teresa told him of the amount of work to be done in San Francisco and vicinity, but added that, if the Archbishop were willing, she would try to spare some Sisters. This letter elicited the following reply from Rt. Rev. Bishop Cantwell:

February 17, 1921.

MY DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

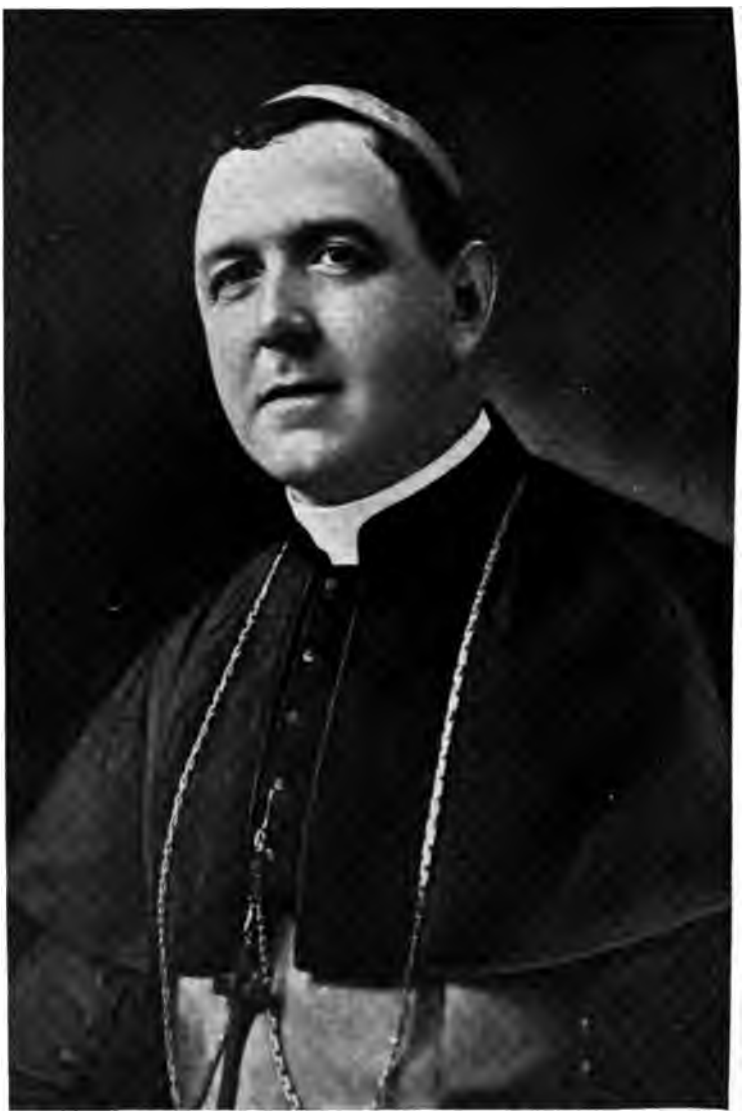
Before asking Father Corr to invite you, in my name, to the diocese of Los Angeles, I had consulted the Archbishop, who was only too glad to share with me the good things that he himself possesses.

I hope to see you before Easter, and shall then arrange for your visit, which I hope will be possible some time in May. This is a big field for the work in which you have been distinguished in San Francisco.

With every blessing to the Community, I remain

JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

Sister Teresa promised to go down in May to select a location, but being unable, on account of sickness to keep her promise, she sent two other Sisters to Los Angeles, on May 26, 1921. They went immediately to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity and secured a room for Mother Teresa and her companion who arrived on June 2. After resting a day, she began looking about for a location, and though she was not to see her daughters' home in the new Diocese, she it was who found the place



RIGHT REVEREND JOHN J. CANTWELL, D. D.
Who Introduced the Sisters Into Los Angeles

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where the home would be. In spite of the weak state of her health, she showed great zeal for the new foundation and interested herself in the search for a suitable site. She eventually determined on what she believed would answer all the purposes of a Convent home—a fine residence two blocks from the Cathedral Chapel. It was not this house that was purchased, but another and, in some respects, a finer one on the same block.

On September 12, 1921, Sister M. Gertrude and a companion went to Los Angeles to superintend the work of renovating and furnishing the newly purchased home on Beacon Avenue. They were fortunate in securing the services of the contractor who had built the house. In a month's time the Convent was ready and on the Feast of St. Teresa, October 15, Sister M. Perpetua and three companions began their work in Los Angeles.

The Sisters desired that the dedication of their new home take place on November 6, the anniversary of the foundation of the Community, but, as the Bishop had to be out of town on that day, November 11 was selected instead. Sisters Gertrude, Clare and de Sales were present. Bishop Cantwell writing to Mother Teresa tells of the dedication:

November 12, 1921.

MY DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

The only sorrow that touched our hearts yesterday, when in a solemn manner your Los Angeles house was dedicated to its noble mission, was the strong reminder that you were not able to be with us. I was deeply grieved to hear of your illness, and rejoiced on learning how quickly you shook it off. I pray that Almighty God may spare you a long time to inspire and direct your children.

The attendance at the opening of the Beacon Street house yesterday left nothing to be desired. The vest-

ments looked nice and the singing was very good. Our people will take your daughters to their hearts and make them feel at home.

I think as the days go by the Sisters whom you send here will grow greatly attached to their mission work in the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles. It must be a consolation to you, now that the greater part of the task is over, to see your community spreading itself outside the Diocese of San Francisco into the sister dioceses.

With very kind regards, I am

Very devotedly yours,

JOHN J. CANTWELL,
Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles

The following letters from the Sisters will give more details of the early days, and of what took place before the dedication of the new Convent:

Los Angeles, September 13, 1921.

DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

We reached the Convent last evening about 11 o'clock after a very delightful trip. The weather was pleasant with the exception of one warm hour or two after we left San Luis Obispo. Mr. and Mrs. M. met us at the depot with a machine and took us to the hospital. The next morning was cool and pleasant. About ten o'clock Mrs. M. called to take us to the new house. We went to see Rev. Father Corr at the office of the Bureau of Charities and received a warm welcome. He said the ladies wanted to know if they would present themselves for teaching Catechism next Sunday. He thought we had come to stay and was disappointed that we intended to return home, especially Sister A. He gave us the keys of the house and we were off for the inspection.

The house is everything you could desire. I am sure you will be pleased and surprised. It is the second house from the corner. Stone steps lead to a stone porch and balustrade. The windows facing the porch and the glass in the door are plate. The other windows leaded glass. The front door will need revarnishing and the lawn will have to be put in condition; but otherwise the exterior, which is shingled, needs no improvement. The roof is in good condition. Entering the door, you find a beautiful vestibule in Flemish oak with a stairway of the same material, but in Mission style. To the left a beautiful room, also in oak. It will be very suitable for the chapel, as the back room which was a library will answer the purposes of a sanctuary. To the right is a beautiful room, finished in fine mahogany. It can be used as a parlor. The kitchen needs renovating. So, too, does the small room which we have chosen for our refectory.

There is a spacious garden in the rear with stone steps leading down, and some beautiful shade trees. The garage, with a concrete yard opening on a twenty-foot alleyway through which the tradesmen enter, may prove serviceable later. In the cellar there is a gas furnace which was installed last year. The rooms upstairs are in good condition. The floors are of maple and the woodwork is white enamel, all in good condition. We can use them as they are. There is also a large attic suitable for dormitories. You will be delighted when you come down.

It is time now to go to the Brownson house; so I must close with the promise of another letter this evening, and with fondest love from Sister A. and your loving Sister

GERTRUDE

The letter promised for that same evening has not been preserved; but two days later an account of the work of preparation was sent from St. Vincent's Hospital.

September 15, 1921.

DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

On this beautiful Feast of the Dolors we have been thinking of the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and I am sure we have often been remembered in the visits of the Sisters to our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His Love.

We have just returned to the Hospital after a very busy day. It takes a long time to accomplish a little thing. This morning we went to the Water Company's office, and yesterday afternoon to the Gas Company. Tomorrow we will have to see about the electricity and we expect to meet Mr. M. at the Convent tomorrow morning and then we will have some idea of the expense. We went to Mrs. F.'s store this morning, but we did not meet her. We found the beds the same as the last we bought for the novitiate. They are from the same firm in the city. We have a list of prices to submit to you when we return on Saturday,—mattresses, pillows, blankets, chairs, stools, etc.

We expect to leave on Saturday morning at 8 o'clock and we will reach the City at 10:45 o'clock at night. Will you please have the machine from Kelly's garage meet us at the Third Street entrance? Sister A. does not think her brother will be in the City; besides it would be too late to ask him to come for us.

This afternoon we saw Father Corr and told him that we were to meet Mr. M. tomorrow. He is glad that we have selected him. We told him that we would let him know what the estimates would be and also the furnishings. He has not yet seen the house. He keeps asking when we are coming and tells us that the ladies keep asking him. So it seems that we must delay no longer, but make up our minds at once. Mrs. M. is very kind and

never tires of doing all she can to help us. I do not know how we should have fared without her. Tomorrow morning we will look at ranges and see about crockery and kitchen utensils.

Time for Rosary; so I will close with fondest love from Sister A. and myself to you and all the Sisters.

Your loving Sister,

GERTRUDE

When Sister Gertrude had made all the necessary arrangements for the new Community at Los Angeles, she returned to San Francisco to find that her beloved Mother Teresa was nearing the end of her very fruitful life. The burden of directing the entire Community was placed on Sister Gertrude's shoulders and while she was still interested in the new foundation in Los Angeles her greatest anxiety was for the health of Sister Teresa, while, on her part, though suffering from the effects of a slight shock, Sister Teresa was very keenly interested in the new community, wrote constantly to the Sisters, and planned to visit them as soon as health would permit.

Her letters were gratefully acknowledged by the Los Angeles Sisters and from what they wrote we may learn more of their work in that city.

October 16, 1921.

DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

Yesterday, on the Feast of St. Teresa we received a beautiful picture of the Holy Child from Mr. H., proprietor of the Catholic book store here in Los Angeles. The cross which was erected on our house rises above all the houses in the block. When we went to dinner we found a picture of St. Teresa at each of our places and we were very happy to receive it. Dear Mother, kindly

tell Sister Joseph that her picture of St. Joseph was very much appreciated as the evening before we remarked that we had no picture about, and each Sister was going to search through prayer books to find one, but Sister Joseph's arrived before we had done so, and St. Joseph immediately received a place of honor. St. Teresa also had her little shrine, lowly but sweet.

Our alarm clock insists upon going off at midnight. Sister E. is doing her best to make it behave, but has not succeeded as yet. I suppose our neighbors think we rise at midnight for prayers!

Today Sisters C., M. and myself went to Brownson House. It is a real home with a truly Catholic atmosphere. Miss D. who has charge at present refers to herself as the externe or lay Sister of the Holy Family. She had a little room all prepared for the Sisters' use. On the dresser she had a crucifix, thinking that this would please the Sisters. All the young ladies are so willing to help the instruction classes on Sunday.

Mother, it is hard to write a description of the settlement. Your heart goes out to these poor people. As we walked along the streets, they were putting their heads out of the doors and windows, and when we bowed and smiled, they smiled back with such joy in their faces. I feel they, in a short time, will think we belong to them, as the Italians do in San Francisco.

Mass was at 9 o'clock—previous to the Mass they recited morning prayers and then sang "I think when I hear that story of old." It was almost too much for us, it was so touching. Our Blessed Lord was soon to descend on the altar for these 'poor lambs of His fold' as well as for those in the most magnificent churches. Mother, I wish you could have been present. It draws tears to one's eyes just to think of it. During the Mass

they recited prayers and sang. A Japanese girl 15 years old, very refined and wearing curls, played the organ. She has been at the Brownson House since she was a small child.

Your loving child in the Holy Family,

SISTER M. P.

And again on October 24:

DEAR MOTHER TERESA:

The best way to answer all the interesting and welcome letters which have been addressed to Los Angeles during the past few weeks is a problem rather difficult to solve. I shall not try to solve it, for you, dear Mother, can do it for me.

Sister Gertrude will enjoy the fact that when Miss D. telephoned to hear if all went well on Sunday she was informed by Miss D. that the singing had never been so good and the prayers had never been said in such unison. The boys said to their teachers: "Gee! but the Sisters sing swell!" So you see, dear Mother, to receive compliments you must come south. It might seem from this that we are lacking in humility; but Sister Gertrude will tell you the rest of the joke.

Sister Joseph would have been pleased, I am sure, if she could have peeped into our community room last Sunday afternoon and viewed the six of us sitting around a table (2x4), each with at least six reference books. The hour of study seemed all too short. I must thank Sister for sending the class books so promptly.

Sister E. and I had a wonderful experience today. We paid our first visit to St. Rita's Settlement. After a rather anxious trip we arrived at our destination. We got off the car at St. Anne's Street. We had scarcely reached the sidewalk when we were surrounded by a crowd of boys and

girls who did not know whether they liked us or not at first, but soon promised to come to St. Rita's. The crowd disappeared as quickly as it had assembled, owing to the fact that a fireman turned on a hydrant near by and all ran to have a wade. Arriving at the house we discovered the number to be 1441, not Powell but South Main Street! We were received most graciously and all were delighted to hear that we had really come to begin work. There were about sixty-five children present. The greater number were quite old and all appeared in better circumstances than the little ones at the Brownson House.

I hope you are quite well, dear Mother, and will come to see us soon. Each dear Sister in Los Angeles sends her love to you and to all the dear Sisters in San Francisco and begs for prayers. Down here "the harvest is great and the laborers few." I remain

Your loving child in the Holy Family,

SISTER M. C.

Sister Teresa was far from being well. Indeed, it was evident to all that the end was near. The opening of the Home in Los Angeles was accompanied by a severe cross. Sister Teresa was dying. It was difficult to break the news to the Sisters in Los Angeles, but Sister Gertrude wrote to them and asked their prayers. Their letters tell how much they loved Sister Teresa and with what grief they heard of her sickness. They now realize that when, on leaving San Francisco, they said "Good-bye," it was for the last time, that they are never to see their beloved Mother again on this side of the grave, and they recall how all her thoughts were for the success of the mission in Los Angeles and all her solicitude for the Sisters who had been sent there as pioneer workers in a new field. The last work of her hands had been on some altar-linens for

the Los Angeles chapel. Even on the very day when she was ordered to the infirmary for the final struggle with death, she had folded and wrapped with loving care the box of altar-linens which she had prepared for the Los Angeles Convent. Still they hoped and wrote home for news or to acknowledge letters received.

"It is such a relief to have direct news even though it be not as good as we should like," writes one. "Our dear Mother! It does not seem possible that God is calling her to her reward. Little did we think that we were saying our last farewell to her that morning. But it is good that the future is hidden from us. Each Sister is very, very brave. Is not God's grace wonderful? Today we are consoling ourselves with the thought, 'No news is good news.' The Bishop has rung up twice asking if we had any news. Prayers and Masses are being offered for Mother at the Plaza where there is Forty Hours' Devotion, also at the Chapel, and in our own Convent."

On the very next day, November 22, 1921, a telegram announcing the death of Sister Teresa was received and the Los Angeles Community was grief-tricken. "Our dear dear Mother has been called to her well-earned reward!" is the burden of all the letters, and then an effort is made to be reconciled to the loss. "She planned to spend the winter with her children in the City of the Angels, but God has seen fit to call her to the City of real Angels—her eternal home above. Blessed be His Holy Will. Truly His ways are not our ways. While we are sorrowing here on earth, picture, dear Sister, her joyful meeting with Sister Dolores, Sister Agnes, Father Prendergast and Archbishop Riordan, and all the other dear ones.

"We cannot think of our Community without her. Every Sister here is bearing the great loss very bravely. God is asking a great sacrifice, but we make it willingly

endeavoring to follow in the footsteps of our dear Mother who was ever a beautiful model of submission to God's will.

"We do not need to ask you to be brave, but at the same time we realize that the weight of the cross will fall upon your shoulders, and we will pray most earnestly for you. We sympathize deeply also with Sister Joseph, Sister Baptist and all the other Sisters."

Thus from all the Sisters in Los Angeles came notes of sorrow and of sympathy. Bishop Cantwell was out of town at the time, but he very thoughtfully sent by wire a word of comfort to the bereaved Community.

"In this sad hour my heart goes out in sympathy to you and the little community exiled in Los Angeles. May Gold bless the sacrifice that you all make. May Mother Teresa rest in peace."

With deep sorrow in their hearts, but with wills strengthened by Divine Grace, the Sisters in Los Angeles continued bravely with their regular work. Today they are well established in the City of Our Lady of the Angels, ever ready to do what the Bishop or priests ask of them, ever joyful in the thought that they are in Los Angeles what Sisters Dolores and Teresa were in San Francisco. They are the pioneers. To them the "early days" of the community have come back, but not the early trials. Comfortably housed, and with well planned works, they go about through the Southern City teaching by their example as well as by their words and teaching the adult population as well as the neglected Mexican children of the settlements. May their future in the southern Diocese be as brilliant and as fruitful as their past has been in the City of St. Francis.

PART THIRD

Those That Rest In Peace
after the
Toil of the Day

"IF THOU WILT, I WILL GO INTO THE FIELD AND GLEAN THE EARS OF CORN THAT ESCAPE THE HANDS OF THE REAPERS, WHERESOEVER I SHALL FIND GRACE WITH A HOUSEHOLDER THAT WILL BE FAVORABLE TO ME."

RUTH II, 2.

CHAPTER I

The Rt. Rev. John J. Prendergast



RIESTS OF THE ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANcisco revere the memory of Father Prendergast; he was, in very truth a model of all those virtues that go to make up the life of the ideal Pastor. His name is enshrined in the hearts of Catholics as synonymous with a devoted and loving father of the people. He has been glorified by one of California's most brilliant writers—the late Charles Warren Stoddard—as a Christ-like comforter of 'Troubled Hearts.' Before God he has the additional glory of having founded a religious order. Founders receive special honor in the liturgy of the Church if by reason of heroic virtue, they are raised to the Altar. In their lives is plainly discernible the watchful Providence which Almighty God has over the souls of His children and for the advancement of the work of His Church. He chooses them from His more faithful servants and endows them with special gifts to meet critical situations or to be of service in times of spiritual and temporal needs. Thus St. Francis of Assisi was called to inaugurate the practice of self-sacrificing devotion to lowliness and poverty at a time when a frivolous world was plunging itself into deeper luxury and ease; St. Dominic, armed with wisdom and piety, was chosen to resist the fanaticism of the Albigenses; St. Ignatius, to combat the Lutheran revolt, when it threatened to destroy all respect for authority.

With none of these, except in a general way, can we compare the Founder of the Holy Family Community. He had, it is true, a wonderful lowliness of spirit like St. Francis and, though not austere in his poverty, he was acquainted with its effects—on one occasion he had to sell his library to secure enough money for his journey to Rome, which he undertook in order to avoid the episcopal dignity. His devotional exercises, his piety, his love for the rosary, marked him as a child of St. Dominic. His zeal for souls, his ardor of spirit, even in the midst of difficulties, the confidence he had that, through the blessing of God, his work would bear fruit, his estimation of things spiritual—all of these traits were genuinely Ignatian. And yet it might seem unwarranted to institute a comparison between him and these illustrious Founders. He more closely resembled St. Vincent de Paul. His love for the poor and the zeal which urged him to labor for their temporal and spiritual welfare, his humility of spirit, his constancy in action, his sweetness of disposition, his ambition to enlist in the service of God and humanity a body of women who would be ready at all times and under all circumstances to respond to the call of misery and of poverty—these virtues marked him as a genuine Vincentian.

Hardly had he begun his career of usefulness in San Francisco, when he recognized the need there was of charitable social endeavor, and he continued to devote his time and talents to the poor and the neglected until he was summoned to his reward. He was no ordinary man. When the venerable Archbishop Alemany was about to leave San Francisco, he bequeathed to his successor, as he himself expressed it, "two precious treasures: Father John J. Prendergast and Father George Montgomery." And indeed, if zeal for souls, ardent faith, and unquench-

able charity, united with a splendid example of Christian life and priestly virtues, go to make up a precious treasure, there can be no hesitation about accepting the tribute of the great Archbishop in all its literal significance.

We cannot write a complete account of Father Prendergast's life and labors, but the nature of our work demands a tribute to his memory and a brief review of those activities that bring into greater prominence his solicitude in establishing and his care in promoting any and everything that contributed to the success of the Holy Family Community.

From the earliest days of his priesthood, he had an absorbing interest in children, especially in the children of the poor. He felt a need of helpers in the work of gathering them together and giving them the benefits of Christian instruction. For years he had this work in mind and in his prayers and he often enlisted the co-operation and the prayers of his penitents and converts. When they were asked to pray for his intention, it was that God would send a suitable person to inaugurate a systematic campaign among the children of the poor and neglectful parents of his parish.

During his stay at Mission Dolores God blessed his holy ambition by sending to him Miss Elizabeth Armer. She was only a girl and had accompanied Mrs. Mary A. Tobin to the Mission Cemetery to join her in prayers for departed relatives. Afterwards the two devout women called on the assistant Pastor to have masses said for the souls in Purgatory and, from that day on, Father Prendergast took a deep interest in Miss Elizabeth Armer. She was, he thought, just the one to begin his work and when, later on, he was transferred to the Cathedral Parish, he secured her services as a Sunday School teacher and as an assistant in caring for the altars. He said nothing of his

other plans—he was a man of few words—but he consulted the Archbishop and calmly awaited the opportune time for launching his great work. Meanwhile Miss Armer felt called to religious life. She wished to devote herself entirely to the service of God and, strange as it may seem in view of her subsequent career of active service, she inclined towards a contemplative order. To her a more thorough oblation of herself to God—a more complete denial of what human nature craved for—made strong appeal. But God had other designs. When she consulted the Archbishop about the advisability of entering a contemplative order, the amiable prelate smiled as he said: "Father Prendergast and I have another work for you."

He thereupon unfolded to her the plans that had been made for the foundation of a new religious institute. More in a spirit of submissiveness to authority than with anything like personal ambition or confidence in her own power the young lady acquiesced. We have seen how her work began and how it progressed but, though we have made frequent mention of the Reverend Founder, we have not done full justice to the interest shown by this devoted priest in everything that contributed towards the growth and success of his beloved Community.

He was the spiritual director of the Sisters from 1872 until 1880 and even then he found it difficult to hand over this important charge to others. In 1880 when the Sisters had completed their novitiate, Sister Dolores insisted on the privilege of continuing to go to "Father" for confession. It meant much inconvenience—a trip to the Cathedral every Saturday—it meant some confusion and perhaps it indicated a slight human weakness. "I mean to continue," he wrote, "to be the confessor of the Sisters until the retreat, but it will not be necessary any longer.



HOLY FAMILY CONVENT, LOS ANGELES

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On the contrary it would be a loss of time, without any adequate compensation spiritually, if you were to come all the way from Hayes Street every Saturday even while living under the shadow of the Church of St. Ignatius. Besides, I think the contemplated change is for the best provided the Sisters select a confessor distinguished not so much for piety as for good sense and judgment. You should not heed your personal feelings. After all, the confessor can do but little; the real director of the soul is the Holy Spirit. At the same time, I presume, you will be free to consult me in any matter of moment—at least, as long as I occupy the position of Vicar-General."

It was prudent advice and Sister Dolores acquiesced; still until his death Father Prendergast was regarded by all, especially by the older Sisters, as their spiritual director and their guide in all things of importance. The least word uttered by him in conversation or in spiritual conference they treasured with the same reverence as they would, were it incorporated into their rule. Even his humorous letters are preserved. When, evidently without sufficient reason, Sister Dolores consulted him about the permissibility of going out at night, she received a note in which Father Prendergast, while avoiding a direct answer, left the matter entirely to the judgment of the Sisters. The note is treasured as an heirloom.

DEAR SISTER DOLORES:

With regard to going out in the evening I hardly know what opinion to give. I suppose it would depend upon circumstances. If, for example, the convent or an adjoining house were on fire, I think it would be quite lawful, whatever the Rule may be, to leave the home. It would be equally lawful, if our Holy Father, the Pope, happened to visit San Francisco and should go to see the sights on

Hayes Street. As to the particular case regarding which you consult me, is it a question of right or wrong or of greater or less? And do you propose to take the entire community with you, or only one-half? Are you to sing, or Sister Baptist? By the way, I am told Sister Baptist has a good voice.

Hoping this answer may be sufficiently lucid for all practical purposes, I remain, dear Sister,

Yours truly in the Sacred Heart,

J. PRENDERGAST, V. G.

But Father Prendergast would not indulge in anything humorous when the welfare of the Community was to be considered. On special occasions he came to the convent to give spiritual instructions. They were always solid and spiritually helpful, they always had a note of encouragement and sometimes a touch of cheerfulness, even on occasions that might otherwise be regarded as sad. Thus after Sister Dolores' death, he paid a visit to the Sisters and spoke to them as follows:

"I am happy to see the Sisters and so many of them. I knew the Sisters when they were young. I do not mean that you are so old now except inasmuch as we are all getting old, especially the first workers amongst us. I am particularly glad to see so many new Sisters coming in to take up the work, and to keep it in a flourishing condition. There is a great need for the work of the Sisters; it will be a great many years before all the parishes can be supplied with parochial schools, because it is impossible to procure the teachers. Parochial schools are necessary for the proper formation of the children, but next in importance come the Sunday Schools. You therefore supply in a large measure for the work that should be done by the parochial schools.

"I am very happy to know that at last the number of Sisters has reached to a hundred, and I hope that ere this year has passed away, the number will increase to a hundred and fifty. I have seen some of the subjects that recently applied, and was pleased, very much pleased, with them. They were bright, hopeful, cheerful, and happy in disposition. Such are the requisites for all good religious. They shouldn't have long, solemn faces; they should be bright and happy, hopeful of the future, whatever it may bring to them, and ready to accept all things as coming from God.

"Now, Sisters, I know it is not necessary to ask you to pray for me and I know nothing that I can do better than pray for you. So I shall come any morning that Sister Teresa appoints, to say Holy Mass for the Sisters.

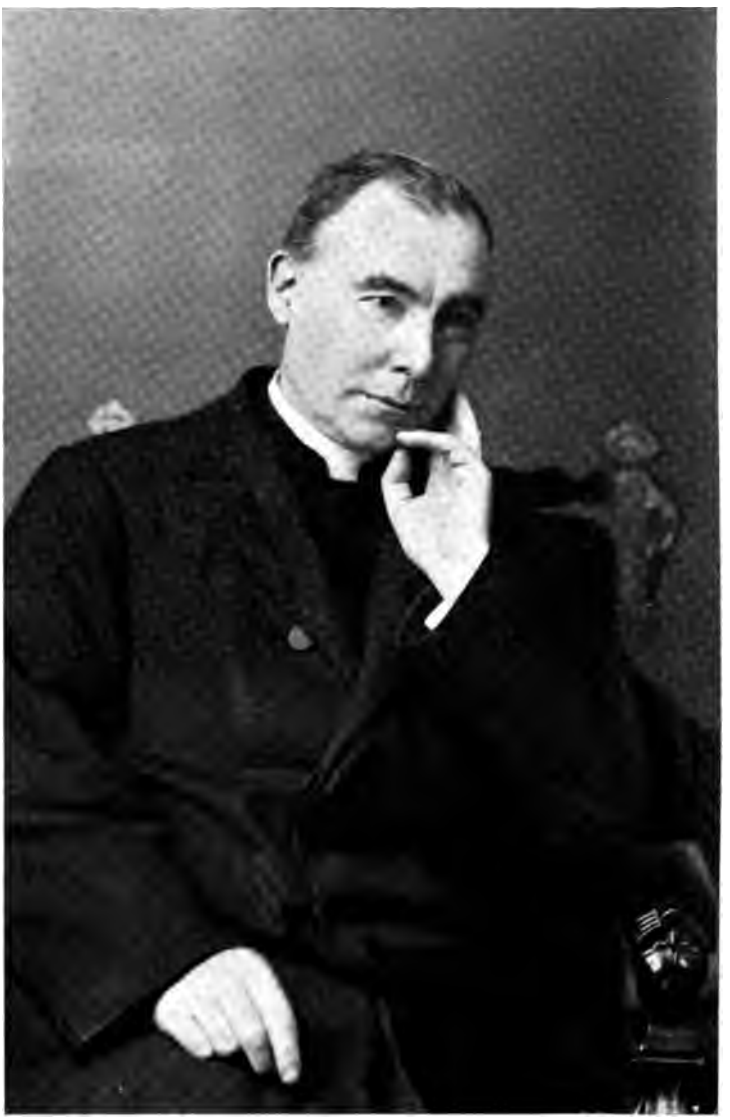
"While we are remembering the living, we must not forget the dead. We shall offer the Holy Sacrifice for Sister Dolores and the other deceased Sisters. I shall come early, but even then some of the Sisters may not be able to be present. They will have to sacrifice their pleasure to duty. Well, that is most pleasing to God, and I feel that even though Sister Dolores' glory in Heaven would be increased by the presence of more Sisters, she would sacrifice that glory, if sacrifice were possible in Heaven, in order that the Sisters do their duty. That was her spirit while she lived in our midst—a spirit of self-sacrifice and charity."

On another occasion, shortly after the celebration of his fiftieth year as a priest, Father Prendergast came to the convent and gave an exhortation to the Sisters on what might be called the Spirit of their Institute.

"It is a great happiness," he said in part, "a special grace and blessing from Almighty God to be with you this morning. It is especially a happiness to me, as it is also

to the Archbishop, to see you all so united. His Grace is pleased to see peace and union reign among you. He said that you were a great joy and consolation to him for, despite your large numbers, you gave him no trouble. You will continue thus, if you try always to see Christ in your superiors. He is the Divine Superior of all, but He works always through some created agency. God never acts directly with us except on rare occasions, through inspiration. Ordinarily He uses human agencies to manifest His will. Behind all superiors—from the Pope down and all along the ecclesiastical line—stands Jesus Christ, the *one* Superior. If an angel were to come to us from Heaven to make known the will of our Lord and Master, we should not think of doing anything else, we should not hesitate a moment to obey; yet it is just as certainly the will of God that is manifested to us by our superiors' orders as it would be were it made known by an Angel messenger.

"I realize more than ever, now that I am nearing the gates of eternity, that in this world there is only one thing of value and that is, humbly and faithfully to do the will of our Lord and Master; everything else is shadowy, vain, and fleeting. After all my experience and much thought, I have come to the unalterable conclusion that, no matter where God has placed us—in the church, in the hermit's solitude, in community life or in the bosom of the family—the only way to true peace is to see Christ in everything. Of course, I do not mean perfect peace—we can never have that in this world; Christ does not permit it. Suffering and sacrifice must come in our daily life, but these are occasions of merit. I think it was St. Francis de Sales who said that an ounce of patient endurance was worth more than years of active labor. St. Teresa said, 'Let nothing trouble you.' Nothing should trouble us but



MONSIGNOR JOHN J. PRENDERGAST, V.G.
Reverend Founder and Director of the Community

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

wrong-doing. Then a sigh of repentance, an act of humility, and all is forgiven. So try to see Christ in everything, doing your work humbly and energetically, and all will be well.

"Priests have often asked me what is the special work of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and I have always said that they were gleaners—gleaners of souls. Priests can administer the Sacraments, but after all, there are many souls they can never reach. Even in the Cathedral Parish, which was never populous, I was never able to visit any one oftener than once a month or once in two months. It is impossible for a priest, with his other duties, to seek out all these indifferent souls, and unless such work is done promptly, it cannot be done at all. In a week's time a soul may be lost. People move away or other things come up and the opportunity of gaining a soul to God may slip away unknown to the priest. I can remember one case on Pine Street, years ago—that of a child of negligent parents, whose religious training was being neglected because there was no one to go after her and urge her to attend Sunday School. I used to think then what a blessing it would be if there were only a community of Sisters to fill in and help the work of the pastor by going around and gathering up all those children who are being neglected and bring them to instruction. Negligent adults, too, you can save. I have not changed my opinions in this matter. My judgment, after many years of experience, is the same; that there is need of a religious community to go about for the neglected sheep and neglected lambs, to visit their homes when necessary, to lead them to, or back to, the fold and to hold them by proper Christian instruction.

"I may have some years yet to live—I cannot expect many—and it would be the joy of my life to see the

Sisters of the Holy Family—two or three of them at least—in every district, not only in the City, but outside, in parishes where there are no parochial schools, and even where there are parochial schools. Your work goes farther than the work of the schools; they cannot reach all, and who is to save the children of the streets and lanes? These children are always responsive. They may fall away in later life, yet they do not forget the early impressions made by religious instruction. Teaching communities could not do this and attend to their own work. St. Vincent de Paul, a great and thoughtful soul, saw this need in his own time and established the Sisters of Charity, but after awhile the Sisters began taking charge of orphans also. The number of orphans increased on their hands and they could not take care of the children at home and go out in search of others, so the work of gleaning souls was left undone. This is the special work which the Providence of God seems to have reserved for us.

"Many years ago, news came from some interior part of the state—Amador County, I think—to Archbishop Alemany, of the deplorable religious condition of the children there in the mountains. They were growing up without any knowledge of Christ and becoming the foundation for a future unchristian generation. His Grace spoke to me about it and asked if I thought it advisable to send two or three Sisters of the Holy Family to Amador County. I did not think it advisable at that time. We should always be perfectly frank with our superiors. If they ordain anything, we must submit humbly and respectfully; but if they ask our opinion we must be frank. I did not think it advisable to send two or three members away from this Community to the mountains where they could not have their regular spiritual exercises. They



would have to be more than saints to maintain religious discipline under such conditions, and without the discipline of the religious life you would be nothing. So, though the need was so great and the work of saving all those lost sheep, or rather lambs, was so glorious, I felt it was still more necessary to maintain among you the religious spirit, the discipline of the ideal Christian life. If that is lost, all is lost. I was frank in expressing my opinion and you were not sent.

"You see what work is to be done in gleaning souls in the mountains, the foothills, and the valleys, and if it is to be done at all, the Sisters of the Holy Family must do it. It is a glorious work. You have done much in the past and I feel you will yet do much. This is about all I wanted to say today.

"I thank you for your prayers, and I trust you will continue to pray for me as I will for you. I have offered my Holy Mass for you this morning, as I often have in the past, and I shall continue to do so.

"May God bless you all."

Such was the care which this model Parish Priest had of the Holy Family Sisters and such the exalted, albeit humble, ideal he set before them. But the reader is anxious to know more about the man himself to whom belongs other glories besides that of assisting at the foundation and witnessing the completion of the Holy Family Community. Many events could be chosen from his long career as a priest, but there is one which, while manifesting the esteem and admiration of his friends, both lay and clerical, affords an exceptional opportunity to study how the Holy Family Sisters endeavored to express, in some way, their gratitude to their venerable Founder, for all that he had done for them from the beginning of their labors.

Father Prendergast lived to celebrate his Golden Jubilee as a priest. It was an occasion of unusual magnificence, owing in great part to the admirable skill and artistic taste of the Sisters who had charge of the Cathedral decorations. St. Mary's Cathedral rich in its Romanesque outlines, lofty, spacious and devotional, presented a more than ordinarily glorious sight on Tuesday morning, June 29, 1909, when a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was offered in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rt. Rev. Monsignor J. J. Prendergast, V. G., then pastor of the Cathedral. Msgr. Prendergast himself was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by the priests of the Cathedral Parish; while the Archbishop, the Auxiliary Bishop and the Vicar General of the Los Angeles Diocese, in the midst of hundreds of priests and religious, attended in the sanctuary and in the body of the church, which was crowded to the doors by members of the parish and friends of the jubilarian from all parts of the City.

The beautiful high altar was ablaze with lights and richly decked with flowers—roses in profusion and a veil of rare orchids over the tabernacle. Never had the Holy Family Sisters devoted so much time and talent to the work of decorating the Cathedral. The giant candelabra shone with hundreds of lights, while the immense vases at either side were filled with great clusters of American Beauty roses. The columns of the Sanctuary were twined with trailing greenery bearing in gold letters on the right and left respectively the legend "1859"—"1909." The great electric clusters too were covered with the fragile asparagus-fern, while the altar railing and the pulpit were similarly draped and festooned with golden leaves. All the fairest productions of nature, all the exquisite attractions of art, and all the magnificence of religious ceremo-

nial blended in richest harmony to render this jubilee worthy of the noble priest in whose honor it was celebrated and to express, in some way, the gratitude of his beloved Sisters. Crimson and gold predominated, because crimson was Msgr. Prendergast's favorite color. The gold vestments, gifts of the jubilee, were worn at the Solemn High Mass, making the scene one of truly golden loveliness.

The solemn services began at 10 o'clock and with the groupings of prelates, priests, religious and acolytes, the scene was an impressive one of light and color, the trailing Tyrian purple silk of the altar boys' robes—the silver jubilee gift of the Sisters of the Holy Family to Archbishop Riordan—harmonizing perfectly with the robes of the bishops. But the heart and center of the scene was at the altar, where humbly and holily, as he stood many and many a time through fifty years, the venerable jubilarian celebrated his Mass. No one could resist the silent impressiveness of that figure, nor fail to join with him, heart and soul, in the solemn, yet joyful spirit of the occasion. No one could but lift up his heart in thanksgiving for being present, and in fervent prayer that God would give the jubilarian many years more to labor for His glory and the salvation of souls.

Msgr. Prendergast's assistants at the Mass were as follows: Rev. J. B. Hannigan, deacon; Rev. Chas. A. Ramm, sub-deacon; Rev. Wm. P. Sullivan, Rev. J. M. Byrne, masters of ceremonies; Archbishop Riordan was attended by Rev. P. J. Cummins and Rev. Jos. Sasia, S. J.; Bishop O'Connell by Rev. John E. Cottle and Rev. M. D. Connolly; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Harnett, V. G., of Los Angeles by Rev. P. E. Mulligan and Rev. E. P. Dempsey. The Sisters of the Holy Family were present in a body in the church, while Rev. D. O. Crowley, President of the

Youth's Directory, represented that institution which also owes its origin to the venerable pastor of the Cathedral. Every religious order in the Archdiocese was represented by large numbers.

Just before the last gospel, the Most Rev. Archbishop advanced to the Communion rail and spoke a few words appropriate to the occasion. He told of Msgr. Prendergast's wish that nothing be said about him personally, but added that he could not help giving utterance, on such a festive occasion, to his heartfelt congratulations to the Vicar who had finished a half-century in the service of the Church. Later in the day the Archbishop addressed the priests who had gathered to felicitate the venerable jubilarian. "I should like to express my personal indebtedness to him," he said with much feeling. "Always has he been to me a wise counsellor and a true friend. The service rendered to the Archdiocese by the Vicar General has been such as to be an example to all priests. His life has been an open book, and there is not a blot on any page. The character of Msgr. Prendergast has been of such nobility that the laity have looked up to him as a bright mark. I have already used the words, but I want to repeat them—he is a model priest and a devoted friend."

Msgr. Prendergast was visibly affected as he rose to thank the Archbishop for his warm tribute. He said: "I feel that the words came really from his heart, and my thanks to him come from my heart. I thank also the clergy, one and all, for their testimony of friendship and devotion."

In the evening, the Sisters of the Holy Family had the happiness of having the model priest and devoted friend attend an entertainment given by their children of the Cathedral Sunday School. The numbers, appropriate

and interesting, were well rendered and showed the grateful esteem and affection of the young, as well as the older members of the flock, for their Pastor. The pretty costumes worn were specially designed for the event. The principal feature was an allegorical drama "The Claim of Two Countries," Ireland and California, each doing honor to Msgr. Prendergast, and the finale was a grand pantomime, "The First Te Deum." The tableaux were magnificent, and enhanced by colored spot-lights thrown on from time to time, gave an appropriate finishing touch of light and glory to a very happy feast-day.

In the midst of his honors, Father Prendergast did not forget his Sisters and the children of the Day Homes. On Thursday, the Rev. Jubilarian devoted the afternoon to the children, who entertained him with an interesting program in their hall at Holy Family Convent, where a stage, scenery and electric lights had been arranged for the occasion. A number of the clergy and other friends of Msgr. Prendergast enjoyed with him the varied numbers. The afternoon closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in the Convent chapel. All heartily expressed the wish of the Jubilee song: "May the diamonds in his crown outshine the gold."

In the summer of 1913 the health of Monsignor Prendergast became the object of considerable anxiety for the Sisters. Sister Teresa asked of Archbishop Riordan the great privilege of receiving him into the convent and caring for him until his death. His Grace, however, decided that Monsignor needed the constant attention which only a hospital can afford, and sent him to St. Mary's for the remaining months of his earthly sojourn. The Sisters visited him frequently and, during his last week on earth, two Sisters were constantly by his bedside both day and night. Sister Teresa remained at the hospital during the

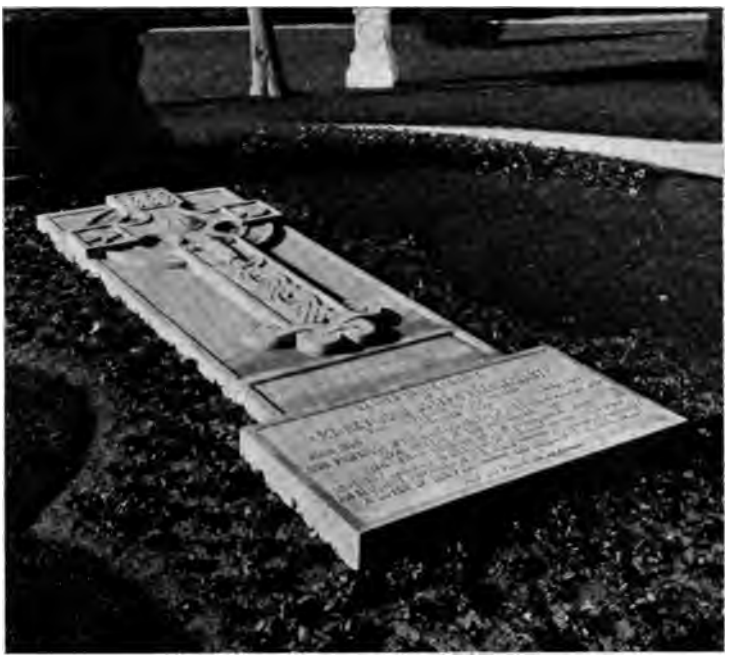
entire week. Though apparently unconscious at times to all about him, Father recognized her voice whenever she spoke and seemed to feel a certain solace in the thought that she and the Sisters were with him to console him in his passage to Eternity. He died at two o'clock on the morning of January 19, 1914.

His death, though expected, was a severe blow to his many friends and the honor paid him by the immense throng that filled St. Mary's Cathedral, bore witness to the affection with which San Francisco cherished his memory. Men and women of all grades and stations in life were there, young and old, rich and poor alike, and many a tear-stained face looked wistfully towards the coffin placed in front of the Sanctuary, whilst through many a mind thoughts passed, of the days when Father Prendergast was their friend and counsellor, and his pulsing heart went out to them in sympathy and charity.

The clergy was numerously represented. In the Sanctuary Archbishop Riordan presided. Bishop Edward J. Hanna celebrated Pontifical Requiem Mass. Bishop Grace of Sacramento was present and besides these prelates and their attendants and assistants, many priests and religious were seated in the Sanctuary. In the body of the church sat the clergy in large numbers, along with the Brothers of Mary and numerous representatives from every Sisterhood in the Diocese, the Sisters of the Holy Family occupying, of course, a prominent place.

Catholic organizations were represented by a delegation and, from far and near, men and women had come to pay their last respects to the beloved Vicar. The floral offerings were few, but those in evidence were of magnificent proportions, prominent among them a large cross in white with a purple stole entwining it, sent by the combined Young Ladies' Institutes.





THE GRAVE OF FATHER PRENDERGAST

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
RT. REV. JOHN JOSEPH PRENDERGAST
BORN 1834 ORDAINED 1859 DIED 1914
DOMESTIC PRELATE TO HIS HOLINESS
1860 PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY AND RECTOR OF 1867
THE MISSION DOLORES
1872 RECTOR OF THE CATHEDRAL 1914
1874 VICAR GENERAL OF THE ARCHDIOCESE 1914
REVEREND FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR
OF THE HOLY FAMILY SISTERHOOD
AN ELOQUENT DISPENSER OF THE WORD
A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY
A LOVER OF THE POOR
HIS MEMORY IS IN BENEDICTION
MAY HIS PLACE BE IN PEACE

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John J. Prendergast was born in Clogheen, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1834. He matriculated for the priesthood at All Hallows' College and was ordained for missionary service in California, leaving for San Francisco immediately after his ordination and arriving here in the fall of 1859. Thus for over 54 years he was uninterruptedly associated with the Diocese, working unceasingly for the good of those in his first charge and remaining the shepherd of the same flock until he was called to his reward.

So great had been his talents as a theological student and so marked his fervent piety that, at the close of his studies, he was offered a place in the faculty of All Hallows'. The authorities communicated with the Archbishop of San Francisco to obtain his consent which was necessary because Father Prendergast had been ordained for San Francisco. To make sure of the Archbishop's permission two priests were offered in place of Father Prendergast. The decision was left to the newly ordained priest. He refused the proffered honor and repaired to his destination to take up his labors in a distant country, known, at that time, chiefly to the gold-hunter, the adventurer and the speculator.

The extraordinary talents with which he was endowed were put to good use in his new home. Archbishop Alemany of beloved memory made him director of the old diocesan seminary of St. Thomas, located in the quadrangle of Mission Dolores. But on account of the scarcity of priests in those days, he was obliged, between seminary duties, to do the work of Mission Dolores Parish, the boundaries of which covered two-thirds of the present area of the City of San Francisco. Today we pride ourselves on the splendid preservation of the old historic Mission, founded in the year 1776, by Father

Junipero Serra, but few of us think that we have Father Prendergast to thank for its preservation. He took particular care of the ancient structure, strengthening the weakened places and protecting the adobe against the inclemency of the elements.

During his pastorate at the Mission Dolores, Father Prendergast conferred one of the greatest boons on San Francisco in the matter of higher education. He persuaded the Sisters of Notre Dame to establish a school for girls near the church, and thus sprang into existence the now well known College of Notre Dame on Dolores Street. From that day until his last, he was always a promoter of education, and his interest in the young man and woman never flagged.

During the 'Sixties, he preached missions in many parts of Northern California and his zeal and priestly dignity were often recalled by the miners in later years. His outward reserve, his dignified demeanor, and his utter lack of anything effusive or demonstrative served to conceal one of the warmest and most sympathetic hearts that ever beat in the breast of a priest of God, a sympathy which more especially sought the poor and neglected for whom he was ever ready to make any sacrifice. It was this love that prompted him, as we have seen, to establish the Holy Family Sisters. In this Order, and in the noble work of the good women who daily carry out the intentions of their revered Founder, a monument has been raised in our community, which as long as our City stands, shall proclaim aloud to all generations the glory of the saintly priest whose generous spirit and unswerving zeal gave it life and inspiration.

Another institution which owes to Father Prendergast its inception is the Youths' Directory for the protection and education of neglected boys. What the Sisters of

the Holy Family have accomplished by their toils for the working people and the children of San Francisco, has been emulated by the Reverend D. O. Crowley in behalf of homeless boys. It was Father Prendergast's humane and charitable genius which planted the seed that grew into such a magnificent institution.

When during the 'Seventies, the malign spirit of bigotry manifested itself in attacks on Catholic dogmas and in misrepresentation of Catholic customs, Father Prendergast came forward as a powerful defender of the faith. He did not resort to words of abuse, but his calm, dignified refutation of false statements and his lucid exposition of Catholic thought proved efficacious and caused bigotry to hide from the light of publicity. In all his utterances, whether in the letter of controversy or in the interview granted to the newspaper correspondents, or from the lecture platform and the pulpit, he never swerved from the high ideal that he had set for himself the day he became a priest of God. He remained until the last, the consistent, dignified scholar, a perfect gentleman, and above all, a true Catholic priest.

Named as the Vicar General of the Archdiocese he manifested these same characteristics towards clergy and laity in his dealings on all occasions. But while maintaining the dignity of his office, his humility was an inspiration to those intimately associated with him during his long life. It was this virtue which prompted him to refuse the honor of a brilliant career as a member of the faculty of a famous seminary with all the subsequent possibilities. That again prevailed when the See of Grass Valley became vacant, and the mitre of a bishop was offered to Father J. J. Prendergast. He graciously declined, preferring to remain with the flock which he had so long and lovingly tended.

Through his long and active life he saw San Francisco grow from the insignificant town of 1859 to its greatness of 1914. He rejoiced with the City in its triumphs and suffered with her in her troubles. He passed through the two great earthquakes of 1868 and 1906. He saw Archbishop Alemany close his successful work in California, and was present when His Grace, Archbishop Riordan, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election to the Archdiocese of San Francisco. He saw one of his former curates, the late beloved George Montgomery, appointed to the bishopric of Los Angeles and later to the still higher office of Coadjutor-Archbishop of San Francisco. Many of those whom he baptized are today grandparents; generations came and went during his long and fruitful life; men passed before his gaze in endless procession; but now he has followed those that went before him, those whom he helped to make acceptable in the sight of God.

He has gone from our midst, but his works remain, and not the least of these is the Holy Family Community. When on the occasion of their own Jubilee Celebration in the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco, on November 18, 1922, the curtains of a specially constructed stage parted before the gaze of the assembled twelve thousand friends of the Holy Family Sisters, and discovered the variegated costumes of 1000 children in a beautifully instructive pageant, it was, as it were, the unveiling of the monument which Father Prendergast had erected to his own memory. It was a monument to him and to Sister Mary Dolores.

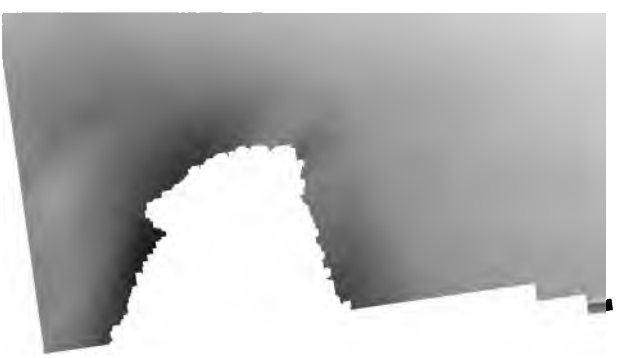






SISTER MARY DOLORES

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CHAPTER II

Sister Mary Dolores

HONORS OF A MOST UNUSUAL KIND WERE given to Sister Dolores when, on August 2, 1905, she breathed forth her soul into the hands of God. The multitude of sorrow-stricken people that visited the Convent to view her remains and crowded into the Cathedral to assist at the funeral obsequies on August 5, manifested the esteem in which she was held by all who had been privileged to know her. Father Prendergast, assisted by Rev. J. B. Hannigan, Rev. Thomas McSweeney of Oakland, and Rev. J. McQuaide, celebrated the Solemn High Mass. Within the Sanctuary were many parish priests of the archdiocese and representatives of the religious orders. In the pews Sisters of the various religious communities were present in great numbers, and mourners from all classes and conditions in life joined them in offering heart-prompted prayers for their revered and devoted friend. The choir rendered Mozart's Requiem Mass, Mr. Robert J. Harrison directing. The fervent aspirations of the people, mingling with the music of the great Catholic composer and with the clouds of incense that rose from the censers, were united with the prayers of the venerable celebrant and all together floated heavenward in earnest supplication for the repose of the soul of Sister Mary Dolores.

In his sermon, His Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop Montgomery, showed a deep appreciation of the

life-work of this devoted Spouse of Christ and self-sacrificing servant of the people. He referred to the grand inheritance she had left to her daughters in religion, of the wonderful fecundity of the Church in producing souls who would meet the practical needs of the Church and the age, and of the necessity human beings feel of leaning one upon another. "This noble woman," he said, "seemed to be one of those chosen souls who sought every opportunity to aid any one who might possibly need her help. If Sister consulted her own choice she would have preferred for herself and her Sisters to remain hidden in God; but when it was made known to her that the outside world needed her labors, she submitted her will to the holy will of God. Unconsciously to herself, or because she was unconscious of it, her light shone before men and glorified her Heavenly Father."

The casket, of broadcloth trimmed with oxydized silver—its plate bearing the short but comprehensive inscription "Sister M. Dolores Armer, the Beloved Mother and Venerated Foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Family," was rich in its effective simplicity. It was provided with loving devotion by Mrs. Mary A. Tobin, who treasured Sister Dolores as an elder daughter, and, in its very cradle, nurtured the Order of the Holy Family with all the tender care of her generous Christian heart. The pall composed of lilies of the valley was the offering of Mrs. Charles Clark, the daughter of Mrs. Mary A. Tobin. Friends sent flowers in great quantities to surround the casket, for they knew how the departed had loved flowers and how she had seen in them a gift of God and a reflection of His beauty. The pall-bearers were Captain A. H. Payson, Judge Robert Tobin, Doctor L. Pawlicki, Joseph S. Tobin, J. R. Kelly, Judge J. F. Sullivan, Edward Tobin, and J. O. Tobin.

Following the casket of the Reverend Foundress were the members of her Community, bowed with grief, but self-controlled and composed, though their hearts were overwhelmed with sorrow and their eyes suffused with tears. At the cemetery Father Prendergast, assisted by Rev. Father Hannigan and a number of the clergy, performed the last sad rites over the grave of this loving friend of the poor, one of the greatest benefactors in the cause of humanity that San Francisco had ever known, and Foundress of a religious order whose work is for the benefit of those to whom the Savior Himself loved to minister—the poor and the little children.

The newspaper accounts of her death and their appreciation of her character glowed with enthusiasm. "She gave freely and generously," said one account, "of the best with which God had endowed her—strength of mind and physical endurance, executive ability, extraordinary patience, artistic taste, refinement of soul and body, concentration of heart and intellect, and unflinching religious zeal; giving all in such a way that the character and the personality, which imparted to them impulse and actuality, was entirely absorbed in the institution she founded. Sister Dolores lived and breathed, thought and labored, in God, through the Order of the Sisters of the Holy Family. It consumed her identity."

But far more glowing were the tributes of those that had known her more intimately. Miss Agnes Tobin, who was related to Sister Dolores by the deepest ties of friendship, has preserved some of Father Prendergast's own expressions of admiration:

"Sister Dolores," he said, "was the most remarkable woman I have ever known. The people of San Francisco turned out to do her honor; they could not have shown her greater honor than they did. How little I thought,

when I first saw her as a young girl, what she would develop into—what there was hidden there!

"I do not think that she ever had to say in all her life 'I forgot,' in regard to any person or anything. It was marvellous how she carried everything in her mind, and never seemed to relax her vigilance.

"The last few years, as I have been apart and merely looked on, I have often been amazed at all she accomplished and so quietly. The work was done, everything completed; but when you looked around, there was no Sister Dolores. She was away, at home by that time, perhaps. She obliterated herself.

"Other people are good, are pious, but there was something in her that was unique and individual—quite unlike any one else. There seemed to be no barrier between her and the Divine Source of Life, not even the slightest. She was simply an unobstructed channel for Divine influence. The great reserve of her nature—the way in which she withdrew all that she felt into her inmost self—so that her emotions remained inviolate, her exquisite sensibility, so that she remained sensitive and tender as a child all through her life, untouched by the hardness of the world—these qualities were admirable.

"And for such a creature, in return for all her high aspirations and ideals, in return for her wonderful achievements, there was a life of pain, a life of great suffering, almost nothing but suffering!"

Such a tribute from Father Prendergast who knew Sister Dolores so intimately and who was best qualified to speak her praises seems to leave nothing to be added. She was "the most remarkable woman" that Father Prendergast had ever known, remarkable in mental attainments, in efficiency in accomplishing her work, in humility

in avoiding praise, remarkable, too, in corresponding to Divine Grace and yet with that great reserve and unemotional calmness and exquisite sensibility that enabled her to retain throughout her life the amiable tenderness of a child. It is an ardent encomium, pronounced by one who was in a position to judge. But Father Prendergast has told us more. A few weeks after the death of Sister Dolores he visited the Convent and spoke to her bereaved daughters.

"Now that we are all together," he said, "I think I should speak a few words to you about the last moments of your dear departed Mother, Sister Dolores. I was sent for in the afternoon, but as she was resting I did not wish to disturb her. A little later Father Prelato heard her confession and anointed her, and as she was getting weaker I was sent for again, and arrived at her bedside about six o'clock. On seeing me, Sister said, 'I am going.' I said 'No doubt you would like to see your work more perfectly finished, and carry out some of the plans before going to Heaven, to Our Lord; but it is often the way, we must leave even if our work is unfinished—leave it after us to another.' She answered simply, 'God knows best.' I left her awhile to her own thoughts; after a little she called me and made a request: 'Thank the Archbishop for me'; again, after a little pause, she asked me to comfort Mrs. Tobin. That was all.

"Sister was sinking when Father McQuaide arrived and gave her Holy Viaticum and the last blessing. The prayers of the ritual for the dying began and when I had finished them, she asked the doctor if she might change her position. I knew then that the end was not far off, and going over to the right side of the bed, I said the last aspirations appointed in the ritual, but Sister was too weak to respond. Calmly and tranquilly without suffer-

ing the end came, and while your prayers in the Chapel ascended to the throne of God like the sound of rushing waters, God sent his angels to bear above the soul of Sister Dolores.

"During the many, many years that I had known Sister, I had never thought very much about her, that is, of her virtues or her character; for this is not ours to judge, especially during one's lifetime. But now that she has gone to her reward, I cannot help but feel that Sister Dolores was no ordinary woman. She had especially a great thoughtfulness for others. She seemed to keep in her mind every little event, every feast day, and how kindly in some way or other she would remember these little anniversaries. I know this was so with the Archbishop, with myself, and with many others. She always remembered us.

"Her unerring judgment was most remarkable, and then she had that strong positive character so necessary in ruling others, even in the case of a mother over her little family of two or three children. Sister's was no passive character; it was positive, strong and firm, one on which you could depend. Above all, she was so oblivious of self. She kept her crosses and trials to herself, never seeking sympathy from others, but bearing in silence the sword of interior suffering as did the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the cross, as did Our Divine Savior Himself, Who through all His cruel passion suffered in silence for love of us.

"Sister had her trials—bitter, hard trials—but she had her consolations too. Strive to carry on the good work of which she has been by the Providence of God the Foundress; live as she would have you live; keep her spirit alive within you; be loyal as she was to Christ, and from her resplendent throne above the starry heavens

where she dwells with God, Sister Dolores will look down upon you and aid you by her intercession more than she could while here below."

When the Sisters went to SS. Peter and Paul's Church to ask the prayers of the Salesian Fathers for the repose of the soul of Sister Dolores, the Rev. Father Piperni expressed his sorrow and that of his confreres. Speaking of Sister, he said: "The voice of the people is the Voice of God, and the people proclaim her a holy woman."

Other similar testimonials there were, but we need not reproduce them. One only shall we add, that of the Rev. B. C. Redahan, Pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, where the Sisters had accomplished so much under the guidance of Sister Dolores.

"It has pleased God," he wrote to the children of his Sunday Schools and to the members of his Sodalities, "to call to the eternal reward of the just the Rev. Mother Dolores of the Sisters of the Holy Family, who peacefully breathed her last on Wednesday evening, at the Convent on Hayes Street. In the death of Mother Dolores, SS. Peter and Paul's Church has lost a constant benefactress and our children a most loving friend.

"Her life spent in the service of God, her Christian fortitude and beautiful death, make us confident that she already enjoys the bliss of heaven. But this does not lessen our debt of gratitude towards this angelic soul.

One of the older Pastors in San Francisco remembers an interview with Father Prendergast in 1874, a short time after the great trial. He expected to find him much depressed and discouraged, but Father used these remarkable words: "There is one who will not fail (Elizabeth Armer), and on her God will build the great work."

With such expressions of admiration before us, we ask very naturally what it was that merited them. We

can find the answer in her life and her life's work as we have endeavored to portray it in this volume; but for a more intimate knowledge of her spirit we may consult her own writings. What little she has left in writing is indicative of that strong, positive character, of which Father Prendergast speaks, and of a refined, well-poised mind, an indomitable will, an enduring patience and a generous heart overflowing with love for God and the children of God.

There is noticeable, first of all, a wholesome growth of aspirations and ideals—the growth of a flower from seed to bloom. When, for example, she wrote for the benefit of her first companions:—"Hospitals shall be your monasteries; the streets of the city and the houses of the needy shall be your cloister; hired rooms, your cells; the parish church, your chapel. Obedience shall be your solitude, the fear of God your grating, and a strict and holy modesty your only veil"—she had no idea of the proportions that were to evolve from her humble beginnings; she had, apparently, no adequate concept of the Religious Order that was to rise out of what, in the beginning, was no more than a pious work piously undertaken by a handful of pious young ladies.

There was, however, one thing which she had thoroughly grasped, even from the beginning, and that was the inevitable suffering that is associated with good works. She writes:

"And I saw the river which must be passed in order to reach the Kingdom of Heaven, and the name of that river was *Suffering*. And I saw the boat which takes so many souls across that river, and the name of that boat was *Love!* Suffering is a precious treasure of which we shall only know the full value in eternity. Yet when God spares us from it we must be thankful."



Admirable as were her great courage and patient endurance, she was more closely endeared to her Sisters for other traits of her lovable character. No one was ever so light-hearted and gay at recreation as Sister Dolores and many are the amusing anecdotes which linger in the memory of her Sisters of those happy hours when all gathered together in sweet companionship after the toil of the day. How often, too, can they recall the sweet motherly solicitude which would call forth such tender consideration for even a slight indisposition or overfatigue, and her ingenious plans to give them a little relaxation in their continuous round of duties.

It seems, however, that the predominant characteristic in the inner life of Sister Dolores was a love for suffering. It is not one of the popular virtues; yet, if it be true, as has been very beautifully said, that "mint and thyme give out perfumes only when bruised," it is undeniably a profitable virtue. If the deepest and divinest music comes not from the weak notes that are touched with gentle fingers, but from those that are fiercely trampled under the feet, and if human hearts be the keys in the great organ of humanity, exceptional harmony of life is to be looked for when hearts, brave hearts, are trampled upon in the struggle that accompanies noble deeds.

Sister Dolores began her long life of suffering when, for nearly two years, she struggled against difficulties that would have utterly crushed a weaker heart. She closed it with a siege of physical ailments which were all the more distasteful as she was so full of energy and ambition to labor for others. She saw her beloved Sisters going about doing good, while she was confined in the infirmary or ordered by the doctors to spend months at a time in Ukiah, to be near the invigorating waters of the springs. What other sufferings she had to endure,

between her early disappointments and the long sickness that resulted in her death, we are not told; but all are agreed in this that it was not without a special disposition of Divine Providence that she was named Dolores.

Some of the world's most famous paintings are of the Mater Dolorosa. Something peculiarly sweet and tender and uplifting is found in the worthy representations of the Mother of Sorrows. It is not the sadness that is inspiring but the expression of sorrows bravely borne, of pains patiently endured. If Sister Dolores shared the sorrows as well as the name of her of whom it is written, "and there stood by the Cross of Jesus His Mother," she was not without something of the Blessed Virgin's bravery and patience and confidence in God.

"Confidence," she wrote during one of her retreats, in which she was meditating on St. Vincent de Paul, "was a virtue which St. Vincent possessed in an eminent degree. * * * He left God to act as far as he could and awaited from Him the degree and moment of success. If anyone, actuated by views of human prudence, represented to him that there was no apparent hope of his accomplishing what he had commenced, the Saint would reply: 'Let us leave it to Our Dear Lord, it is His work, and as it has pleased Him to give us the suggestion, let us be assured that He will carry it out in the manner most agreeable to Himself; He will be the first and the second in a work which He Himself has invited us to do.' "

But we must not suppose that with suffering on the one side and, on the other, this tendency to leave everything to God, resulted in anything like weakness. Above all things Sister Dolores was a valiant woman. A mere glance at her picture will reveal something of her strong character and earnestness of purpose, her ardor in the use of means, her gentleness to the responsive, and firm rebuke to the

stubborn. "The word 'failure,' " she wrote, "should be blotted out of the dictionary of Religious life, for in that life there is no such thing as failure. Although all our actions should appear as such, yet if they have been offered to God with a pure intention, they will be meritorious before Him."

But nowhere did she reveal her strength of character and clearness of vision more thoroughly than in her "Counsels for Sisters Superior." "Have they made thee a ruler," she begins, quoting from Ecclesiasticus, "be not lifted up; be among them as one of them. Have care of them and so sit down, and when thou hast acquitted thyself of all thy charge, take thy place, that thou mayest rejoice for them, and receive a crown as an ornament of grace."

"The Superior," she continues in the unconscious delineation of herself, "should have, first, a just idea and perfect knowledge of the spirit and rules of the Community; secondly, experience in spiritual things; thirdly, much prudence and discretion; fourthly, a great humility which will prevent her from valuing herself or glorying in her charge and in her authority, so as to elevate herself above others, and which will incline her, through a sincere distrust of her own wisdom, to recur to the lights of those who constitute her council, and to yield to their opinion; fifthly, an intimate union with God, to hold herself dependent on grace, and constantly to act on supernatural principles; sixthly, it is necessary that she be dead to herself, living only for God and her neighbor whose interests should become hers, and in a manner absorb all her thoughts; lastly, she has need of a charity, both sweet and strong, which will enable her to support the weak, and await patiently the Lord's time; but nevertheless, this sweetness must not be allowed to degenerate into weak-

ness or strict exaction. In the exercise of her charge the Superior ought to unite firmness and kindness; it is from the perfect union of these two qualities that good and wise government results: she should procure the faithful observance of the rules more by her example than by her words.

"She has need of a certain largeness of mind to enable her to give to each thing its proper value, so as not to insist with the same rigor on different points which are not of the same importance and not to wish to conduct everyone by the same way. The rules doubtless are the same for all; but the direction of the Superior ought to submit to many modifications and accommodate itself as much as possible to the difference of characters and of necessities.

"There is nothing more animating to a Community than to see the Superior striving to practice all that she requires of the Sisters: dispensing herself in no circumstances but those in which she would dispense others; shunning all exemption beyond what a necessity renders unavoidable and faithfully practicing obedience to her own directors: performing as an individual religious that which, as the superior, she commands: indeed if she easily dispenses herself from the customs, from the points of discipline she establishes or from the general directions that she gives she cannot judge wisely or correctly of their weight or of their fitness for others and may apply to herself the reproach made by our Divine Lord to the teachers in Israel, 'They say, and do not; for they bind heavy and insupportable burdens, and lay them on men's shoulders but with a finger of their own they will not move them.'"

If in the foregoing quotations, taken at random from a lengthy dissertation on the qualities of an ideal Su-



perior, we find ample proof of the strength of mind and clearness of vision which her friends have attributed to Sister Dolores, in what follows we may discern her tenderness of heart.

"It is of the utmost importance that the Superior manifest a cordial interest in all that concerns the Sisters. It is more difficult to bear cold indifference than even severity; nothing serves more to alienate the heart than indifference especially in one that holds the place of a mother. The Superior ought to be the depository of the joys and sorrows of the Sisters in which she should sympathize with maternal kindness. It is only by doing so that she can safely correct and sustain them and prevent pernicious confidences and intimacies between individuals which, if, by any chance, they find a place among religious, tend so effectually to hinder their perfection.

"She should give the Sisters free access to her, and regard their direction as her first and most important duty. If a Sister seeks her counsel at a time when it is impossible to attend to her, she ought to appoint her a time which she will be free to devote to her.

"She shall provide for all the wants of the Sisters excluding all superfluities. Our Divine Lord, in calling religious to leave all and follow Him, takes on Himself to provide for all their wants. He appoints the Superior as the visible instrument of His paternal care, and He will jealously demand of them a strict account of their stewardship. A Superior who neglects the necessities of her Sisters fails in an essential duty of charity and of her office, and she exposes them to many temptations and the Community to much misery as all may not have the virtue to bear such neglect, but, even supposing they have, she should not give them opportunities of practicing virtue at her own expense."

But we have waited enough. What others have said about Sister Dolores is borne out by herself in her own writings. We have been more deeply interested in her works. "By their fruits you shall know them" is a saying of Divine Wisdom and it the spirit of that saying we offer our entire volume is a tribute to Sister Dolores, to her community, Sister Teresa, and to their ever faithful director, Father Prendergast.

They had a purpose in life—to serve God and humanity. They studied the story told by our Blessed Savior of the man who fell among robbers, was stripped of his goods and left half dead by the wayside. The Priest who ministered before the Holy of Holies, and stood before the altar, saw the poor man by the roadside, but, turning away his eyes, passed by without pity and without compassion. The Levite who attended at the sacrifice, who had been consecrated to mingle in the sacred functions for the good of the people, turned a deaf ear to the groans of pain and to the appeals for help from the injured man. But the despised Samaritan, whom people avoided and looked down upon, being on a journey to Jericho, happening that way and hearing the prayer for relief, at once moved by sympathy, went and bound up the wounds of the sufferer, and pouring in oil and wine, made kind and generous provision for the poor man's cure and welfare.

In this beautiful parable they saw depicted the tenderness and sympathy that shone out so clearly in the life of the blessed Savior and was emphasized by Him so insistently and often in His teachings. They had learned the lesson. When the Lord comes to judge the world He will surely be able to say to them: "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat: thirsty and you gave Me to drink: naked and you clothed Me."



CHAPTER III

Sister Teresa of Jesus



OW BEAUTIFULLY SHE LIVED! SUCH WAS the short but glowing tribute paid by Mrs. Charles W. Clark—a life-long friend of the Sisters—to the memory of Sister Teresa when she heard the sad news of her death. How beautifully, indeed, she lived, how religiously, how self-sacrificingly, only those will understand who enjoyed the privilege of her friendship, who visited her and sought the benefit of her prayers and advice. She was occupied solely and always in pointing out the way to God through the practice of Christian virtues. Even when infirmities were undermining her strength she manifested a keen interest in everything that pertained to the service of God and of her neighbor.

How sweetly she died, how calmly, and how peacefully, the many who entered the infirmary to pray at her bed-side can bear testimony. How triumphantly she was welcomed when she passed from the shadows into the light of God's presence, to be received into the loving embrace of her Savior and thrilled with the twofold greeting: 'Well done, my faithful servant!' and 'Come, my beloved!' we shall understand then only when, through the mercy of God, the prayers of the Saints, and, we may add, her prayers, we too shall enter eternal blessedness.

First companion of Sister Dolores, first to take her vows as a religious of the Holy Family, first Superioress,

and first Mistress of Novices, Sister Teresa has always been regarded as the co-foundress of the Community. At the death of Sister Dolores in 1905, she was elected Superior and held that office until 1921, when her frequently recurring illness induced her to ask the Archbishop that she be relieved of the burden of superiorship. Sister Teresa even then was looked upon as the Superior 'Emerita,' if such a term, implying as it does a certain degree of honor, may be used of an humble religious. She deserves, therefore, a special chapter in this volume. Sister Dolores herself would be the first to urge such special distinction, while Sister Teresa would tell us, in her wonted humility, that for whatever she possessed of spiritual or other qualities, suitable to the service of God as a Sister of the Holy Family and as a Superior, she was indebted under God to the example and instructions of Sister Dolores. What we say of Sister Teresa will, therefore, redound to the glory of Sister Dolores.

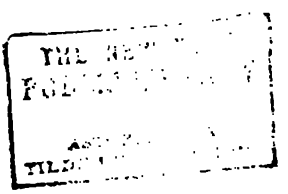
Monsignor Ryan, the present Vicar General of the Archdiocese, said on the occasion of Sister Teresa's funeral: "If I ever met a saint, she was one." And, truly, if we may venture to interpret the saying, 'Only the warm of heart become saints' in such a way that the warmth is of Divine origin, instilled by God's grace and used for the uplift of others, then there was much in the life of Sister Teresa that partook of real sanctity. Hers was, indeed, a warm heart.

Human she was in many ways. She would go to unlimited passes to help the poor. She would summon her many wealthy friends and without fear or hesitation would demand means to carry on her work. Sometimes it was to give a business course to a promising young lady. At other times to send a young man through college, but always, as far as she could judge, with a view to fitness





SISTER M. TERESA O'CONNOR



and promise of success. She had so many works of this kind, that her wealthy friends would sometimes, in pleasantness, make little remarks such as these:

"When Sister Teresa calls, my mother always sends for the check-book," or "If the Archbishop wishes to succeed in his drive"—referring to the Knights of Columbus campaign for war relief funds—"he should appoint Sister Teresa as its director."

Sister Teresa firmly believed that all things were good; that all her friends were good; that all that is good is bright and all good people, generously kind; that goodness and brightness and kindness are the only things that are great and beautiful. When she summoned friends to ask a favor of them, it was her sweetness and sympathy that won immediate response. Her requests were to them a new kind of music, a chord of Angel-songs coming into their lives.

Of her vocation we have already spoken. It was unusual in every sense of the word. Vocations to religious life are always strange. Sometimes young men and young women have entered religion when the Order of their choice was passing through a period of persecution or its members were being driven into exile. The annals of the Elizabethan persecution reveal cases of men becoming religious while in prison, so that they might enjoy the rare privilege of martyrdom. Sister Teresa's vocation was at a time when in all worldly calculation the ship was sinking. Miss Armer's first companion fell a victim of hallucination or of nerves. Her second companion abandoned her. Her work was held in disrepute by outside observers and, to all appearances, was in the throes of interior dissolution. When Ellen O'Connor entered, it was to find herself left alone during Miss Armer's illness. She had, as we have seen, one object that offered some

human comfort. "If I am lonesome," she said, "I can play the piano," but hardly had she taken up her abode when the piano, which had been stored in the rented home, was moved away.

When she returned from Benicia she made her profession and was appointed Superior and Mistress of Novices, with the full burden and responsibility of training her companions, amongst them Miss Armer herself, in the ways of religious life. At the close of the Novitiate, Sister Dolores was made Superior, but it remained the duty of Sister Teresa to train the novices until she herself was elected Superior in 1905.

At this time the two Day Homes and the Training School on Sixth Street were well filled with children, and the Sisters were assisting in twenty different Sunday Schools in San Francisco, besides going as far down the Peninsula as Colma and South City, San Bruno and Burlingame. The Community numbered about seventy members, and new calls were being made by the priests of the City for the services of the Sisters.

Sister Teresa was, during her whole religious life, either Superior or Mistress of Novices, and since her intimate association with Sister Dolores made it possible to imbibe her principles, the spirit of Sister Teresa may be said to be the spirit of Sister Dolores and this, in turn, the spirit of the Community. The concrete exemplification of that spirit in the life of Sister Teresa will help towards its more thorough understanding and proper appraisement.

First of all—if we may begin with what to some may seem a limitation—Sister Teresa was not a student, if by that word we are to understand one who seeks knowledge of spiritual things in books. It all seemed so simple to her—the meaning of prayer, its necessity, the importance

of regular observance, the dignity of submissiveness, the heroism of self-sacrifice, the comforts of laborious hours spent in teaching children—that a fault, a spirit of murmuring, an undue attachment to parents and relatives was in her mind altogether unintelligible.

It is important to study this spirit more thoroughly. When in 1917 the Archbishop, with an eye to greater efficiency in the work of the Sisters, sent some of them to the Catholic University at Washington, for a special course in the principles and practice of education and sociology, Sister Teresa was surprised. Perfectly submissive to the authority of His Grace, she could not understand the need of University training.

"It is not," she said to an intimate friend, "according to our spirit. Our work is to teach the catechism, to visit the poor and the sick, to take care of children. Training is necessary, yes; but it is training in Christian Doctrine and in kindergarten work that is necessary."

"But," it was urged, "the priests influenced by modern conditions demand a more up-to-date method in teaching the catechism."

"We have our own method," she insisted, "the method given to us from the very beginning by Father Prendergast and followed with scrupulous fidelity and with undeniable success for nearly fifty years. The most that can be accomplished by a university training or the study of psychology is the mental development of the Sisters themselves. And even they are not immune from the danger of a 'little' learning."

"The one thing necessary," she added, "is that the Sisters of the Holy Family know our Lord as He was and therefore as He is. Knowing Him, they will love and imitate Him and be able to fulfill the duties of their calling without the specious accoutrements of University

degrees or College diplomas. These accessories may help the work of Sisters who teach in High schools, especially when their schools are affiliated with the Universities, but to teach Catechism, to instil into the minds of the young the fundamental truths of religion and the fundamental principles of morality, to point out to them the need they have of the Sacramental aids of Divine Grace, Father Prendergast's method is all sufficient. The sole benefits of the University training," she concluded, "as far as the Holy Family Sisters are concerned, is to show them what they should not be and to what they should not aspire."

There may be some doubts about the soundness of Sister Teresa's attitude, were it to be urged on all. Some need the helps of educational training to supply the defects of their own mentality; but in the case of Sister Teresa herself, endowed as she was with such mental alertness and keen perspicacity, with such natural attractiveness and so winning a personality, pedagogical training seemed to be quite unnecessary.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt of the soundness of her objective. The importance of knowing our Lord as he was and as He is, is paramount. How withering is the thought that one may read and study the lives of Christ, spiritual and mystical books, letters and biographies of the Saints, inspiring histories, records of martyrs, Church annals, to say nothing of treaties on practical psychology, the psychology of the class-room, the secret of arousing and retaining attention, and at the same time neglect to study the authentic life of Christ that is presented in the simple narrative of the Evangelists, simple narrative and yet so wonderful that it provokes thought in the wisest and can be understood by children. Everything else is of importance only in so far

as it helps to unfold the Christ of the Scriptures. Pictures of our Savior, however beautiful and fascinating, are the fancies of imaginative artists, and, if they do not conform to the delineations of His character left us by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, they are empty and perhaps dangerous fancies.

Sister Teresa was so interested in the Source of all genuine culture that she regarded daily meditation on the life of Christ as more potent than a two year course in pedagogics. There is something supremely important in her contention; one who goes to the Source will find food for thought and material to shape into a Christ-like life.

He will find, first of all, that Christ was characterized by a directness and clarity of vision which nothing could divert or obscure. Firm and decisive in His judgments, He spoke 'as one having authority,' so that even His enemies were forced to exclaim: 'Never has any man spoken as this man speaks.' Unerring in His estimates of men, He distinguished surface appearances from real good or evil; He did not confound sin with misfortune; He was deceived neither by the conventionally good nor by the apparently confirmed outcast. The Publican was dearer to Him than the Pharisee.

Linked with that clear vision, that certain grasp of truth was an infinitely tender heart. He was a true but not a condescending friend. He wins the love of all that are not steeled against His attractive sweetness, because He is so strong, so true, so unselfish, so utterly unable to deceive and so tenderly lavish in His expressions of love. While men find reason to condemn, He is willing to forgive, always willing to open the flood-gates of affection to those that apply the key—belief and confidence.

His clear understanding and open heart are linked with strength of will manifested in constant and untiring

action. "He has a definite work to do, a definite life to lead, a definite death to die and never for a moment does He swerve from its accomplishment. Failure may depress Him, but He does not despond; opportunity may alter His plan, but it does not slacken His effort; deceit, falsehood, trickery on the part of His enemies; faithlessness, weakness, even desertion on the part of His friends—nothing can lessen His endeavor, make His hand tremble, or His feet to falter. Steadily He walks through life 'giving testimony to the truth.' Constantly He stretches out His hands to bless and to heal. To the deserving and undeserving, to friend and enemy, to saint and sinner, He imparts His blessings and for the benefit of all He strews kindness along His path."

These are the main lines in the Scriptural portrait of Christ. Sister Teresa could not understand how any university training could help towards their comprehension. She could not understand how psychological studies, however useful they may be in other endeavors, could contribute towards a more ardent love of our Blessed Savior. To know Him is to love Him, and love for Him will flower into imitation.

Strong in her stand, she did not always make allowances for the natural benefits of human wisdom and, if she had her faults, one of them was the difficulty with which she understood the differences which naturally exist among human characters. She thought all the Sisters should be like Sister Dolores. She was intolerant of nervous individuals. She could not understand the scrupulous. Her own great trust in the mercy and goodness of God, her consequent evenness of life, her calmness of soul and sweetness of temper made her appear severe towards those to whom God had given a different disposition. She did not like excessive introspection. She

saw danger in an everlasting pecking at one's soul. She wished that all could, like herself, experience the joys of God's absorbing presence, and of the invigorating company of the incarnate Son of God. She thought that more time should be spent in loving admiration of the life of the great Master of the world—enjoying His friendship, interpreting His mind, and sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of His heart—than in worrying about one's own weaknesses and imperfections. Unconsciously she became even more and more like unto Him, and especially in her later years, was able to attract even the worldly minded to her presence, and to send them away from the Convent with a strange experience of something that this world cannot give.

For the practical purposes of the Holy Family Sisters, her principles were of the utmost utility. Christ began to do and to teach. No man ever taught as He taught, but His method was simple. He illustrated the most sublime truths by the most simple object lessons, He taught in parables, and He insisted on lives in keeping with His principles. It is the very method drawn up for the benefit of the Sisters by Father Prendergast. Illustration, object-lesson, anecdote or parable, and finally, a practice should accompany every instruction in Christian Doctrine. If we study the work of the Sisters—taking care of the poor and of little children—we find that there is no possible exemplar comparable to the Savior Himself. He loved little children and was the Friend of the poor.

There is, then, much food for thought in the spirit of Sister Teresa, as we have suggested it. She was the last person in the world to spurn human and natural aids, but she demanded that they be, indeed, aids to know, love and imitate the blessed Savior—and not the empty pretense that so frequently masquerades as education.

In her death, Sister Teresa was a model of resignation and patience. A sweet smile of contentment lighted her pallid face, a look of satisfaction shone from her fading eyes and, even to the end, though unable to move, she seemed perfectly conscious, recognized her friends, and murmured a response to the prayers for the dying. Like Sister Dolores, she too was honored in death. A large concourse of people assisted at her solemn obsequies in St. Mary's Cathedral; Most Reverend Archbishop Hanna spoke feelingly of her long life of service. Sisters of different orders, priests from all parts of the Diocese, the rich and the poor, little children and those that had known her for years, wept as they viewed her remains and prayed for the repose of her great soul.

One of the Sisters wrote the following loving tribute to her memory, taking for inspiration the words of Scripture: I have loved, O, Lord, the beauty of Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth.

"These few words portray the life of our dear Mother Mary Teresa whose every thought, word, and deed were characterized by the greatest reverence for everything relating to the Church. Her constant desire was to beautify the House of God. In each of God's ministers, she beheld the representative of the Great High Priest; in each and every one of her Sisters and all those consecrated to God, she saw only the Spouses of Christ; every person was reverenced by her as the temple of the Holy Ghost and she endeavored during her life to impart this spirit to all with whom she came in contact,—to the members of her own dear Community which she loved so tenderly, to the many friends who sought from her advice or consolation and to the little children who were so sacred in her eyes, because, as she used to say, 'Their angels behold the face of their Father in Heaven.' "

CHAPTER IV

The Roll of Honor



NROLLED IN THE ANNALS OF THE HOLY Family Convent are two classes of names; the first is of their Benefactors—those generous men and women who stood by them through all their fifty years, rejoicing in their triumphs, sorrowing with them in their trials, and bearing, when necessary, the burden of their charitable works—and the second is of their beloved dead, of those who were privileged to persevere in the service of God and humanity until the great summons, sounding in the depths of their souls, bade them come Home—to their Beloved.

This book would be incomplete if it did not contain some reference to both classes. Of the benefactors and benefactresses we cannot give a complete list; they are far too numerous. Thousands, yea tens of thousands, have helped the work of the Sisters during the past fifty years, some more munificently than others, some more magnificently. In no form of generous giving can we find more admirable examples of the widow's mite, than in cases where charitable workers go from house to house in an effort to relieve the suffering poor. Instances of those that, from their own very limited means, give to the Sisters that they may help the more indigent poor, could be multiplied indefinitely. Only on the last day shall we be able to understand the degree of merit attached to almsgiving. Now we can understand general principles

only. To share the last loaf of bread with those that are in need is far more valuable in the eyes of an all-seeing God than to give freely of one's abundance.

The Sisters of the Holy Family have a custom, sanctioned by the Archbishop and almost as old as the Community itself—that of going about, once every year, through the entire City, to dispose of tickets for their annual lecture. Were they to publish the names of those that receive them with hearty welcome and contribute with generous hands to the cause they represent, the list would be endless. It will not, therefore, be expected; but to show their appreciation of the assistance received from all, they have consented to allow the author of this book to publish the names of some. It will, they feel certain, be no lack of gratitude to the thousands who have shared in their good works, if they single out some for special mention. When, after a victorious charge in battle, some few of the brave soldiers are summoned for special decoration, or for Distinguished Service Medals, all men who reflect are fully aware of the fact that the distinguished service is, in great part, the result of special opportunity, and that hundreds of others not cited would have distinguished themselves had they found themselves in similar circumstances. In the battle against poverty and need, the rich have the opportunities and when they are placed on the Roll of Honor, they are the first to acknowledge that their distinguished service might have been surpassed by others, had others had similar means. It is a fortunate thing to be able to help; it is a glorious thing to help and, if the glory shines out more conspicuously in the case of the rich, it is because it strikes the eye of the observer.

With this general principle understood we give the names of the more noted benefactors of the Sisters.



Early Benefactors

Mrs. A. Brenham
Mr. William T. Coleman
Mrs. Marie Coleman
Mr. Jas. V. Coleman
Mr. Justinian Caire
Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Casserly
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan
Mrs. Richard Carroll
Mrs. Geo. B. Cooper
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Donahue
Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Donohoe
Mrs. Marie DeLaveaga
Mrs. Margaret Deane
Mrs. M. H. de Young
Madame de Guigne
Madame d'Audigne
Mrs. Theresa Fair
Mr. James Flood
Mr. Edward Gallagher
Mrs. Emilie Hager
Mrs. Judge Hyde
Mrs. Grace Hayne
Dr. and Mrs. B. Lyford
Mrs. Eleanor Martin
Mrs. Frank Sweeney Mahan
Mrs. Cecilia May
Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough
Mr. and Mrs. McDonough
Mr. Edward McLaughlin
Mr. John Mackey
Marquis D. Oliver
Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Bryan O'Connor
Mr. and Mrs. Michael O'Connor
Mr. and Mrs. Matthew O'Connor
Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor
Mrs. James O'Brien
Mrs. J. J. O'Brien
Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan
Mrs. R. A. Pescia
Mr. Tiburcio Parrott
Mrs. Abigail Parrott
Captain and Mrs. Payson
Dr. and Mrs. Ladislas Pawlicki
Mr. and Mrs. James Regan
Mr. John Rourke
Mrs. Sisson
Mrs. E. Sawyer
Mr. and Mrs. Myles D. Sweeney
Mrs. Leland Stanford
Mrs. Henley Smith
Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. G. Touchard
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Wensinger
Mr. and Mrs. P. J. White
Mrs. Berthe Welch
Mr. Raphael Weill
Mrs. A. Cooper de Wohler

More Recent Benefactors

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Agar
Mrs. William Babcock
Miss M. Casserly
Mrs. Charles W. Clark
Mrs. John B. Casserly
Mrs. George Cameron
Mrs. Maurice Casey
Mrs. Chas. de Cazotte
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Eyre
Miss M. Hyde
Mrs. L. Oelrichs Martin
Miss Frances O'Connor
Miss Emelie Parrott
Hon. James D. Phelan
Mrs. John Parrott
Miss Mary Louise Phelan
Mr. and Mrs. Richard Queen
Mrs. Oscar Sutro
Mrs. Frank Stanton
Mr. Frank Sullivan
Baroness Von Schroder
Mr. Richard Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tobin
Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Tobin
Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker
Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Thierot
Mrs. Virginia Vanderbilt
Mrs. Katherine Winship

The foregoing names are of the benefactors of the Sisters in San Francisco only. "They are the prime in order; the rest were long to tell." We have not forgotten the generosity of friends in San Jose, Oakland, and Los Angeles; but we must pass to the second group, that of

THE DEPARTED.

In some fraternal societies it is customary during the annual memorial services to call the roll of the departed. With much solemnity and in the midst of religious or quasi-religious gloom, the secretary calls out the names of the dead brothers and when, "from the voiceless silence of the unreplying dead," there comes no response, the presiding officer, or some speaker chosen for the occasion, delivers the eulogy, telling how, in every case, the brother realized in his life all the qualities or natural virtues that go to make up the ideal member of that society. In a spirit somewhat similar, and yet in many ways dissimilar, we shall run through the list of the Holy Family dead—the dear departed, as they are called—dear not only because their memory lingers, but because their perseverance until death in God's service gives assurance to those that are sojourners on earth, that their departed Sisters still help, by their prayers, the good works of the Community.

SISTER MARY MAGDALEN (Javet). The name is first on the list, because she was first to be called to her reward. She was, as we have seen, one of the first companions of Sister Dolores. Called to the vineyard at the eleventh hour, she made up in intensity what was wanting in time. Her's were the humbler duties of housekeeper—her chapel, the kitchen; her chaplet, the cooking utensils. And yet she was often found on her knees, when duties permitted, making, as she explained, a spiritual visit to the Blessed Sacrament. Her death occurred in January, 1886.

SISTER MARY AUGUSTINE (McKeon). Lovingly enshrined in the memory of all who knew her, Sister Augustine was the fifth member of the Community and the second to be called to her reward. Her lot was to suffer as well as to labor. Of delicate constitution and subject to severe headaches, she had, in her early religious life the additional misfortune to meet with a severe accident which seriously affected the spine. Her fortitude under this affliction was heroic; she bravely remained on duty and the brightness of her disposition seemed to grow in lovableness. When unable to engage in exterior work, she delighted to do as much indoor work as possible, that others might have more time to devote to the religious education of the children in the Day Homes and the Sunday Schools.

SISTER STANISLAUS (Bryant). She was a convert who had been sent to the Sisters for instruction by her spiritual adviser, Father George J. Montgomery (later Archbishop Montgomery). Sister Agnes had instructed her, she was baptized at the Cathedral by Father Montgomery—then came the happy day of her first Holy Communion and Confirmation. Nothing could quench her ardent longing to make the complete immolation of herself by the vows of religion. Sweet of character in reality as in appearance, she won the love of every one with whom she came in contact. Her versatility was a constant wonder—there seemed no field of accomplishment where Sister Stanislaus could not achieve remarkable results. As a kindergarten teacher in St. Francis' Day Home and Catechism teacher in SS. Peter and Paul's Sunday School, she labored faithfully and well to establish the reign of Christ in the hearts of her little charges. Her death occurred in March, 1893.

SISTER CECILIA (Powers). Mary Powers was one of the Sisters' own children in the Cathedral Sunday School. She entered the Community very early in life. She was another child of patient suffering who bore her long sickness with resignation and a fortitude which kept her on duty despite her pain. She, also, taught at SS. Peter and Paul's Sunday School, at St. Brigid's, and in St. Francis' Day Home. She was remarkable for her influence over the children and over their parents as well. Her death in November, 1894, was the first to occur in the Convent at Hayes and Fillmore Streets. Father Calzia, who attended her in her last sickness, was heard to say after leaving the convent, "I have been present at the death-bed of a saint." Those who had known her during life found nothing surprising in this testimony of the Jesuit Father.

SISTER MARY BERNADETTE (Donnelly). Nine years elapsed before Death again visited the Community. On the eve of All Saints' Day, 1903, Sister Bernadette was called to an early reward after seven years of religious life, marked by unceasing patience and sweetness, despite constant ill health. Her characteristic virtue was charity. In announcing her death Sister Dolores said: "Last night our Lord took Sister Bernadette to her Home in Heaven. Let us offer Holy Communion this morning in thanksgiving for all the graces bestowed upon her."

SISTER ROSALIA (Tierney). She was only a novice. Like St. Stanislaus, she fulfilled a long time in a short space. One year in the service of God, but ripe for Heaven! Her spirit of prayer and the fragrance of her example endeared her to all the Sisters. On November 13, 1903, the Feast of St. Stanislaus, she was ready to go, but she lingered until November 15.

SISTER M. SEBASTIAN (Morrison). She was of a family which has given many members to religion. The names of Morrison and McKinnon are often found on the Catholic pages of California's history as priests and as members of religious orders. Rev. Wm. McKinnon who gave his life "for God and for Country" in the Philippines was closely related to the Morrison family. Mr. Jonas Morrison, the father of Sister Sebastian, was among the first benefactors of the Community. He donated all the lumber used in the building of St. Francis' Day Home and remained a benefactor of the Sisters.

Though her religious life lasted but three and a half years, the fragrance of her virtues still lingers in the Community. She had the happiness of pronouncing her final vows the day before her death, which occurred in July, 1904.

SISTER M. ANNA (Alves). Born on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, entering religion on the same great Festival, she was a favored child of Mary and practiced in a marked manner the characteristic virtues of her Immaculate Mother—humility and charity. She died in Mary's month, the day after she had pronounced, by special dispensation, her final vows.

SISTER M. IGNATIUS (Doyle). Sister Ignatius' characteristic virtue was zeal for souls. For their salvation she labored constantly and generously, giving her health and talents unstintingly, that children might be brought to know and love God, that souls who strayed away might be brought back to the fountains of grace. Endowed with a brilliant mind, which had been well cultivated, and gifted in art and music, her soul was ever in tune with the 'Suscipe' of her patron, St. Ignatius: "Take O Lord

and receive all that I am and all that I have." Her sacrifice was accepted for her health gave way and the last two years of her life she was no longer able for duty, except for that highest and most meritorious part in the field of supernatural achievement—patient suffering.

SISTER M. AGNES (Block). In two months followed the death of one who was dearly loved by all. This was Sister M. Agnes. She was Mistress of Novices at the time of her death and had taken a notable part in the formation of the Community. She was the sixth in rank among the Sisters who formed the foundation of the Institute, having entered in 1877 when the Sisters lived in the little house on Pine Street. As Miss Catharine Block she had assisted Sister Dolores and between them there always existed the strongest ties of affection. Hers was a nature which won every one's confidence, possessing that precious gift of tactful sympathy which means as much in a Religious Community as in a family. No one in difficulty came to her without being relieved and comforted by her gentle admonition or cheering word of encouragement as the need might demand. Her joyous spirit was like a sunbeam in the Convent; its radiance enveloped all with whom she came in contact. Her affectionate nature, which won the love of others, was sure to give love in return; but no individual affection ever reached the strong loyal love she had for the Community itself. "Much as I love Sister Dolores," she once said, "I love the Community more." She had taught in St. Francis' Sunday School, at the Cathedral, and was, for several years, in charge of Holy Family Day Home on Sixth Street. In May, 1912, her soul, freed from the body, took its flight to Heaven, as it is always customary to assume of those that serve God so faithfully.



MRS. M. A. TOBIN MRS. C. D. O'SULLIVAN

The First Benefactresses of the Sisters

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SISTER M. FRANCIS (Boyle). It is difficult to record briefly the virtues and the labors of Sister M. Francis, the next in the order to depart for Heaven. Though called in the noontide of life to the vineyard of the Master, she gave the full day's work and came forth in the evening with sheaves in abundance. Sister Francis was a familiar figure in every section of the City, in the homes of the wealthy, where she did not hesitate to ask assistance for her poor, and in the hovels of the poor and lowly, where with a bright smile and cheery word, she brought so much comfort and left so much joy. She did not hesitate to perform even the most menial offices; she realized that, to be of service in this world, one must, when the occasion demands, be ready to scrub; she was fond of preparing nourishing food and tempting delicacies for the sick. Her entrance into the homes of the poor was like the coming of a blessed Angel. She radiated sunshine even amid the darkest gloom.

But it was in ministering to the soul rather than to the body that her greatest work was done. In bringing the priest to the sick, in offering prayers for the dying, in admonishing the sinner—when these works were necessary—Sister Francis was indefatigable. Up and down Telegraph Hill and Russian Hill she would walk on her daily errands of mercy. "I cannot keep up with her," said her companion who was still young whilst Sister Francis was in her sixties! Among her particularly good friends and contributors to the cause she represented, were the members of the San Francisco Fire Department. She endeavored to repay their kindnesses by spiritual alms. At her death, the Firemen asked permission to form an escort of honor in her funeral procession. As the permission could not be given, they attended the Requiem Mass in large numbers.

SISTER M. CECILIA (Beardsley). The life of Sister M. Cecilia Beardsley has a beautiful coloring and peculiar attraction. As Miss Grace Beardsley, she was a charming young woman with a well-cultivated mind, a sweet voice, and unusual musical talent. Because of these gifts she received the name of (St.) Cecilia, to whom she had a tender devotion. Little children loved her and her influence over them was very great for she had the happy faculty of keeping them happy, at the same time instilling useful lessons. Completing the kindergarten course after her profession, she became one of the Community's most successful teachers. For eleven years she labored for the children, until her health gave way under the strain. During her lingering illness she edified all, and her death which occurred on March 7, 1914, was as beautiful as her life. It remains one of the cherished memories of the Sisters, and has been so beautifully described by one of them that we must give the reader the privilege of seeing how sweet it is to die after a life spent in God's service:

"It is the first Friday of March," runs the account, "and the last notes of the sweet Benediction hymns—which had seemed so strangely sweet that evening—die away on the incense-laden air of the chapel. In an adjoining room a dear Sister waits the summons to the heavenly choir and to the contemplation of the beauty of her heavenly Spouse. Her voice of yore soaring so blithely, so joyously, seemed to us like that of a nightingale, and now it is no longer heard. We know that she never sang lovelier songs than those she raised to our Lord during the days of illness and incapacity,—sweet, true notes of perfect resignation and love, even of joy and thanksgiving. Now she is to sing the 'new song' in the bright light of Heaven's Eternal Day! In obedience to a signal, we leave the chapel and hasten to her room. But how

describe the sight that meets our eyes as we enter and sink on our knees with awe and love. We see the tall white lilies, the table with thurible and censer, the priest standing by in surplice and stole, and, through the open window, the calm, peaceful sky just purpling with shades of night. Sister Cecilia is sitting almost erect, a soft veil only half concealing the bright hair, her slender fingers, twined round her beads, are holding a lighted candle, and her face so wonderfully beautiful and radiant! We almost seem to see the bright company of virgins surrounding her, the angel by her side waiting to bear to heaven the 'final vows.' Sweetly the strains of the VENI CREATOR fill the room, and in clear, distinct, strong tones, Sister Cecilia asks to be permitted to make the vows that will bind her forever to her Lord. After their pronouncement with all her former winning brightness, she thanks Father and listens to his words of congratulation and rejoicing. Again the Sisters' voices, that so often blended with her own, sing for her the hymns she loved so well, and leaving her there in the midst of the lilies, with the City below her and the Heavens so near, we go back to the chapel with full hearts from which all shade of sadness has fled."

The night which followed the scene just described, Sister Cecilia spent in prayer and thanksgiving, and persuaded the infirmarian, who remained with her, not to insist upon giving her a drink after midnight, though her throat and lips were parched with fever. "It will be my last Communion," she said, "and I want to receive our Lord fasting." Her request was granted and she received the Blessed Sacrament during the early Mass. At nine o'clock in the morning, Archbishop Riordan called and gave Sister Cecilia the Papal blessing just before she departed for Heaven.

SISTER M. ANNUNCIATA (Sullivan). Her vocation was a singular one. Coming from the southern part of the State, and wholly unacquainted with any of the Sisters, she visited the Convent at the recommendation of her director "to learn to be a Sister," as she so simply expressed it. As she had no acquaintances in the City, she was received as a guest, and she remained in the Convent for some weeks, becoming acquainted with the work of the Holy Family Sisters. After communicating with her family and her spiritual director, from whom she received the necessary credentials, she entered as a postulant, completed her novitiate, made her profession and shortly after was warned by serious illness of approaching death. The same simplicity and unalterable trust in God manifested throughout her sweet young life, remained with her to the end. She died four years after her admission.

SISTER M. HILARY (McShane). She entered religion in her girlhood and was one of those gentle, unobtrusive souls, who move through life so quietly that they seem to be doing but little, and yet cause wonderment when the results of their work are seen. She labored faithfully in the Day Homes and with the children at Corpus Christi Church. Her inner life was revealed on her death-bed, when after receiving the last Sacraments, she lapsed into semi-consciousness. During the twenty-four hours that elapsed before her death, she never ceased uttering prayers and aspirations, though it was impossible to rouse her to the recognition of anything on earth. She died in San Jose, in July, 1915, in the eleventh year of her religious life. Her remains were brought home to the Convent chapel, for it was in San Francisco that she had spent most of her life in laboring among the children in the Sunday Schools, particularly at Corpus Christi Church.

SISTER MARY RAYMOND (O'Farrell). For more than twenty years Sister Raymond labored in the Day Homes, caring for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the children, drawing them ever closer to God by her kindly influence and instructing them in the truths and practices of our holy religion. Her last years on earth were years of intense suffering which she bore with heroic fortitude and resignation. Fortified by the last Sacraments she departed for Heaven on November 5, 1915. Her loss was mourned by many a former pupil whose early years she had molded to virtue. Rev. M. D. Connolly, a life-long friend of Sister Raymond, celebrated the Requiem Mass which was offered in the Convent chapel.

SISTER M. BERNADINE (Ivancovich). She was one of the younger members of the Community to be called to her eternal reward. Beautiful and accomplished, Miss Pauline Ivancovich startled her companions when she entered the Holy Family Convent, but she did not startle those that knew her, for, though bright and happy as any of her companions, her heart was kept for her Lord alone and with great fervor and generosity of spirit she gave up all for the love of her heavenly Spouse. She was a graduate of Notre Dame College, San Jose, and in religion received the name of Bernardine after Mother Bernardine, then Superioress of the Notre Dame Sisters.

All her religious life was characterized by zeal for her own perfection and zeal for the souls committed to her charge. She labored with great success among the children of Holy Cross and the Cathedral Parishes. Always full of plans for the good of her young charges, she used every means in her power to allure them to the church and the Sacraments, and to give them the benefits of religious instruction. Every gift of nature and grace,

cultivated mind and noble soul, she gave back to God in her zeal for the little ones of His fold. When her last illness came, she was the only one in the Community who thought of the possibility of death. "I am going on the Feast of my baptismal patron," she said, and so indeed, she did. Early in the morning of June 29, the Feast of St. Paul, 1917, she breathed her last after having been fortified with the Holy Sacraments, and having received, with her parting breath, the final absolution and plenary indulgence. Great was the grief of the Sisters when they received the news that Sister Bernadine, their beloved companion, the truly zealous laborer, had been so unexpectedly and so prematurely taken away from her labors.

SISTER M. BARBARA (Ney). Her death occurred that same year, 1917. "Sister M. Barbara," wrote one of her companions at the time of her death, "who this evening, the feast day of her patron saint, December 4, is brought into the chapel in her casket, stands in memory's light as a model of a true Sister of the Holy Family. Every utterance concerning her by members of the Community, whether in the days of her health and activity or during her long illness, bears witness to this dominant characteristic—she was a perfect religious. She was a religious in her words. Who can recall a single violation of charity or a word unbecoming or imprudent? She was a religious in her bearing—ever grave yet cheerful, ever sweet and obliging despite a pressure of duties, calm and prayerful under all circumstances. Above all was she a religious in her interior life. The motive prompting such great generosity in her exterior duties and underlying the continual edification which, all unknowingly, she gave to her associates, was an unusually ardent love of God.

SISTER M. BERNARD (Collins). She has been mentioned in Father Galli's account of his Sunday School days at SS. Peter and Paul's Church. In this busy field, Sister Bernard taught the prayer classes for over twenty successive years. How often, during those years, did she impress on the little children's mind that fundamental truth in the first lesson of the Catechism: "God made me to know, love and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in Heaven." And may we not believe she has already met in Heaven many now "happy forever with God" Whom they were taught "to know, love and serve in this world?" Sister Bernard also spent many useful years in the Day Homes, where her wonderful influence over the children is remembered even to this day. Although she never raised her naturally low and gentle voice, she gained their ready obedience and roused their wholesome interest in the instructions. Doubtless the secret of her success lay in the spirit of fervor and self-denial with which her works were performed. Printed as a heading on the little ordo of daily work, which hangs in each Day Home, is the admonition of St. Paul: "Labor the more that by good works you may make sure your calling and election." This Sister Bernard faithfully followed and, in all humility, graced her calling by constant fidelity to duty. She was called Home on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1918.

SISTER M. HELENA (Carroll). Less than a month after the death of Sister Raymond, another was called—this time a younger religious. It was Sister M. Helena whose death occurred February 3, 1918. Though delicate, she longed to show by laborious efforts her appreciation of and gratitude for her holy vocation. With a spirit of fervor and generosity, she tried to overcome

physical weakness and gave to God and her Community valuable service during the fifteen years of her religious life. She was so full of energy, that for the sake of her health, her fervor occasionally had to be checked, yet she continued to work to the end.

SISTER M. CARMEL (Barlow). She was the second Superioress of San Jose. Her name in connection with her works has been already mentioned in these pages. A native of South Carolina, she inherited the strong, ardent, independent nature of her forefathers. Most admirable in a character such as hers is the practice of the virtues of religion. Sister Carmel was firm and uncompromising when principle was involved, but gentle and yielding whenever children's tears or any form of human need called forth the sympathy of her tender heart. One did not know which to admire most—the great business ability and foresight with which she managed the temporal affairs of the Convent, or the tender accents with which she taught a class of little children their prayers, or sang with them their sweet, simple hymns. While children never dared to disobey her, still they loved and trusted her, and her success with them was due to a Christlike combination of kindness and firmness. If there was one virtue more than another which shone in her, it was her zealous use of time. Even when the weakness of ill-health obliged her to rest from active duty, her hands were not idle. With her needle she accomplished wonders, and the result of these forced periods of inactivity, if such they could be called, were large stocks of new altar linens, cassocks, or other necessary supplies for the Convent chapel. She died in San Jose March 8, 1918. Her many friends sent expressions of sympathy to the bereaved Community and San Jose keenly felt her loss.

SISTER M. REGIS (Harper). She seemed to belong wholly to Heaven, and to have been but lent to earth to fulfill an apostleship of good example. Fervor and exactness characterized all her duties, yet so quietly did she labor, that one hardly felt her presence otherwise than in the light of her virtues. Timid and sensitive, she naturally shrank from the external duties of the Community, yet cheerfully and bravely accepted all that obedience placed upon her.

She was sacristan for several years in which charge she felt great joy—being so often near her heavenly Spouse, to Whom her heart was ever turned in love. The last year of her life she spent in San Jose. Favored with every spiritual gift that Mother Church could grant her, she spent some months in preparation for her holy death, which occurred December 27, 1918.

SISTER M. CHRISTINE (Johnson). Thirty-four years in religion, many of which were spent in the Homes silently, patiently, cheerfully, caring for the little ones of her charge, giving to them all the spiritual and corporal ministrations in her power and according to their needs; thirty-four years of loving, prayerful service to the Master Whom she saw in each little child entrusted to her—these were the works brought to a close by the death of Sister M. Christine, which occurred in San Jose in 1920. How many wholesome lessons in those years were given to the children. She mingled in her talks with them the Name of the Lover of children, Whom she ever held up as a model for their imitation, and the names of His Holy Mother and St. Joseph. She impressed on their minds a lively sense of the presence of God, and formed them to habits of prompt obedience and unselfish kindness towards their companions.

SISTER M. BAPTIST (Tully). A noble life full of good deeds and self-sacrificing devotion in the service of the Divine Master closed on March 11, 1922, when Sister Mary Baptist passed to her eternal reward. Giving herself with generous ardor to God in her youth, to the trials and tribulations that a new community must necessarily encounter in its foundation, she continued during forty-four years of active religious life to labor with the same generosity. She was born in El Dorado County, California, entered the Community of the Sisters of the Holy Family on the Feast of Christmas, 1878, and after a novitiate of two years made her profession in December, 1880. In 1882, she taught Sunday School in St. Brigid's Parish where Rev. T. Callahan was pastor. With tireless enthusiasm which bore consoling results, she labored among these children, until a parochial school was established in 1887 and the Sisters of Charity, B. V. M., undertook the spiritual care of the children.

A greater field awaited her at the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, where in addition to the work of religious instruction she established a sewing school and almost countless numbers of children of Italian parentage came under her influence. Later, Holy Cross Parish was the scene of her faithful labor.

When in 1907, Archbishop Riordan requested the Sisters to extend their work to San Jose, Sister M. Baptist was appointed Superioress of the first branch house, where she directed the opening of new Sunday Schools and of St. Elizabeth's Kindergarten and Day Home.

After five years, on the death of Sister M. Agnes, Sister M. Baptist was recalled to the Mother House in San Francisco to receive the appointment of Mistress of Novices, and the last ten years of her life were spent in this important office, training young souls for future

service in the vineyard of our Lord. She had also been active during the past three years in assisting the pastors of Mill Valley, in giving religious instruction to the children of Mt. Carmel Parish, and preparing them for the Sacraments.

To her Community and to those who knew her best, she has left the precious legacy of the example of great virtues practiced with constancy, cheerfulness and courage. Her religious life has been marked by the most absolute self-renunciation and conformity to Divine Will. Her favorite ejaculation was "Welcome be the Will of God," and no matter how adverse the circumstances these words were ever on her lips.

SISTER M. VERONICA (Gilfillan). But one more name remains to be inscribed on this ROLL-CALL! When this book was in preparation, some of the Sisters laughingly remarked: "Whoever wishes to get on the Roll of Honor must gain Heaven before our Golden Jubilee celebrations are completed." Sister M. Veronica lived to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Community, and then quietly slipped away to Heaven just in time to be on the Roll of Honor. When the first chapters of this book were already in proof-form, Sister Veronica was on duty; ere this last chapter was completed she had gone to her well-earned reward.

Twenty-nine years of loving and faithful service she had given to the Master, all of which were spent at the Mother House, and nearly always in the work of sewing. Well may she call her needle her "Key to Heaven" as did the saintly Brother in the well-known poem. Because the Habits she made were for the Spouses of Christ, every stitch became an act of love, and her spirit of faith gave fresh vigor and constant joy to what otherwise

might be deemed monotonous labor. Just one week after the Pageant at the Auditorium, Sister M. Veronica was laid to rest beside her beloved Sisters, in the little plot at Holy Cross Cemetery—having most peacefully taken her departure during the first half-hour of the new day of November 23, 1922.



PART FOURTH

Sanctifying the Fiftieth Year

"AND THE LORD SPOKE TO MOSES IN MOUNT SINAI, SAYING: * * * THOU SHALT SANCTIFY THE FIFTIETH YEAR, * * * FOR IT IS THE YEAR OF JUBILEE." LEVITICUS XXV, 1, 10.

CHAPTER I

Sounding the Note of Jubilee



ARGEST ATTENDANCE IN THE HISTORY OF St. Mary's Cathedral! Such was the caption of a newspaper account of the opening services of the Holy Family Sisters' Golden Jubilee. It conveys some idea of the throng that filled the spacious edifice during the triduum of solemnities. If the statement be slightly exaggerated, it is not possible to exaggerate the grandeur of the services. The Cathedral was profusely and artistically decorated with great masses of golden and bronze chrysanthemums banking the altars in harmonious setting for the resplendent vestments of the noted prelates who chanted the Jubilee Masses. An atmosphere of spiritual sublimity prevailed, fragrant of incense that rose from the swinging censers and, mingling with odor of flower and foliage, floated sweetly through the spacious vaults of the great edifice.

About one hundred of the Holy Family Sisters occupied a reserved section; children from the various Sunday Schools in the City were present in large numbers and scores of leaders of the hierarchy and clergy of the West assisted in the Sanctuary, while the Right Rev. Joseph S. Glass, Bishop of Salt Lake City, offered the Pontifical Mass of thanksgiving and praise to God for His goodness to the Community. A musical program of solemn beauty was rendered by the Cathedral choir under the direction of Professor A. L. Artigues.

The officials at the Mass were as follows: The Right Rev. Joseph S. Glass, Bishop of Salt Lake, pontificant; Rev. D. O'Sullivan and Rev. A. Santandreu, chaplains to Archbishop Edward J. Hanna; Rev. Joseph P. McQuaide and Rev. James A. Colligan, S. J., deacons of honor; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph T. Gleason, arch-priest; Rev. Cornelius Kennedy, deacon; Rev. Henry I. Stark, C. S. P., sub-deacon; Rev. H. Smith and Rev. H. Crampton, cross-bearers.

The Rev. D. J. Kavanagh, S. J., preached the sermon, which is herewith reproduced in full:

Fifty years ago, in the old Cathedral Parish, then the center of a large, mixed, turbulent, pioneer population, two young women took up their abode in a rented house on Pine Street near Jones, for the purpose of consecrating themselves with all their youthful energy and enthusiasm to the service of God and humanity. Guided by Father John J. Prendergast and fortified by the blessing and sanction of Archbishop Alemany they began what they hoped would be their life's work. Visiting the poor, especially the sick poor, instructing children in Christian Doctrine on Sundays, going about, during the week, in search of the little ones of Christ's flock who, for want of proper home influences, ran wild through the streets of the City, speaking words of comfort in bereavement, wiping away the tears from the cheeks of sorrow and bringing sunshine into the lives of those whose hearts were chilled by the icy hand of a cold and unsympathetic world—such were the activities to which these two young women devoted themselves on November 6, 1872, a day that should be ever memorable in the annals of our City and our Archdiocese, as the birthday of the Holy Family Community.

It was not of a sudden and, as it were, by chance that this nascent religious congregation sent forth its first frag-



SANCTUARY, ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL
GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION, NOVEMBER 4, 5, 6, 1922

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rance into the homes of the poor, into the haunts of sickness and sin, and out into the very streets of the City to mingle with and, as far as was possible, purify the poisonous vapors that hung heavily and ominously over the City of St. Francis during the early 'Seventies. Like a beautiful flower it unfolded its loveliness and filled the air with the odor of its sweetness only after laborious effort and painstaking solicitude on the part of those whose glory it is, as it was their privilege, to give to San Francisco a select body of social workers and to the Church of God a new Community of consecrated religious women.

For two years the infant Community had to struggle against difficulties from without and far more serious difficulties from within. One of the two young women proved a sad disappointment. Another came, but she, too, abandoned the work. And so Miss Elizabeth Armer, who was afterwards known and revered as Sister Dolores, was left alone to the thoughtless reproaches of friends and to the bitter abuse of enemies. Even Father Prendergast seemed at times to lose heart. He repeated half hopefully and half despairingly the words of St. Alphonsus Liguori: "The new institute will not stand, you say. If it comes from God it will stand in spite of all storms; if it does not come from God it will fall and then what harm can it do to you?"

But his discouragement was not real. In spite of storms without and disasters within, he hoped and prayed and Miss Elizabeth Armer hoped and prayed. "The charity of the Church is as broad as the needs of humanity," Father Prendergast used to say, and as there was at the time a crying need for the social and religious activities, which he had planned for his new institute, the charity of the Church would not, he felt confident, be found wanting. His trust in God was rewarded. On June

29, 1874, another day that should be as memorable in the annals of San Francisco, as it is in the annals of the Holy Family Community, a young girl, beautiful in features, keen of intellect, fervent of heart, Miss Ellen O'Connor, afterwards known as Sister Teresa of Jesus, was welcomed by Miss Armer and the two knelt before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, in the little Pine Street home, and consecrated themselves to the service of God. The Holy Family Community had a new birth. Zealously and untiringly the two began to work, now caring for the most loathsome forms of disease, now teaching Catechism in the old Cathedral, now walking down either side of Pacific Street announcing to the children the time of Sunday School and distributing holy pictures or objects of devotion to arouse their interest in the things of God. They were joined in 1875 by two others, Mrs. Javet, a widow, and Miss Catherine Kelly. The former was not accepted as a regular member of the Institute until she had made provision for her two sons. And as this was not done until 1876, Miss Kelly, afterwards known as Sister Joseph, may be regarded as the third member of the young Religious Order. Sister Teresa of JESUS, Sister MARY Dolores, Sister JOSEPH—they were sealed from the beginning with the Sacred Names of the Holy Family. It was not, however, until March 19, 1880, the Feast of the Guardian of the Holy Family, that the Community reached the full flush of maturity as a religious congregation. On that day, in the chapel of the newly built convent on Hayes Street near Polk, five Sisters, who had made their novitiate under Sister Teresa, knelt before the altar and pronounced the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience; on that day the Holy Family Sisterhood took its place among the religious congregations of the Church.

Today the Community is firmly established as a Diocesan Institution, and is known throughout the state. In San Francisco, and down the Peninsula as far as San Mateo, in San Anselmo, San Jose, Oakland, and Los Angeles the Sisters of the Holy Family are familiar figures. They may be seen going about doing good; they may be found in their Convents engaged in prayer or in study, in their Day Homes, taking care of little children whose mothers have to work during the day. On Saturdays and Sundays and frequently during the week they instruct the young of Christ's flock in the principles of religion and morality. If their work for the sick and the dying has apparently lost some of its original intensity, it is because the Helpers of the Holy Souls have so admirably and so efficiently entered this particular field of labor. If their visits to the poor are not as frequent as in the 'Seventies it is because the St. Vincent de Paul Society is doing now what fifty years ago was done by the Sisters of the Holy Family.

In their other works there has been no cessation. On the contrary, these have grown in intensity and fruitfulness. In the annual report of the State Board of Charities and Corrections for one year beginning July 1, 1920, and ending June 30, 1921, we are told that during that year the number of families assisted in the Day Homes alone was 1,339, and that the aggregate number of children cared for during the year reached the colossal number of 143,130. From another report we learn that about the same time the daily attendance at the Day Homes exceeded 600 children. Now, if we bear in mind that these 600 children receive their noonday meal and afternoon lunch, that most of them are under the school age and that many are infants, we can form some idea of the work and expense entailed.

But that is not all; they have their Sunday Schools and by actual count the Sisters of the Holy Family are now instructing in the Christian Doctrine about 10,000 children, or more than half as many as in all the parochial schools of the Archdiocese. A few of these children are, of course, from parochial schools, but most of them are not. How many thousands of non-parochial school children have they instructed in the past fifty years!

In view of this marvellous growth and these fruitful labors you have come to rejoice with the Sisters, and I have been asked by the Archbishop to sound the note of jubilee at this opening service of what, to every lover of San Francisco, ought to be a most significant and a most solemn celebration. Like a herald announcing the approach of some royal procession, the opening of some gorgeous festival, I am privileged to stand before you this morning with the glad message that the Jubilee of the Holy Family Sisters has begun; the festival is on; the clergy and the laity, religious of other orders and little children unite to congratulate the Sisters and thank God for His goodness to them and, through their ministrations, to every citizen in San Francisco.

We have many celebrations in this metropolis of the West, many interesting anniversaries and many significant festivities. We commemorate the achievement of Don Gaspar de Portola to whom we have agreed to give the glory of having discovered San Francisco. Everybody knows that the glory belongs by right to the courageous sons of St. Francis, but Portola is a more picturesque figure for our secular celebration, and it is but natural to rejoice and to feel the enthusiasm of it all when we think of the Spanish soldier standing on the western hills of our City and surveying the broad expanse washed by the placid waters of the Bay.

But if it be true, as it most certainly is, that there is more in our City than its hills and valleys, its opportunities for industrial growth and commercial advantages; if that something is deeper than even the boasted spirit of hospitality, which is laudable enough, if it is more perdurable than even our spirit of appreciation for music and all that is beautiful and elevating in the arts—if in one word, San Francisco has a soul which is to be sought in the spirit of love and of Christian charity, in the open hand and in the uplifting hand, in generous beneficence, and in self-sacrificing devotion to those that are hungry and cold, to those that are ignorant and weak, to those that are lonely and friendless; then who is there, with any, even the least, knowledge of the facts, who will fail to acknowledge that the Sisters of the Holy Family have had no insignificant part, not in discovering but in fostering and watching over the growth of the soul of San Francisco? To discover its bay, its hills, and its vales is one thing; to foster or to be among the number of those that foster the City's soul is quite another and far more glorious achievement.

Perhaps a more characteristic celebration—one which of recent years has lost some of its earlier enthusiasm—is the anniversary of the "unpleasantness" of April 18, 1906. It is not the disaster itself that is commemorated, but the dauntless spirit of those that rebuilt the City. San Francisco was, and San Francisco was not; but in a short time San Francisco rose again from its ruins, all the more beautiful by reason of it reconstruction. It is an event worthy of a celebration; but our City was neither built nor rebuilt of steel, or stone, or mortar and bricks. Nor was it built on mere human courage and dauntless character and commercial enterprise. "Unless the Lord build a city, in vain they labor who build it." The Lord builds

on the solid foundation of Christian virtue and first among these is charity. When, therefore, we think of the spirit that rebuilt the City we must not overlook the fact that, for fifty years, the Sisters of the Holy Family have been contributing no little share to whatever is solid and lasting in our City's life, to whatever is worthy of admiration and of praise in our City's boasts. When, after the earthquake, a Red Cross representative called on the Sisters to receive their bill for services, Sister Teresa smiled as she said: *"We do not serve for money!"* There is more to be proud of in that answer than there is in the rebuilding of Market Street.

We have reason, therefore, to rejoice today; there is ample ground for our jubilation and our songs of triumph. But how can I rise to the joyous spirit of the occasion? Whence shall I take the note of jubilee? Shall I go back to the royal psalmist, David, and bid him sweep the harp's most exultant strings until their harmony ascends to highest heaven and thence echoing back warms our poor hearts with sentiments of jubilation? He was familiar with the song: *Jubilate.* "Shout with joy to God," he cries in an ecstacy of fervor, "shout with joy to God all the earth; sing ye a psalm to His name; give glory to His praise!" He even calls on the Gentile world. "O bless our God, ye Gentiles; and make the voice of His praise to be heard!" Or shall I appeal to the prophet whose lips God touched with fire—shall I call upon Isaias, rapt to the mountain-top of vision, to shout down a message of jubilation for our jubilee? "Give praise," he would answer back. "Give praise, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath shown mercy; shout ye with joy, ye ends of the earth; ye mountains resound with praise, thou, O forest and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and Israel shall be glorified."

When we consider fifty years of uninterrupted service, we are inclined to indulge in such triumphant shouts of joy; but I venture to say that, apart from the invitation to give praise to God, these ecstatic cries find little response in the hearts of the Sisters of the Holy Family who are living or in the souls of the Sisters of the Holy Family who have been called to their reward.

Indeed, my dear brethren, when I sought inspiration for my feeble effort I went back in spirit to those happy days when Sister Dolores lived and when Sister Teresa lived and I imagined them speaking to me. In spite of deep Christian humility, they had their own ideas and ideals. Do not, they seemed to say to me, do not seek for inspiration in the rhapsodies of psalmist or prophet. Go rather to the Master as you find Him depicted in the ninth chapter of St. Mark: "And sitting down He called the twelve and said to them: 'If any man desire to be first, he shall be last of all and the minister of all.' And taking a child, He set him in the midst of them. Whom when He had embraced, He sayeth to them: 'Whosoever shall receive one such child in My Name, receiveth Me. And whosoever receiveth Me, receiveth not Me, but Him that sent Me.' "

This is the note of our jubilee. It is far more eloquent than the exultant cry of prophet or psalmist, far more expressive of the spirit of the work that has been accomplished by the Sisters of the Holy Family during the last half a century and far more comforting to the Sisters and their friends, not merely because the words are those of our Blessed Lord, but because they explain at once the reward of service and the motive that actuates those that serve.

You may be familiar with the colloquy between the Godless doctor and the believing nurse in one of Tenny-

son's poems—"The Children's Hospital." The doctor after examining one of the children, turned to the nurse and said, as she herself relates:

"He will need little more of your care."
"All the more reason," said I, "to seek the Lord Jesus in prayer."
Then he murmured half to himself, but I am sure I could hear him say:
"All very well, but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."
"Had! has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by and bye!
"How could I serve in the wards, if the hope of the world were a lie?
"How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,
But that He said, 'You do it to Me, when you do it to these.' "

Thus, in the words of our Lord, "Whosoever shall receive one such child in My Name, receiveth ME," we find the motive and the reward of service.

It is not alone for children that the Sisters work. During their early years they were found wherever human misery called for comfort; they distinguished themselves as nurses of sick soldiers during the Spanish American War. They converted their convent into a refuge for the demented during the earthquake days and won the admiration of all for their relief work throughout the City. They were conspicuously laborious during the influenza epidemic, and even to this day respond to every call upon their charitable service. But in Sunday Schools and Day Homes, in their nurseries and sewing schools you will find their most distinctive work. They are essentially

Sisters of the children and devote their time and energies chiefly to neglected children.

It is important work; it is necessary work. It is work that was dear to the heart of the Father of the Holy Family Community, Rev. John J. Prendergast. Had we no other way of judging of its importance and necessity, his view of it should be sufficient. Father Prendergast's one great aim in life was to be of service to his fellowmen. Never did he turn a deaf ear to the cry of misery or of misfortune. No one could say of his religion that it was emotional responsiveness without practical issue, or that he substituted delight in hearing or preaching the Gospel for diligence in living according to its dictates. To him religion meant work, work in a sordid world. The world as he viewed it needs perpetual cleaning and renovation and no one can boast of service who is ashamed to scour and scrub. His whole life was devoted to others and when he was himself unable to be of assistance he enlisted the services of those that could help.

He began his career as a priest in Mission Dolores. His greatest work was during the depression of the early 'Seventies. Grim penury and want stalked unimpeded through the City's alleys and by-ways. Many lost all they possessed through fraudulent stock manipulation or through the failure of banks. Father Prendergast was not one of those that walk through the main thoroughfares of the world with heads in the air, breathing in an atmosphere of their own, and congratulating themselves that they are not like the rest of men, while in the City slums poor underfed children cry for bread with no one to break it unto them. He did not close his eyes to misery or close his ears to cries of distress.

He knew that even in what was called respectable society the forces of corruption were at work, but the

cause of the corruption was not so easily discernible. In the homes of the poor the moral sordidness was often caused or occasioned by physical uncleanness. And so, even as a curate in Mission Dolores Church, he longed to have at his disposal a battalion of women to work for neglected children and to teach them to know, love, and serve God. While others boasted of scientific knowledge, he asked himself:

"Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
City children soak and blacken soul and sense in City slime?"
Some boasted of progress, but, thought Father Prendergast,
"There among the glooming alleys, Progress halts in palsied feet;
Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street."

And there were prosperous men who felt satisfied with their wealth and the things that wealth can buy, but

"There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor
And the crowded couch of sickness in the warrens of the poor!"

Such work is of importance for the preservation of the Catholic Church itself. The Church with ten thousand victories, the Church which harnessed to her triumphant chariot car all the forces of civilization and culture and marched victorious down the centuries, the great freedom-loving, truth-dispensing, virtue-promoting Church, would vanish like a beautiful dream from the face of the earth in a single generation, were it not for the work of those

that mould the hearts of children to virtue and train young minds to a knowledge and love of God. Jesus Christ, yesterday, today and the same forever! Yesterday He bade little children to come unto Him, today He bids them come. As long as the Church is true to the principles of Christ,—and that it will be true until the consummation of the world, we have Divine assurance—she will regard her fostering care of little children as not the least essential part of her work, and not the least glory of the zealous men and women that assist her in its accomplishment.

Bringing little children to Christ, teaching them to lisp His Holy Name, preparing them for early Holy Communion, so that receiving the blessing and sweet embrace of Christ, they may, with greater ease, avoid the contamination of a sinful world, is so important a matter that our Sovereign Pontiff of holy memory, Pius X, deemed it a sacred duty of pastor and parents to see to it that, in their tender age—at the first dawn of reason—little children be admitted to the Sacrament of Christ's love.

I have said little of the persons to whom, after God, this glory is due; but were Father Prendergast here he would not hesitate to mention names, not only of Sister Dolores and Sister Teresa, of Sister Baptist, Sister Agnes, Sister Cecilia, Sister Bernadine, and the others who have been called to their reward; but I think he would tell you of some who, though in the world, had the spirit of the Holy Family Sisters. He could give a long list. I do not know them all, but there is one who was so intimately connected with the Sisters, from their earliest beginnings, so generous in giving aid, financial and otherwise, so prudent in her counsels, that when the roll of honor of the Sisters of the Holy Family is called on the last day, it would not be surprising to those who know the whole

story, to find heading the list the name of Mrs. Mary A. Tobin. The foster-mother of Sister Dolores, she stood by her in difficulties and trials, she accompanied her and the other Sisters on errands of charity, and was willing to give all that she had to promote their work. God blessed her zeal and devotedness. She lived to see the work of her adopted daughter, Lizzie Armer, spread out into San Jose and Oakland and she handed down to her children as a sacred legacy an undying affection for the Sisters.

Enough has been said of the work accomplished by these good Sisters in the past. What of their future? Let Father Prendergast speak. In the evening of his life—a life so full of merits and good works—he gave, as was his wont, an exhortation to the Sisters, and they have preserved his earnest words:

"I may have some years yet to live," he said, "I cannot expect many, and it would be the joy of my life to see the Sisters of the Holy Family—two or three at least—in every district not only of this City, but in outside parishes where there are no parochial schools, and even where there are parochial schools. Your work goes farther than the work of the schools, for they cannot reach all, and then who is to save the children of the streets and lanes? Priests have often asked me what is the special work of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and I have always said that they are gleaners, gleaners of souls!"

There is, then, room for the Holy Family Sisters in every parish of the Archdiocese. God grant that they may increase in numbers and in fervor and be instrumental in bringing more and more little children to His Blessed Feet and to His Loving Heart, Who so loved the little ones as to say: "Whosoever received one of these in My Name, receiveth Me."

CHAPTER II

Res Gestae Christi

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS WAS AGAIN CELEbrated on Sunday, November 5. The following representatives of the clergy officiated: Right Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Los Angeles, pontificant; Right Rev. Msgr. P. L. Ryan, V. G., archpriest; Rt. Rev. Msgr. C. A. Ramm and Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. D. Connolly, deacons of honor; Rev. Pius L. Moore, S. J., and Rev. M. P. Ryan, chaplains to the Archbishop; Rev. Jerome B. Hannigan, deacon; Rev. Thomas O'Connell, sub-deacon; Rev. Richard Hammond and Rev. Cyril Kavanagh, S. J., cross-bearers.

After the chanting of the Gospel the Most Reverend Archbishop read the following cablegram, which he received from Rome, signed by Cardinal Gasparri, Secretary of State:

> THE MOST HOLY FATHER, MINDFUL OF THE LABORS AND THE SACRIFICES OF THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY, ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR GOLDEN JUBILEE SENDS TO THEM HIS HIGH WORD OF APPROVAL, BEGS FOR THEM HEAVEN'S CHOICEST FAVORS, AND WITH FULL HEART IMPARTS TO THEM HIS APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

Then with words of glowing eloquence, His Grace expressed his own sentiments of grateful appreciation of

the work done by the Holy Family Sisters in the Archdiocese of San Francisco.

The Rev. Peter C. Yorke, D. D., preached the following masterful sermon:

It is a precious privilege for all of us to be associated with the Sisters of the Holy Family in the celebration of their Golden Jubilee. For fifty years the people of San Francisco have been the beneficiaries of their charity, patient and kind. Through God's blessing the field of their zeal has been widened and other cities and communities share today in their good works, yet San Francisco is the cradle of their institute and this altar the very hearth stone of their home. It was in this City that Elizabeth Armer was inspired to devote herself to the service of God's poor. It was in the old Cathedral and here that she set timidly out on her mission of well doing. It was the pastor of this parish, Father Prendergast—CLARUM AC VENERABILE NOMEN! that blessed her vow and encouraged her resolution. It was his generosity that sustained Mother Dolores in her humble beginnings. It was his wisdom that counselled her and his courage that comforted her in the dark days that descend on every work of God, and it was his steady hand in the after years that held the ship true to its course, when a less resolute spirit might have trimmed it to the shifting winds or let it drift with the changing currents.

Indeed as we stand in this Sanctuary today we can see through the mist of the years the saintly figures of Mother Dolores and Mother Teresa and their companions now with God, move gently through the aisles and before the tabernacle, intent on the care of God's house and the beauty of the place where His glory loves to dwell.

But while we are gathered here to thank the Sisters of the Holy Family and to congratulate them, we must

not overlook the real meaning of their existence and the true significance of their achievement. Christ came into the world as a challenge to the world and as a sign that should be contradicted. The Church of Christ was built as a beleaguered city against whose adamantine walls the gates of hell forever rage and forever rage in vain. This order and every order founded on Christian faith and Christian charity, are an offense to the world and a stone of stumbling; and never was the world since the days of the Apostles so strong, so self-sufficient, so proud, so secure. The world recognizes them at once as its connatural enemies, and fears them even while it scorns them as a threat against its strength, a protest against its pride, an indictment of its self-sufficiency and a testimony against its peace.

What then is the meaning, what the use of such a congregation as that of the Holy Family, especially in San Francisco, this crowned city, this Tyre of the Pacific, whose merchants are princes and whose traders are honored throughout the earth? Here is a State that spends more money on the care and instruction of children than on all its other activities besides. Here is a community that nurses its destitute sick in palaces and that would lodge its aged paupers in the houses of kings. What form of beneficence is unknown to our civic oversight and what is this little flock of humble women to the well drilled army that serves the State?

The very same meaning and the very same reason that the Church has when she proclaims in our unheeding streets the faith of Jesus Christ. Once the voice of the Church commanded the attention of the world. The world indeed hated the Church and rejected her message, but still the world listened. Today the Church lifts up her voice and the world hurries by, impatient as one would

hurry by the whining mendicant of the market place. Science has dethroned God. Man has taken God's place. The dim twilight of religion has given way to the splendors of reason. We are lords of the world, masters of our fate, makers of the heavens to be. Yet in the face of all this the Church stands before mankind today as she stood before mankind in the beginning and still bears witness to the undying truth: "Thou O Lord, in the beginning didst lay the foundations of the earth: and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish: but Thou shalt continue: and they shall all grow old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed: but Thou art ever the self-same and Thy years shall not fail."

Let me explain the parallel more at length. What after all in our day is the most popular doctrine among those writers and speakers who cater to the superstitions of the unlearned and unstable vulgar? Is it not that religion in general and the Catholic religion in particular is hostile to human reason and refuses the mind of man its rights in the search for truth? They say that by laying such stress on the necessity of faith we weaken and finally atrophy the intellectual faculties. "Believe or be damned" is their description of the methods of the Church. Therefore they say that religion has no attraction for strong spirits like themselves, who realize the dignity of human nature and are able, like the young eagles, to gaze unblinking on the sun.

Yet as in so many other cases, this is a ridiculous perversion of the teaching and practice of the Church. It is possible that it is merely a pose or at most a misconception. In the same breath these writers and speakers give the leaders of the Church credit for learning beyond the common run, and wisdom that is superhuman. The only

way they can justify their attitude is to deny our sincerity and suppose that we devote all these resources of wisdom and learning to keep the multitude under our thumbs. It is easy to believe this in a community where Catholics are few, but in a city like San Francisco, where the clergy come in and go out among all sorts and conditions of men and could not if they would hide their true character, and in a citizenry like ours where Catholics are leaders in every walk of intellectual, civic and business life, it is hard to convince even the most prejudiced that our Church is made up merely of deceivers and their dupes.

On the contrary there is no Church or school that has stood so strongly for the rights of reason as the Catholic Church. Just as she upheld, against Calvinism, the essential goodness of human nature, so she has upheld the native power of the human mind to arrive at truth, aye even at that supreme and ultimate truth, the existence of God. As late as the Vatican Council she reminded the world of the ancient words of David: "The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament declareth the works of His hands." In a special decree she laid down to her children the explicit teaching of St. Paul, that the one true God, our Lord and Maker, could be known for certain from the things that are made, as the Apostle writes to the Romans concerning the pagans: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. His eternal power also and Divinity, so that they are without excuse."

At the same time the Church is nothing if not practical. She is not intrigued by the fairy tales of science or deluded by the vagaries of the illiterate evolutionists of the Sunday supplements. Man is not a mere animal that is slowly emerging from the primeval slime and human

nature does not grow angelic with the process of the suns. She has learned enough in her long life to prefer facts to theories and she knows as a fact that human nature essentially good as it is, has been damaged in some great catastrophe. Of that catastrophe she sees the results in the darkness of the understanding, the weakness of the will and the strong inclination to evil, that every son of Adam knows to be his inheritance if he would not close his eyes to his own experience and lie to his own soul.

Hence putting aside that necessity of Divine Revelation that arises from the decree raising man to an end that surpasses his nature, and every created nature, namely, the Blessed Vision of God, we must recognize from the logic of facts the moral necessity of the intervention of God if man is to be enabled to obtain such a body of doctrine and such a code of laws as will teach him to know God and God's Will, in a sufficient and effective manner. Revelation, or the speaking of God to man, is morally necessary in this sense and that such a revelation was given is witnessed by St. Paul at the beginning of the Epistle to the Hebrews: "God who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past to the fathers by the prophets, hath in these days last of all spoken to us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things."

It needs but a slight acquaintance with ancient history to perceive the force of the argument. If religion be only a phase of culture, as they teach your children in the San Francisco Normal School, which has developed out of the nightmares of an overfed caveman, there is no reason why in the long period before the coming of Christ, religion should not have been brought to its highest perfection. Every other side of culture received its finishing touch from the skilled Greek hand. No age, not even our own, has equalled the glory that was Greece and the

grandeur that was Rome. There were giants in those days. They were the heirs of Egypt and of Chaldea, and of the forgotten civilizations that the spade of archaeologist is bringing every day to light. They were masters of the resources of the world. God had endowed them with genius, and the sense of beauty, and the thirst for knowledge, and the feeling of religion, and yet—it was as if He were emphasizing that divine foolishness which was wiser than men—He buried His truth in the wild hills of Judea while the terrible picture St. Paul draws of the Roman masters of the world teaches us how low human wisdom had sunk in the things that pertain to religion. "Because that, when they knew God they glorified Him not as God: neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and to four-footed beasts, and creeping things, and changed the glory of God into a lie and worshipped and served the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen."

Now, my dear brethren, the thing that was true in the province of faith was also true in the province of charity. The same moral necessity that existed in order that man might attain to a sure and efficient knowledge of his relations toward God also existed in order that man should attain to a true conception of his relations towards his fellowmen.

As you know there are two chief relations existing between human individuals. We may contemplate our neighbor as a father contemplates his son, or a brother his brother, namely, as the continuance of his own personality, his other self. We may on the other hand contemplate

him as a distinct being who has his own rights and towards whom we have our duties: against whom we have rights and who owes us service. The former relation is regulated by the virtue of charity: the latter relation is regulated by the virtue of justice.

Charity and justice are natural conditions of human existence. On charity are founded all the domestic interests that concern the preservation of the species. From justice spring the instincts that concern the preservation of the individual. Both are of the very nature of man and are of primeval strength for if it be true that "all that a man hath he will give for his life," it is also true "that love is strong as death and jealousy, hard as the grave."

Now as we have seen that the pagan world had reached the height of human achievement in the arts and sciences it is also true that their ideals of human love and friendly devotion had reached a point we have seldom equalled and never surpassed. To this day the pictures of conjugal fidelity and filial piety and domestic and civic virtue and the friendship that passeth the love of woman as painted by the Greek and Roman poets remain without peers. Yet again when we study the philosophical speculations of these same peoples and examine their laws and investigate their customs we are not surprised at the scathing invective poured out by St. Paul on Roman society at the zenith of its prosperity culminating in the awful epithets—"without natural affection, without fidelity, without mercy."

Hence it is evident that just as there was a necessity of a revelation concerning the relations of man toward God, so there was a necessity of a revelation concerning the relations of man towards man. As that revelation was gradual in the one case so it was in the other. In the

Sermon on the Mount our Lord astonished the multitude when he proclaimed the fulness of the law of love: Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you: Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and caluminate you: that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven who maketh His sun to rise on the good and the bad and sendeth His rain upon the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you: what reward shall ye have? Do not even the publicans this: and if ye salute your brethren only, what do you more; do not even the heathens so?

What motive could be strong enough to induce men to accept this impossible teaching? The same motive that enabled Abraham to believe against hope—even God Himself. In the old Testament God manifested Himself in the thunders of Sinai. I am the Lord, thy God, mighty and jealous, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me and keep My commandments. In the new Testament God is love. By this, writes St. John, hath the love of God appeared towards us because God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we may live by Him. At the solemn moment of the Last Supper our Lord left charity to be the badge of His disciples. A new commandment, I give unto you, that ye love one another: as I have loved you that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one for another.

Hence we have the double object in Christian charity but the single motive. We love God for His own sake—we love man for the sake of God. Here there is no fine phrasing about philanthropy: here is no hysterical senti-

mentalism, here there is no altruistic selfishness, here there is no scientific charity picking the pockets of justice. We are commanded to love our fellow man, not because he is our friend or because we expect a return, or because he is in any way worthy of love, but simply and solely for God's sake, who so loved the world that He did not spare His only Son.

It was this motive that undid the wrongs of the old world and built up Christian civilization. It would be too long to record the RES GESTAE CHRISTI during the ages of the faith. Suffice it to say that the single institution of Christian marriage undid the moral and economic evils of paganism and produced the Christian family out of which came the Christian world—that world which is now falling to pieces with the ruin of Christian marriage.

For, my dear brethren, we must confess that the religious revolution of the 16th century has come to its full development in the destruction of the Christian faith outside of the Catholic Church. The founders of Protestantism declared they were saving the faith of Christ by destroying the authority of the Church. They themselves now recognize that they have only succeeded in destroying the faith and the authority together. It was a process that did not work out equally either in time or country, but in our days with the standardization of the world it is rushing rapidly everywhere to its consummation. Like the streams that dash in their freedom down the eastern slopes of our Sierras and have reached the level of the desert, the non-Catholic denominations are swallowed up in the sands of indifference or stagnate in the black and bitter pools that can be stirred by no angel save the angel of hate.

Since faith is the foundation and root of righteousness the destruction of the Christian faith implies the destruc-

tion of Christian charity, first in the interior life of the soul, and, secondly, though not so swiftly, in its external manifestations, like those trees that even when the storm has overthrown them continue to put out their leaves for a while till their stored up substance is spent. The word charity—once the most beautiful word in human speech—has been so degraded that men hesitate to use it, or use it only for the camouflage that hides their evasion of their just debts. It is not charity that the State should take care of helpless children or the indigent sick, or old and feeble. Our so-called State charities are merely agencies for cheating citizens out of as much as possible of their just dues. Man was not made for the State but the State for man. When therefore the State stands ready as it should stand ready, to remedy those ills caused by inequality, want of opportunity, sickness, misfortune, or even the sin that is visited on others, it is only doing what men set it up to do and its motive is not philanthropy or charity, but strict justice. The State is a means to an end and nothing more, and when, as in Oregon, they teach that the child belongs to the State before it belongs to its parents, they are simply denying the basic principles of Christianity as they are denying the first elements of common sense.

This is the original sin that vitiates the work of our great secular philanthropic enterprises. The modern system of beneficence institutes what is called a "Foundation," liberally endows it with money, staffs it with the best talent and skill in the market, and thus insures that its activities will be such as human talent and human science and human devotion and material resources can produce in the highest degree. When we say that such institutions are not Christian, we test them simply by the motives behind them. The motive of philanthropy and

the motive of charity are incommensurable. When we say that such institutions are anti-Christian we do not mean that their founders or administrators or staff are consciously opposed to Christianity, for some of their most valuable workers are splendid Christians. We mean simply that they would take the place of Christianity. Anti-Christ means not only the enemy of Christ, but also the substitute for Christ. The motive behind them is man for man's sake, and only as long as that motive energises, will they continue their work.

Do not misunderstand me. When we consider the great works of American benevolence, whether of private or public origin, we must not forget that to a large part they owe their inspiration to Christian men and Christian principles. This was once a Christian people and is not yet entirely paganized. The precious ointment indeed has been poured out and its sweetness wasted, but some of the odor still clings to the alabaster vase. The men amongst us who have become most secularized and even aggressively pagan, are the resultants of Christian culture and Christian culture does not die in a day or even in a generation. The most pronounced antagonists of Christ in our generation, when they went out of what they called the House of Bondage, borrowed from the Church and took with them vessels of silver and vessels of gold and raiment much like the children of Israel what time they spoiled the Egyptians.

But the time will come, nay it is at the doors, when those spoils shall be spent and the spirit of Christianity shall have evaporated. Motives work out infallibly to their end. Then we shall see what philanthropy will produce. Already we behold the shadows that creep before events. The great war showed what the State could do in the name of the general welfare, and what the people

would stand for. Your popular literature is advocating the pagan, and worse than pagan, control of marriage and birth and death. There is no horror that lurked in gloomy recesses of Egypt's temples that is not dragged before our eyes as the last achievement of science—no abomination of Chaldean shrines that is not staged to inflame the jaded passions of a decadent civilization—no Golden Calf that we are not bidden to offer incense to in the name of progress. Remember, my brethren, the spring cannot rise higher than its source. Even philanthropy needs a motive higher than the individual, and the only higher motive it can find is humanity organized in the civil State. If God is cast out the State must take His place—and the little finger of the State is heavier on the citizen than the very Omnipotence of God.

It is against this system and all it stands for that this Congregation of the Holy Family and every such congregation stand. Their very existence is a protest against secularism and the all-powerful State. The individual is the object of their ministration, but it is not the individual lost in the multitude, but it is the individual, individualized all the more because he has put on the person of Christ: "I was ahungered and ye gave Me to eat: I was athirst, and ye gave Me to drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me in: naked and ye covered Me: sick and ye visited Me. I was in prison and ye came to Me. Then shall the just answer Him, saying: Lord, when did we see Thee ahungered, and fed Thee, athirst, and gave Thee drink? And when did we see Thee a stranger and took Thee in, or naked, and covered Thee? And when did we see Thee sick or in prison and come to Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them: Amen, I say unto you, as long as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

They may not be able to come before the people and plead their cause in the persuasive words of human wisdom, or chronicle their deeds in silver speech. They know too well the value of these accessories of which the world thinks so much. "If I speak with tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

They know the use of skill and of training and they are not unacquainted with the resources of modern science and they can admire the fine human faith of the searcher after knowledge, but above and beyond all this there is something greater and more necessary: "And if I should have prophecy and know all mysteries and all knowledge and have faith so that I could move mountains and have not charity, I am nothing."

Hard experience has taught them how much good can be done with money, but money is the last thing that troubles them. They do not underrate the self-sacrifice of the scientific observer who takes his life in his hands to contribute to the extirpation of disease, and the easing of the load of physical suffering, but there is something holier and more precious still: "And if I should distribute all my goods to feed the poor and if I should deliver my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

The heart of our celebration is that this City has been found worthy to produce a new organization of women animated by Charity in its true and Christian sense. San Francisco was built on the wreck and overthrow of one of the greatest enterprises of charity the world ever saw. If it be true that the burnt bramble does not bud again, and that the earth that drinketh in the frequent rains and bringeth forth only thorns and briars is very near a curse, it would seem as if no second spring could bloom again

in this land of ours. Yet the miracle came to pass. At the very time the poets of the stranger were lamenting the faltering and stilled voices of the Mission bells and mourning the cunning and the greed, the skeptic sneer and the pride, the hard high lust and the wilful deed that marked the youth in this lion's whelp crouching by the western gate, there was growing up in the heart of Elizabeth Armer the thought that she might gather about her a little family that like the holy women who followed Christ and ministered to Him as He went up and down doing good, would seek Him and find Him and serve Him in the poor who hid lost and helpless in the gold-mad and pleasure-sodden jungle of old San Francisco.

The hope in which the Holy Family Sisters went out is contained in what I might call their charter, a letter written by Father Prendergast to Sister Dolores [which appears on page 32 of this volume]. We of this generation are too close to Father Prendergast to appreciate him. He was truly a great man, and it will be long before we shall look upon his like again. This religious community is his work, and it was the spirit he breathed into it that has been the inspiration of all its well doing.

I know that to those who are accustomed to the methods of Christian charity his letter will seem commonplace, and that to our modern scientific experts it will be hopeless and old fashioned. Yet the one word: "If you find the accommodations are not good enough for the friends of our Lord," lights it up and makes it worthy to be written in letters of gold. Moreover, its outlook on the future is true and sure. We of the feeble faith of these days seek the money first and do the charity afterwards. Father Prendergast is incurably Christian—he gives the first place to charity and feels confident that God, in His goodness, will provide.

There is only one word that is left out, and I will be bold enough to supply what I know Father Prendergast would add on this fiftieth year. He would not ask for money, but he would ask for vocations. With all our progress we have not done our duty either to the Diocese or to the Religious Orders in filling up their ranks. When we look out on this community, we can see tens of thousands of Catholic women tied to the wheel of secular avocations, wearing out their young lives, slaving for the dollar that is spent before they earn it; dreaming of homes and comfort that are possible only when they are too weary to enjoy them, and reaching a selfish old age hopeless and loveless and lonely.

May this festival be to you, O daughters of the Virgin, a light to your minds and a spur to your will to see the beauty of charity as the Apostle saw it, to be zealous for the better gifts and to follow the yet more excellent way. "Charity is patient, is kind. Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, seeketh not her own, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never falleth away; whether prophecies be made void or tongues cease or knowledge be destroyed. For we know in part and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect shall come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away the things of a child. Now we see as through a glass in a dark manner, but then face to face. Now we know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known. Now there remain faith, hope, charity; these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

CHAPTER III

Sowing in the Spirit

UNPARALLELED WERE THE CROWDS THAT attended the services in the Cathedral on Saturday and Sunday; but, on account of a heavy downpour of rain, it was thought that there would be a falling off in numbers at the Monday services. Such, however, was the interest taken in the Sisters' Jubilee celebration, that the falling off was not notable. Indeed, the number of clergy was greater than on the other two days. The following officiated at the Solemn Pontifical High Mass: The Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, pontificant; Very Rev. A. L. McMahon, O. P., arch-priest; Rev. P. E. Mulligan and Rev. E. P. Dempsey, deacons of honor; Rev. Joseph Galli, deacon; Rev. Robert O'Connor, subdeacon; Rev. Rueben Bray and Rev. John Casey, crossbearers.

The Masters of Ceremonies for the entire triduum were the Very Rev. Msgr. James W. Cantwell and Rev. W. P. Sullivan. The Rev. John T. Sullivan, S. T. L., was the orator on Monday. His eloquent sermon follows:

It was in pursuance of the decree of Divine Providence and in accord with local necessities, that a few zealous women began the work of assisting Pastors with the children in Day Homes, in week day classes, and in Sunday Schools, fifty years ago today. They were the organizers of an army of workers that have since appeared in this Archdiocese and in the neighboring Diocese to the south.

They occupy, if you will, an humble position in the great object of the Catholic life of today. Their work has been God's work, quiet and hidden, not in ostentation but in the showing forth of the spirit and of power. Their lives are an exemplification of the highest kind of renunciance by which they abandon the world in order to be nearer to Christ. They are the toilers who delve that another's gain, for the Christianization of the social and moral forces of the future. So constant, so noiseless their endeavor, that it passes by unheeded, for, like the coral workers, they labor on day by day in unremitting toil.

They need no praise, no flattery from me. Lift up your eyes and you shall see their glory—beyond idle words of commendation. They have 'labored much in the Lord' and though they would have their works unheralded, the Church thinking otherwise holds Jubilee as is meet and just, over fifty years of tireless and useful achievement.

For one-half a century they have been moving through our streets, with modest ways, garbed in the unassuming black of the religious, seemingly without attracting heed from the passing multitudes, and yet the public, too, will rightly join this Jubilee and give civic acknowledgment of deep appreciation for unsurpassed service. A Jubilee is a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and these days are joyous that so much has been achieved by OUR SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY, and grateful we are to God that He has bestowed upon the Church in San Francisco the singular blessing of producing a womanhood so noble, so self-effacing, so willing to sacrifice all for the love of God and of man. A Jubilee is also time of meditation and introspection, a time for looking backward in order to look forward all the more clearly.

The history of Our Sisters, their foundation and development has already found eloquent expression; the



supernatural character of their works of love has been masterfully presented, and it remains this morning to take up another far-reaching phase of their activities.

Visiting the sick, housing the homeless, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry—all these corporal works of mercy make an exceedingly strong appeal to men at large. They are concrete things, they show immediate and gratifying results. Catching, as they do, the natural element, the spirit of humanitarianism, they meet with unhesitating and open approval from every source. Teaching children to live clean, orderly, industrious, upright lives is a wonderful work, and fifty years given to that alone by any body of devoted women, merit public expressions of gratitude from the entire community.

There is however an aspect of the service rendered by Our Sisters—less manifest, less demonstrable, but, I take it, a more valuable one; less tangible it is in its results, scarcely visible in its slow growth, and steady development, but of infinite worth to our Church and our Commonwealth. "Behold the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruits of the earth, patiently bearing till he receive the early and later rain."

The thought which I would especially draw your attention to this morning is the value of the foundations—religious and moral—which these Our Sisters are laying in the hearts and minds of those little ones who come under their benign influence and who must look to them for that motherly training and interest which their own mothers, daily called out to work by the stress of circumstances, are unable fully to supply.

"We live in a land, broad and fair and free, its shores washed by two mighty oceans; its giant mountains guarding priceless treasures; its trackless forests yielding the hoarded wealth of centuries, its great rivers laden with

the rich argosies of commerce, its boundless resources scarcely touched, inexhaustible fountains of prosperity and abundance." That is our America, its very vastness and its material richness are tremendously impressive, but "the issue about which hangs a true sublimity and the terror of overhanging fate is, what are we going to do with all these things?" Shall they mar us or make us? They are merely things and cannot of themselves make and sustain us as a nation. Rome seized and controlled all the resources of the known world of her day and to what end? She went down into the tombs of dead nations; and a few broken columns remain to mark the seat of her world-wide empire.

Mere possession of material advantages is no guarantee of permanence. What then will give us safety, security in the management of all these things? Mental power—intellectual clearness? Without knowledge a nation is either a silent sepulchre, where all hopes are buried, or a raging sea, where they are all quickly wrecked. Knowledge it must have. But what knowledge? Of the arts, literature, the wisdom of the legislator, human philosophy? Why did it not save the Grecian states? They went down into a night upon which no sun ever again shone!

Will wealth save us as a nation? It has been hoarded; men have cheated for it; for it the bread of carefulness has been eaten; but it has corroded the character of many a sterling man. Will political power give us any assurance? What guarantee does its possession give of virtuous use by its possessor? Has it never been placed on the auction block for the highest bidder? Does social position warrant the belief in its righteousness, or is it not too often used, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins? The only thing that can rightly control the material

resources of our land, and wisely direct the exercise and use of all the instruments of power in our citizens is not intellectual clearness with "moral worth"—but intellectual clarity united with Christian morality backed as that morality is by a Divine sanction. Only an abiding sense of Christian moral responsibility can safely guide us in the use of the resources at hand and wisely direct us in the control of the instruments of power at our disposal, and the vaster those resources, the greater those instruments of power, the deeper and stronger must be the moral sense in the possessors.

Shall we depend upon legislation? We are overburdened with laws now. There is no dearth of laws, both repressive and directive, on our statute books; but no one has ever been legislated into virtue, for human laws do not reach the internal spring of action, they never do touch the conscience, and through every one of them a coach and four might be driven.

These reflections must make us realize that it is essential to the welfare of our country that, co-ordinately with the knowledge we impart to our children, must go constantly the impression of their responsibility for its right use in later life. Educate the body at the expense of the mind and soul and you will have animated clay; educate the intelligence at the expense of the moral and religious feelings, and you but fearfully increase a man's power to effect evil. It was Herbert Spencer that said so tersely "right cognition does not insure right action."

Does not experience bear out this truth? The great thought-leaders of the world promised us the blessed millennium of the 20th century, the great tower of gold that was being builded to the heavens like another Babel. Within the past six years we have seen it fall, as the temple that crashed around the head of Samson—for they,

as he, pushed out its staunch supporting columns of beauty and strength. Illuminative knowledge there was, but the operative moral virtues and their sanction were not. Power we had in abundance, but an appalling deficiency in its control. Mere possession of power of any kind is not an assurance of its right application.

And what bearing has all this on the training of little ones for future citizenship? We are living in a republic. Ours is a democratic form of government, its officers are elective, its policies are directed by these officers who are chosen by the people. The choice depends upon the majority, and the vote-counting is simply a matter in addition.

The moral character of the voter is not challenged at the polls—he who is worst and he who is best stand on an equal footing. Does this system assure us of capable and honest officials? Does it warrant us in expecting wise and just policies in the governing of the country? In itself no. We are thrown back for our confidence on the integrity of the individuals who make the majority and on the moral responsibility of those that are elected. What can keep us as a nation from certain failure if votes come to be treated as merchandise, or if purely personal gain be the guiding motive of electors and elected?

"Justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh nations miserable." No nation can be governed safely, much less govern itself at all, without a clear head and sound heart. For "the beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord."

In days of peace and tranquility when property is secure, when the laws are upheld and obeyed, when the vision of constancy and permanence presents itself to our imagination, we readily and amiably trust to the moral stability of human nature. We have been too prone to credit human nature with more moral strength than it really possesses and, neglecting to develop it, we have

confined our education too exclusively to instructing the mind. The philosophers of Greece enjoined upon their countrymen the sanctity of all natural virtues, the Roman Republic practised them as fully as unregenerated man is capable of doing by the power of vigorous and cultivated reason, but what did it avail? Put this natural virtue to the acid test of disappointment. Recent years have made it clear that such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason are no youthful Davids going out to contend successfully against those Goliaths—the passions and the pride of man.

We have great material resources in this country of ours, we have in our hands great power, political, civil, social, intellectual. What we need, above and beyond all these, is moral power based on Christian principles. Religion must be its source and foundation; Religion—not a thing apart from education, but interwoven with its entire system, a principle which controls and regulates the whole mind and happiness of the people. To be truly good and socially useful, popular education must be fundamentally religious.

Robespierre proclaimed the truth, that a republic can only be established on the eternal basis of morality. And yet in America there are many who have little use for religion and more who place no great value upon it as the savoring and saving salt in the nation's life. Some 60,000,000 of the people in the United States owe no religious allegiance whatever, and yet they are all obviously the children of a state of sentiment and thought in which religion has been a powerful factor. Think of what would befall us if the solid fabric of belief on which our morality has been hitherto rested were suddenly to break up and vanish? For generations we have been training a race of men in a morality weakened and grow-

ing weaker with each succeeding generation by the absence of positive exclusion of religious training. Six days in a week devoted to the teaching of human learning and no hour, or a hurried one, to the imparting of religious knowledge. Will this bring the future citizens to believe themselves the highest beings in the universe or, at least, to think themselves out of relation to any other higher beings? Will it render our social policy unstable, and, if so, will it bring on a reign of violence? Our whole system of government rests on the will of the numerical majority. What if that majority should think that the government's overthrow would be gain for them? Suppose these teeming millions ceased to believe there is any power above them, what would become of this huge and delicate fabric of laws and commerce and social institutions? If hitherto civilized society has rested on religion, and if free government has, as Ambassador Bryce says, prospered best among religious people, will the moral code stand unshaken, with its reverence for law, its regard for life and property, its sense of duty towards the present and the future generations when its foundations crumble or are blasted away?

Republics, we are told, live by virtue, then 'the more democratic republics become, the more the masses grow conscious of their power, the more do they need to live not only by patriotism but by reverence and self-control, and the more essential to their well-being are those sources whence reverence and self-control flow."

The Lord sat the prophet down in the midst of a plain that was full of bones; now they were many upon the face of the plain. And the Lord said: "Son of man, dost thou think these bones shall live? And I answered: O Lord God, thou knowest. And He said to me: Prophesy upon these bones. So I prophesied as I was commanded; and

as I prophesied there was a noise, and behold, a shaking; and the bones came together, bone to his bone. And when I beheld, lo, the sinews, and the flesh came upon them, and the skin was stretched over them, but there was no spirit in them. Then said He unto me: Prophesy to the spirit, O son of man and say to the spirit: Thus saith the Lord God: come, spirit, from the four winds and breathe upon these slain and that they may live. So I prophesied, and the spirit came into them, and they lived: and they stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

Our wealth of resources, our instruments of power, our knowledge, riches, social, political position, are all dry bones in the valley of the slain, united—bones, sinews, flesh and skin—but with no spirit of life.. What avail to have oceans at our feet, mighty rivers and giant mountains, fertile valleys and rich mines, the wondrous fabric of a nation and no spirit summoned by the word of God from the four winds to breathe upon the slain in the valley of the dead? As well boast of a mighty church that has nothing more than resplendent altars and sordid ministers, golden vestments and leaden thoughts, marble pulpits and wooden preachers, many devotions and little religion. It would be but an army of bones waiting for the Prophet to prophesy "Come, spirit, from the four winds and blow upon these slain in the valley of the dead that they may live."

We keep Jubilee today, we rejoice in the Lord, and give thanks to God that Our Sisters are ever calling forth the spirit of God to breathe with reviving and regenerating force upon the little ones that they may live. Children are simple, docile, pure, candid, their minds plastic, their imaginations eager, their hearts ready for any mould, and the first impressions made on them in their early days are

the last forgotten. Store their minds then not with weapons to sap the altar and the throne alike, but with motives that reach conscience and teach accountability to God. Surrounded with an atmosphere of religion they soon become conscious that there is a faith in God and a law of God which should be the rule of life and not a casual incident. Early and late, in season and out, the seeds of discipline, self-control, reverence, and obedience to authority are being sowed in the youthful minds by the Sisters of the Holy Family, giving guarantee of a virtuous and virile people, for the morals are but outward form of the inner life. These are the things that will bring permanence and perpetuity to our national institutions, our prosperity, our civilization. These are the foundations that the Sisters whose Jubilee we keep today—yea, and all the glorious Sisterhoods of our Church, are laying for God and Man, for Church and Country. Prophets, they, standing in the valley of the slain, prophesying as the Lord God hath commanded, "Come spirit, come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live—and behold they live and stand up upon their feet an exceeding great army."

CHAPTER IV

San Francisco Pays Tribute



AN FRANCISCO'S PUBLIC TRIBUTE TO THE Holy Family Sisters was paid in the Civic Auditorium, on Saturday, November 18. It was the closing event of the Golden Jubilee celebration in honor of the Sisters. All the available space of the big edifice was occupied by a throng of 15,000 men, women and children, who came to add their tribute to the City's official testimonial of gratitude for the Sisters' half-century of public service. Several hundred friends of the Sisters were unable to gain entrance, but they waited patiently, for more than an hour, hoping against hope to gain standing room.

The stage settings and decorations for the Jubilee exercises were perhaps the most beautiful and artistic ever seen in the auditorium. Every one present was loud in expressions of admiration. More than 300 prettily costumed past and present pupils of the Sisters sang in the Jubilee chorus with admirable unison. The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra rendered a number of selections. A male quartet, led by Charles Bulotti, the noted tenor, sang "Jubilate Deo," and "All the World Loves San Francisco." This last selection was written by a girl pupil of the Sisters. The music for the song was composed by the Rev. Father Florian, O. F. M.

"The Path to the Golden City," an allegorical play written by the Sisters, was produced with admirable skill

by a cast of several hundred pupils of the Sisters. Scores of little children, costumed as birds and flowers and angels, furnished a charming touch of color to the spectacle. The allegory received tremendous applause from the spectators. Cyril Breslin, who essayed the role of the Prince Guardian, was singled out for considerable commendation for the splendid manner in which he enacted his important part. The story of the play dealt with the journey of a little girl's soul through the temptations of life to its goal in the Golden City.

The entire program reflected great credit on the pupils and the Sisters, and proved an artistic triumph. It was an appropriate climax to the Golden Jubilee, "perhaps the greatest religious observance in the history of San Francisco," as one of the newspaper writers observed.

The civic celebration was under the management of the following Committee: Honorary Chairmen—Most Reverend Archbishop E. J. Hanna, Hon. William D. Stephens, Governor of California, Hon. James Rolph, Jr., Mayor of San Francisco, Mr. R. M. Tobin, Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and Mrs. E. J. Tobin. Executive Committee—Mrs. George T. Cameron, Chairman; Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. Geo. de Latour, Miss Emilie Parrott and Mr. E. J. Tobin.

Mayor James Rolph, while voicing San Francisco's official congratulations and thanks to the Sisters, declared that the auditorium had never held a greater assemblage and that the City never had greater reason to rejoice. He said in part:

"I have been here in this Auditorium on many occasions, in the years gone by. But I have never seen so much care, I have never seen so much thought, I have never seen so much interest manifested in any event as I see here at this golden celebration of the Sisters.

"Oh, how we wish that we could tell all men from the depths of our hearts, how—when we were engaged in our ordinary pursuits, when we were going along in the hustle and the bustle of life, thinking of other things, other matters than the charitable needs of a great City—these women, day by day, night by night, were caring for the young, taking them into their homes, building them up. Oh, Sisters of the Holy Family, I do wish I had power to paint my thoughts in words. I come here as Mayor of the City to extend the City's congratulations, to take off to you the City's hat, to extend all the good wishes and thanks that come from a grateful people for the work that you have done.

"I doubt whether the City knows that so many hundreds of children are gathered together here. I doubt whether they give time to think of the work that you are doing. But whether they do or not, I want you to know that I, as Mayor, and those who are thoughtful and observing of what you are doing, are appreciative of your work, and while very many of our citizens are busy, they know you are working for the upbuilding and the uplift of this City.

"May God bless you in your work. May another fifty years roll around, during which this City is bound to be the better for all that you are doing. And may those that follow after us, celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the founding of this noble order, just as we are today celebrating the golden jubilee.

"San Francisco's sincerest and most earnest congratulations.

The Most Reverend Archbishop preceded His Honor, the Mayor, but we have reserved his eloquent words for the closing paragraphs of our narrative. He spoke from the depths of a heart that beats to transports of enthusiastic admiration for all that is elevated and elevat-

ing, for all that is helpful towards temporal and eternal salvation, for all that is good and true and beautiful in our human efforts to make this world a less disagreeable place to live in, and to point the way to a better world where, through the mercy and goodness of God, permanent peace and happiness will succeed the discord and disaster that enter so largely into the disappointing span of existence which we call life.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S ADDRESS

It seems to me that our first thought this afternoon ought to be of those who, for the past fifty years, have labored and sacrificed themselves for the poor and the children around San Francisco Bay, and who now sleep the sleep of peace; that we ought first of all to remember Sister Dolores and Sister Teresa, and that noble band of women who gave all they had in life that the children and the poor might live. And this mighty throng, that represents those who are in sympathy with the work, may stop just for a moment and pray that those dear women, who gave all for God and for the children, may sleep the sleep of peace.

We come here this afternoon to celebrate in becoming fashion the jubilee of those women who administered unto our poor and unto our little ones, through all these jubilee years; we come to lay at their feet our tribute of praise, our tribute of gratitude; we come to wish them Godspeed for the years that lie ahead. It was no easy task, fifty years ago, to go out into the highways and byways of this City of St. Francis, and gather 'neath their protection, the poor, the needy, the outcast. It was no easy task, fifty years ago, to gather under the aegis of their protection—the protection of the Sisters of the Holy Family—the little ones of the flock, wandering here and

there, without help and without guide, and that they have done this work for all these golden years, we come today to lay at their feet the tribute of our praise. But, oh, more than our praise, we come today to speak to this mighty throng of the thanks that well up in our hearts for every good deed that marks this year of jubilee. And we can only pray that, as in the past, so, too, in the future, they may lift the children unto higher and nobler things, and that the work which God has placed in their hands may grow e'en unto the perfect day.

The most important thing in the world today is the child, growing unto the fulness of manhood, unto the fulness of womanhood. The most important thing for the child today is to culture and fashion that child's mind so that he or she may know what is true, what is just, what is right, what is available unto the soul here, yea, and hereafter. But not only must the child know what is right, not only must the child see the path of light, but also it must be so disciplined, so trained, so moulded, that it will have the courage, in the face of the world, to follow the light, and to follow the right.

And when we come today to lay at the feet of our simple Sisters the work and the praise of fifty years, let us remember, and let us remember well, that, for all these golden days, they have pointed out the way of truth unto the little ones, and have so strengthened and fashioned and moulded them that, in the battle of life, they stand strong, they stand courageous. And if the Archbishop might add one word more, it is that, looking back over the history of this fair land, we may hope for the finest results among the children of the poor. For the men that have made impression upon this land of ours, the men in whose hands have been, in a thousand ways, our destinies, have, for the most part, risen up from the poor and

from the people. And the women who consecrate life and intelligence and power and strength, that these little ones may have the best that life gives, deserve from us the highest praise, yea, and the highest commendation.

And today, as we gather around them in humble, simple gratitude, we can only say, 'Go on with this mighty work. Go on with this work, so deserving of the City of St. Francis. And we can only pray that their numbers may grow and increase, that many more may come under their kindly protection, and that, in this mighty day of strife, in this crisis of the world, these simple women, consecrated unto God, may be in the world a powerful means of raising a generation that will help to bring this world back some day to sanity, that will help to bring this world back to a sense of justice unto all men, that will help to bind this world again into a loving family-brotherhood, and bring in justice and love, bring into the world that mightiest of all boons, the boon of peace.

Loud and enthusiastic applause greeted the beloved Archbishop when he rose to speak; his speech was interrupted from time to time, by hearty cheering for the Holy Family Sisters, and, when he brought his eloquent remarks to a close, the Auditorium rang to an echo. Everybody present seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and all were anxious to show, by some outward token, their appreciation of the work done, during fifty years, by the self-sacrificing Sisters.

MEMORABILIA

Chronological Statement of Notable Events

1872—November 6. Miss Elizabeth Armer begins work in a rented house on Pine Street.

1873—Miss Armer's first companion fails her.

1874—June 29. Miss Ellen O'Connor joins Miss Armer. They move to a house on Stockton and Pine Streets later in year.

1875—Mrs. Ellen Javet and Miss Catharine Kelly join the Community. Miss Ellen O'Connor begins her novitiate with Dominican Sisters, Benicia.

1876—Miss Mary McKeon enters. Community moves to flat on north side of Pine, between Stockton and Powell Streets. In November they begin work in St. Francis' Parish.

1877—Miss Catharine Block enters.

1878—August 18. Day Home opened at 525 Post St.
August 28. Miss Ellen O'Connor takes her vows.
September 10. Sister M. Teresa appointed Superioress and Mistress of Novices.
December 25. Miss Annie Tully admitted to postulation.

1879—January 12. Sisters make retreat at Presentation Convent under direction of Rev. Charles Messea, S. J.
June 1. Miss Catharine McGovern enters. Fair held for the benefit of new convent.

1880—January 11. Dedication of convent on Hayes and Polk by the Most Rev. Archbishop, Joseph S. Alemany.
March 19. Taking of vows by five Sisters.
June 1. Sister M. Dolores appointed Superioress.

1881—February 27. St. Francis' Day Home opened.
May 20. Sisters begin catechetical work in Parish of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

1882—January 15. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Brigid's Parish.
January 27. Permission is received to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in chapel.
February 9. Permission is received to have Holy Mass in Convent chapel, also for Benediction, at times.

1883—Benefit for Day Homes given by Madame Helena Modjeska.
November 6. Most Rev. Archbishop P. W. Riordan arrived in San Francisco.
November 16. His Grace celebrated Mass in Convent chapel.

1884—January 28. Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan lectures for benefit of Day Homes.
August 24. Sisters complete course in kindergarten work, and receive certificates.

1885—May 1. Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany gives his final Benediction in Convent chapel before departure to Spain.

1886—January 28. Sister M. Magdalen goes to her reward.
April 4. Sisters begin catechetical work at City Front Chapel, Washington and Drumm Streets.
June 13. Sister M. Dolores elected Superioress.
August 13. Sacred Heart Day Home, removed to Fulton Street, blessed by Rev. M. D. Connolly.

1887—January 9. Sisters begin catechetical work in Presidio Sunday School.
July 2. Final vows taken by first eight Sisters.

1888—December 21. First public Christmas Tree Festival held in Art Gallery of the Mechanics' Pavilion.

1889—April 19. Temporary Day Home removed from Fulton to Franklin Street.

1890—August 19. Sister M. Augustine is summoned by death.

1891—January 17. Sunday School opened at new Cathedral, on Van Ness Avenue.

1892—Sister M. Dolores elected Superioress.
October 26. Foundation laid of new convent, Hayes and Fillmore Streets.

1893—November 6. Convent dedicated by Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan.
December 9. Incorporation of Community.

1894—January 2. Sacred Heart Day Home opens in old convent at Hayes and Polk.
August 5. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Teresa's Parish.

1895—August 28. St. Joseph's kindergarten and sewing school opens on Sixth Street.

1896—May 25. Sister M. Dolores elected Superioress.
June 18. Medal and Diploma of Honor received from Chicago for kindergarten exhibit at Columbian Exposition.

1897—July 28. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Agnes' Parish.

1898—September. Sisters assist at Camp Merritt and Presidio hospitals.

1899—February 6. Temporary Home on Third Street opened.

1900—January 11. Sisters begin catechetical work in Holy Cross Parish.
January 13. Home on Sixth Street reopened, blessed by Very Rev. J. J. Prendergast.
June 11. Sister M. Dolores elected Superioress.
August 26. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Mary's (Paulist) Parish.

1901—September 10. Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan blesses the Sisters' country home, "Nazareth."

1902—September 7. Sisters begin catechetical work in Holy Redeemer Parish.

1903—Most Rev. Archbishop Falconi, Papal Delegate, offers Mass in Convent chapel.
November 1. Sisters decorate Cathedral for the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Archdiocese.

1904—February 28. Sisters begin catechetical work at Ocean View.
May 23. Sister M. Dolores elected Superioress.
December 15. Day Home children give an entertainment to celebrate Golden Jubilee of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

1905—August 2. Our venerated Mother and Foundress, Sister M. Dolores, passed to her eternal reward.
September 5. Sister M. Teresa elected Superioress.

1906—April 18. Earthquake and fire destroy St. Francis', Sacred Heart, and Holy Family Day Homes. Sisters assist wounded in Pavilion and City Front. Take up work in refugee camps, instructing children and visiting the people.
June 10. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Rose's Parish.

1907—February 17. Sisters begin catechetical work in Star of the Sea Parish.
June 30. Our first branch house opened in San Jose, blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop P. W. Riordan.
October 14. Kindergarten and sewing school opened in a hall, in Richmond district.

1908—August 24. St. Mary's Day Home opened at 18th and Geary Streets.
September 15. St. Joseph's Home opened at Greenwich and Devisadero Streets.

1909—February 28. St. Francis' new Day Home blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop P. W. Riordan.
September 12. Catechism resumed at St. Bruno's Sunday School.

1910—September 26. Lot purchased at Sixteenth and Dolores Streets for new Day Home.
May 16. Sister M. Teresa elected Superioress.

1911—May 17. Purchase of property at Eighth and Chestnut Streets, Oakland, for Convent and Day Home.

1912—February 3. Most Reverend Archbishop P. W. Riordan blesses Holy Family Home, Sixteenth and Dolores Streets.

1913—January 18. Rt. Rev. Bishop E. J. Hanna celebrated Holy Mass in Convent chapel.
May 27. Gave lecture for benefit of Day Homes.
December 22. Was present at Holy Family Home Christmas Festival.

1914—January 19. Death of our beloved and venerated Founder, Msgr. J. J. Prendergast.
June 1. Sister M. Teresa elected Superioress.
August 7. Sisters assist in Epiphany Sunday School.
October 25. Sunday School reopened in Colma.

1915—Bishop Verdi of the Fiji Islands applied for Sisters for his missions.

1916—September 6. Ground broken for new Convent in San Jose.

December 3. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Edward's Parish.

1917—February 4. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Anselm's Sunday School.

May 10. Sisters begin work in Fairfax Sunday School.

1918—May 20. Sister M. Teresa elected Superioress.

August 25. Sisters begin catechetical work in All Hallows' Sunday School.

September 15. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Cecilia's Sunday School.

October. Sisters assist and visit influenza patients throughout the city.

1919—March 10. Sisters begin catechetical work in Larkspur.

August 24. Catechetical work begun in Mill Valley.

1920—January 25. Sisters begin catechetical work in St. Emydius' Parish.

1921—May 16. Sister M. Gertrude elected Superioress.

November 11. Convent in Los Angeles blessed by Rt. Rev. J. J. Cantwell.

November 21. Death of our beloved Mother M. Teresa (O'Connor).

1922—September 4. New Convent at Piedmont blessed by Most Rev. Archbishop E. J. Hanna.

November 4, 5, 6. Celebration of Golden Jubilee at St. Mary's Cathedral and reception at Convent.

November 18. Pageant at Civic Auditorium.









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